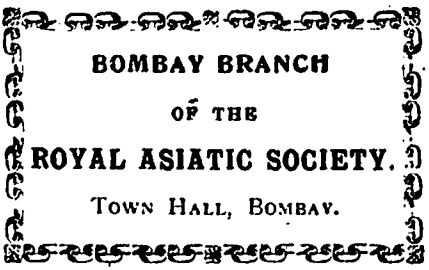

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FIFTY YEARS'

BIOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCES.

BY

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX.

29915
a.c

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I

I JOIN MY REGIMENT, THE HORSE GUARDS—THE RIDING-MASTER'S LOVELY WEATHER AND THE WAGER—TAKING HIM OFF—NEW STYLE OF SPELLING—THE WELSHMAN HOAXED—FULL DRESS AT THE THEATRE—WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE—MR. BARTHOLOMEW, OF THE ANGEL INN, ISLINGTON—SIR GEORGE WOMBWELL AND MYSELF IN A DISTURBANCE—MY NOBLE HORSEMANSHIP—DUCHESS OF RUTLAND—I AM A PAGE AT THE CORONATION OF GEORGE IV.—DINNER AT LAMBETH PALACE—A COOL HAND—THE IRISH ENSIGN—CAMPBELL, OF SADDELS—ALMACKS—THE LADIES PATRONESSES—THEIR SEVERE LAWS—AN ARTFUL DODGE.

CHAPTER I.

It was now considered by the Duke. that I ought to join my regiment at home, and I was ordered to proceed to Windsor, where it was stationed. I pass over the long hours employed in foot, adjutant, and squadron drill, and the time devoted to the riding school, as it would be as tedious to the reader as it was to me. It is not my intention to follow a popular author, and give "mems. of the mess." A few anecdotes, however, may not be out of place. Among other eccentricities, the riding-master of my regiment possessed one which gave rise to many a hearty laugh. It was his habit to address everybody, when our changeable climate would allow it, with the salutation, "Love-le morning." One day, when the sun was shining forth brightly, and we were about to proceed to the "Scrubs," for a field day, I made a wager of

half-a-dozen bottles of champagne, that, with the assistance of a few accomplices, I would induce Mr. Brunt to repeat his favourite phrase twelve times between the barracks and Shepherd's Bush. · ·

There was little difficulty in accomplishing the first half of the task, as it came within the usual greetings of the morning, but it required some tact and ingenuity to produce the last.

"What a comfort it is," said I, "not to have rain, I always feel for the horses on such an occasion."

"So do I, my lord. Such a love-le morning," responded my victim, "as this, does them a deal of good."

"I rather think," I continued, "that some of the young horses would prefer the air of the 'Scrubs' to the close atmosphere of the riding-house."

"Unquestionably, my lord, upon such a love-le morning."

I changed the *venue*.

"When I was in Holland last year, and the waters were out, I thought some of the Dutch Cuirassiers would have never got over the ground."

"I don't think much of the Dutchmen and their Dykes," responded the riding-master, who was a thorough John Bull at heart. "I suppose they never have such love-le mornings as we have?"

"You recollect hearing of the old Blues at

Waterloo, they bivouacked on the field the night before the battle, a foot deep in wet and dirt."

"I've often been told by Sir Robert Hill, that the Sunday was anything but a love-le morning."

Rattling away with another question, not wishing to give Brunt time for reflection, I abruptly asked,

"How was the weather at five o'clock?"

"Love-le morning," he replied.

My wager looked up, and I was turning over in my mind what to say in the last query, when, unfortunately, a young cornet burst out into a fit of laughter, and the thought flashed across the mind of the hoaxee, that we had been making fun of him. Drawing himself up more erect than usual, he turned round to the adjutant, who was riding by his side, and said,

"Them are wags—with their 'lovele mornings'—their young horses, Dutchmen, and Waterloo."

The bet was won, and at dinner, the riding-master, as my guest at the mess, partook of the wine, which he had been instrumental in gaining for me.

Although Brunt was what is termed "quite a character," he was a most respectable, civil, well behaved man, and enjoyed a bit of fun, even at his own expense, remarkably well. One day after mess, he said to me,

"I understand, my lord, that you can go through

the whole of the words of command in the riding-school as I do myself, I should like to hear your lordship."

Upon which, incited by my brother officers, I began in a serious and husky tone: "Now, my men, let me see them there paces done in a distinct manner —walk steady and h'easy, trot strong and h'active, canter light and h'airy, charge h'animated, wigorous, but not wiolent."

"Very good indeed, my lord," responded the worthy riding-master, without a smile on his countenance; "pray, proceed."

"Make your circles round, men, take them horses well into the corners, and well out again—none of your wild H'Irish gallops—Why, Smithson, you can't ride no better nor an old ooman."

"Very good, indeed, my lord," continued Brunt, who, as it will be seen, took liberties with his Majesty's English—indeed, there was a general laugh against him, when asked how to spell the name of a private called Hillier, he replied,

"Take a haitch, and a heye, and a hel, and a hel, and a heye, and a he, and a har, and if that don't spell Hillier, I don't know what do."

When I left the regiment I presented my old friend with a pony, that could do almost every thing but speak. As Brunt taught many of the rising genera-

tion to ride, King Pepin, as I called him, proved of the greatest value.

There was an officer in the corps a kind, warm-hearted Welshman, who was called Billy Boates, his real name being Henry Ellis Boates. He was a good comrade, though dandified in dress, and rather testy in temper; the latter quality, or, strictly speaking, disquality, rendering him a fair subject for a hoax. One day, after breakfast, at Windsor Barracks, the conversation turned upon the tolls officers had to pay when riding out in plain clothes, and Billy complained sadly of the tax. A young cornet, full of fun and mischief, said—

"I know a word that, if made use of, will clear any one through the turnpikes between Windsor and London."

"That's all very well," responded our Taffy, "as a joke; but, as for its reality, I'll bet a dozen of champagne against its being practically tested."

"Done!" responded the subaltern; "my bet is, that with the open sesame word I give you, you will pass free through every gate between Slough and London."

"Done!" cried Billy, "I'll order my horse and try it at once."

Boates made an exquisite toilet, and told his servant to bring to the door his second charger.

"Let those laugh who win," said the good-humoured captain, as he mounted his steed, after receiving the talismanic words: "All right—2561!" amidst the titter of the hoaxers.

The afternoon passed away, during which some severe showers of rain had fallen, when, about an hour before dinner-time, Billy Boates, drenched to the skin, rode through the barrack gate to the officers' house.

"Well," exclaimed half-a-dozen voices, "what's the result of your adventure?"

"'All right,' indeed, for me," he responded; "though I have had a ducking, I've won my bet."

"That won't do," said the hoaxer, "let us hear all about it."

The Welshman got off his horse, and was soon in the midst of a small coterie assembled in the mess-room.

"When I got to Colnbrook gate," he proceeded, "I said, 'All right, 2, 5, 6, 1.' The guardian of the turnpike trust stared and exclaimed, 'Two-pence.' Remembering Mathew's story, I repeated, 'Two thousand, five hundred and sixty-one,' having in the first instance only named the figures. 'Two-pence,' was the reply. 'Nonsense,' said I, 'all right;' when the man shouted out, 'It ain't nonsense,' and was

about to bang the gate. Upon this I spurred my horse——"

"Oh!" shouted the hoaxer, "your *horse!*—why, what had he to do with it? My bet was, that the words would take *you* through any gate between Slough and London—not a word was said of your horse."

Poor Billy's face elongated, a hectic colour came to his cheeks, and he was evidently not a little riled at having been made the dupe of a quibble.

"Never mind, Billy," said the hoaxer, "we'll divide the expense of the wine, and drink your very good health; the bet shall be off, but you must own you were regularly sold."

To show the difference that existed in dress forty-three years ago, and the present time, I will now briefly record an adventure that took place between some friends and myself and the box-keeper at Covent Garden Theatre. In those days every one in the habit of going to the play made a point of being there early enough to see the good old green curtain drawn up. A party of brother-officers had come up from Windsor, in time to dine punctually at a quarter before five, at the Piazza Coffee House; and after an elaborate toilet, presented ourselves to the box-keeper of the dress-circle, in which, two days previously, we had secured the first and second rows of the stage-box.

As I have alluded to the elaborate toilet, it may be as well to say, that my costume consisted of a blue evening coat, with black velvet collar, and the regimental button made in humble imitation of the Regent's, then held in high esteem; a white shirt that would have won the heart of Brummell, from its "fine linen and country washing," a pair of black evening trousers, black silk stockings, and evening shoes, white kid gloves, a highly-perfumed white cambric pocket-handkerchief, a half-crown camellia in my button-hole, and a splendid cloak, the cape formed of the finest fur, faced with velvet, and lined with silk; a gold-headed cane, and a handsome snuff-box—the latter of which I carried more for ornament than use—completed the "get up."

Petersham, *the* Lord Petersham, Ball Hughes, Rufus Lloyd, and other dandy authorities, were in the habit of attending the theatres, wearing a black instead of a white neckcloth, which was considered indispensable. They, however, as I had often done, had passed muster at the private boxes, where the Cerberus generally looked more to the whole appearance than to an individual part of it. Not so the box-keeper in the dress-circle.

"Sorry, my Lord," said he, "I cannot let you in; my orders are peremptory—no black neck-cloths admitted."

"Surely," I responded, "that cannot apply to me!" looking at myself from top to toe.

"Two seats—back row," exclaimed two new comers, who certainly, as far as white neckcloths (if such a term can be applied to a very questionable hue of albata), were concerned, appeared *en regle*.

"This way, gentlemen," and with the usual theatrical shilling, open sesame, the doors flew open to admit the party.

"I'll bet ten to one," said one of my companions, "that as far as neck-cloth, shirt, and cotton stockings go, it's their second appearance in their respective characters; high-lows, too, which have not seen a blacking-brush for many hours."

Finding the box-keeper inexorable—though I must do him the justice to say that he offered to send up stairs to the first circle to secure me a front row—I retired, saying I would run across to the piazza, and return again in the most complete costume. A thought had entered my mind, which saved me from leaving the theatre, for it was a wet dirty night, one that merely in getting in and out of a hackney coach would have much disarranged the tidiness of my appearance.

In those days the saloons were open, but at that early hour not a soul was to be found there, so rushing to the nearest, and placing myself opposite a gorgeous mirror, I tied my white cambric handkerchief

round my throat, made as neat a bow as possible, and again presenting myself to the astonished box-keeper, who could not account for my sudden transformation; I was forthwith admitted to my place.

I recollect a similar circumstance that occurred in 1834, when I came up from Leamington, where I had been hunting, to attend a fancy ball at Willis's Rooms. Upon this occasion I was well got up, as I thought, having caused a new evening coat to be lined with red silk, and ornamented with the buttons of the Warwickshire Hunt.

"No admittance, my Lord," said the well-bred proprietor of the rooms; "uniform or fancy dress indispensable."

"But I see hunting coats are admitted," responded I, "and mine's spick and span new."

"Only red coats, my Lord, are sanctioned."

"Stop my cab!" I shouted. Fortunately it was within hail of some of those useful heralds at public places. I jumped into the vehicle, drove to Limmer's Hotel, where I was staying, exchanged my new blue coat for an old red one, in which I had come to town the day before, after an hour and a quarter's run from Woolford Wood, and returned to the rooms. Mr. Willis met me, bowed, and I was admitted.

Many a friend there present could have borne me out in the assertion, that the coat I had on had been

in many a brook, ploughed field, and quagmire, in Warwickshire, independent of the additional tinting obtained by the proximity of its skirts to the horse's back.

Some of my readers may remember a place of public resort called White Conduit House, which flourished in the last and part of the present century, It was erected in 1641, and derived its name from an old stone conduit that remained as recently as 1812. Oliver Goldsmith makes frequent mention of it, when he took what he called his shoemaker's holiday, the arrangement being to dine with a party of choice spirits at Highbury Barn, at that period as famed for its ordinary as it is at the present for its concerts for the million, to drink tea at the White Conduit House, and wind up the day with a supper at the Grecian Tavern, in Fleet Street.

It is also referred to in a poem which appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine," May, 1760, burlesquing the stilted blank verse then in vogue. The writer, after describing the rattling cups and saucers, the manners, humours, customs of the place, which seems to have been a spot where the pent-up citizens of London resorted to enjoy their Sunday "dish of tea," their ale and pipes, proceeds to give the following prophetic lines, unhappily not realised in our time; for streets have sprung up where once the corn-fields

waved, and the pastures, rich in velvety grass, are now covered with brick and mortar. The lines run as follows:

"Suffice it, then,
For my prophetic muse to sing—so long
As fashion rides upon the wings of time,
While tea, and cream, and buttered rolls can please,
While rival beaux and jealous belles exist,
So long, White Conduit House, shall be thy fame."

In the days to which I am now referring, the tavern and grounds were kept up for suburban recreation, and were the scene of an adventure which will never be obliterated from my mind. One of the proprietors of this far-famed house, Mr. Bartholomew, in the year 1800, owned the "Angel," at Islington, as well as considerable landed property in the neighbourhood of Highgate and Holloway, and was the largest hay-grower near London. When he became possessed of the tavern, he laid out large sums upon it. For some time he had speculated deeply in the lottery, winning immense sums of money; but the fickle goddess deserted him at last, and he was compelled to sell all off, and depend upon the charity of his friends.

Even in distress, the ruling passion never left him, and having dreamt of a lucky number, he persuaded a friend to advance the money, and go halves with him in a sixteenth share, which, wonderful to relate, came up a prize of £20,000. Restored thus to comparative affluence, Bartholomew was prevailed upon

to sink his winnings in an annuity, but so fatally was he attached to gambling, and the feverish excitement of the lottery drawing, that he disposed of his stipend for a small sum, risked, and lost it.

Again plunged into the lowest depths of misery and destitution, he was driven to beg food and dress from those who had known him in his prosperous days; and ultimately died in abject poverty, almost verging upon starvation, in a wretched garret in Angel Court, Windmill Street, Haymarket. Thus terminated, at sixty-eight years of age, the life of a man who, with common prudence, would have gone to his long account respected by all, leaving behind him not alone the empty riches of this world, but a name that would have been handed down to posterity as the architect of his own fortune.

White Conduit House was immortalized in the eyes of the West End exclusives, and the *habitués* of the St. James's Street clubs of those days. Never shall I forget attending it on a memorable occasion, when some aspiring aeronaut of the day was to make his ascent in a balloon. The party consisted of Mrs. Orby Hunter, and her two clever and pretty daughters, the late Lord Adolphus Fitzlarence, and Sir George Wombwell. In order to get a good view of the ascent, we had previously engaged a private room, in which we were to dine after the ceremony had concluded.

The day arrived, and in good time we took our stations at the large bay-window, which overlooked the huge silken machine. After waiting an hour, both ourselves, and the public out-side, began to show signs of impatience, and ill-humour, which increased considerably when a notice was issued, that "the intrepid æronaut" was absent without leave, after having emptied the pay-boxes at the entrance of the gardens.

"Shame! shame!" cried one.

"Return our money!" shouted another.

"A regular swindle!" bellowed a third.

Unfortunately for him, Sir George Wombwell showed his well-oiled curly head at the window.

"Why, he's a Roossian," remarked one in the crowd.

"One of the gang that has done us. I heerd say as he was a foreigneering gentleman that was to go up in the balloon."

This remark was quite enough to kindle the rising flame for mischief, and an exasperated youth threw an apple at the baronet's head. Lord Adolphus and myself rushed to the window, and the rumour having spread like wildfire, or like Malise's burning cross, we were assailed with hisses, groans, and anathemas I dare not repeat.

Wombwell attempted to get a hearing, but a

shower of missiles smashed the glass window above his head, and he, for the first and only time in his life, retreated from the foe. He had seen gallant service with the old Tenth in the Peninsula.

Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence next made an essay, but with no better success; when, as a forlorn hope, I rushed to the rescue.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" I exclaimed. Apples, nuts, and pears flew about me, and for a moment stopped my eloquence. "As Englishmen," I continued, "I appeal to you."

"Hear him!—Silence!—Shame!"

"All I ask, is a clear stage and no favour."

"Bravo! bravo!"

Having found the style that would suit my audience, I proceeded:

"Liberty is a plant—"

"And so is a cabbage," responded a costermonger, hurling a Brobdignagian specimen of that vegetable at my head.

"Chuck me a bit of bacon," I replied; "we are very hungry—greens are nothing without it."

This common-place remark seemed to produce a wonderful effect, and, after a Babel-like confusion of tongues, I was allowed to proceed. I pointed out that we were victims to the swindle to a greater extent than those I addressed; that we had paid a

large sum for our room, and that we had been done out of our dinner. I explained that the individual who had first addressed them was not a "Roossian," but that he was an officer of distinction, who had fought under Wellington in the Peninsula.

"Hurrah for curly wig!" followed this remark.

I then wound up by appealing to the fair sex outside, to assist our ladies in making their way through the crowd.

"Hear him," cried one.

"Quite the gentleman," said another.

"Allow us to place these ladies in their carriage, and we will return to vindicate, as far as we can, your rights, in a legitimate manner."

A shout of applause followed this proposition, and, finding good-humour was, to a great degree restored, we boldly walked down-stairs into the garden, and found, to our delight, that good faith was kept with us. The public made an opening, and, with the exception of a few jocose remarks on the west-end *swell* mob, as they called us, we gained the carriages in safety. Sir George, Lord Adolphus, and myself, then returned to the gardens, and were met with three cheers. The costermonger now insisted on shaking hands, and apologising for having had, as he called it, "a shy at me."

At this period of my life, although never a model

rider, I felt greatly disposed to "witch the world with noble horsemanship;" and was in the habit of showing off in Rotten Row, mounted on a very neat horse, called Marmion, which I rode as my first charger. He was a thorough-bred bay; for in those days the Household Brigade were not as they now are—compelled to have black horses—a high-stepper, and a showy animal. I had occasionally ridden him over the leaping-bar in the riding school, now called Riding House. While curveting about,

> "The heel insidiously by the side,
> Provoking the canter it seemed to chide,"

a carriage drove by outside the rail, containing a lady, accompanied by her daughter, who bore her ducal coronet on a most lovely brow, and who "looked every inch a Duchess." It was the late Duchess of Rutland, than whom a kinder creature or more dazzling beauty did not exist.

"We are going to walk in the gardens," said her Grace, with the most winning smile.

"May I have the pleasure of accompanying you?" I asked.

"We shall be delighted," was her answer.

I turned Marmion round, charged the rail, when a crash announced that the wood had been smashed. Unfortunately, this was the least important part of the damage that was done.

"Her Grace hopes your Lordship is not hurt," said a footman of six foot two; "if her Grace's carriage can be of any use, she will be happy to convey you home."

Writhing with pain, and suffering agonies of shame at the unfortunate figure I cut before a lady accustomed to see the finest horsemen of the day at Belvoir Castle, I called to a Life-Guardsman who was passing, and asking him to take my horse to the Regent's Park Barracks, limped, with the aid of the servant, to the splendid carriage of the Duchess. I was shortly conveyed to my destination, and in less than an hour found myself with a leg and foot swelled as large as Daniel Lambert's, which the surgeons were trying to reduce.

Under pretty severe discipline, I remained on my couch for more than a week, when one morning, about four o'clock, I was awoke by my trusty servant, John Hargreaves, bringing me a letter from the Colonel; upon opening it, I read—

"Brunswick Hotel, Hanover Square.

"DEAR LENNOX,—My nephew, George, who was to act as Lord Hill's page at the coronation, is taken suddenly ill, and cannot attend. His dress is here, and if you are well enough to come at once, and take his part, my brother will be delighted to have you as a substitute. The dress will, I think, fit you. Yours, truly,

"CLEMENT HILL."

I got up, discarded my bandages, ordered my gig,

and proceeded rapidly to the hotel, where I found Lord Hill ready dressed in his robes, and the tailor who had made the page's suit, waiting to try it on me. Nothing could be a more perfect fit, and in less than a quarter of an hour, I was equipped in silk and satin, sitting by the side of as brave, honest and honourable a soldier as ever drew breath.

Police regulations were not then so good as they are now, and as our route was along Piccadilly to Grosvenor Place, Vauxhall Bridge road, Millbank, to Westminster Hall, in a dense multitude of pedestrians, and an awful crowd of carriages, it was many hours before we reached Old Palace Yard. There, at the entrance of the hall, were stationed the Athletæ, under the orders of their pugilistic chief, John Jackson. We were shortly shown to our places, and there waited patiently until called upon to take part in the august ceremony.

In the meantime, the fresh air, the exertion of dressing, and the excitement of the scene, had given me such a craving for food, that I believe at this moment I would have paid five guineas for a luncheon, however light; or rather breakfast, for I had not touched a morsel since my water-gruel of the evening before. To leave the hall with any prospect of getting back again, seemed impossible. However, as it was quite evident that if I remained in the position

I was in I could get nothing, I summoned up resolution to make a foraging expedition.

After wandering into one gallery, then into another—penetrating into one room, then into a second—I at last opened a door, and found to my surprise a good plain cold collation laid out. To help myself could not be justifiable even with the provocation of extreme hunger; while gazing at the tempting edibles and drinkables, and almost fearful of the result of so cruel a trial, a gentleman entered, who looked not a little surprised at seeing an intruder.

"For Heaven's sake, sir!" I exclaimed, "for love or money, let me have a mouthful, for I am half famished!" I then briefly stated my case, and mentioned my name.

Much to my delight he replied—"This luncheon is laid out for some of the officers attending the ceremony, so I dare not ask you to sit down; but if you will come into the next room, I think I shall be able to offer you a little refreshment."

Need I say that I accepted the seasonable invitation, and helped myself to such a meal as I never enjoyed before or since.

"Professions are valueless," I exclaimed; "but I wish the day may come when I shall have it in my power to return your hospitality."

"Say nothing upon that score, my lord, I beg;

your family have already placed me under a heavy debt of gratitude, of which this is but a small instalment of a return."

"And your name?"

"Never mind that, my lord. I hope we shall meet again; but the time is getting on, and the procession is about to be formed."

Shaking hands with my "great unknown," I returned to my chief, and went through the duties of the day with especial gratification, at least to one person, who I flattered myself was the "observed of all observers."

The ceremony over, hunger again came over me, and, as Lord Hill was engaged to a large dinner, he suggested that I might part with him, if agreeable to myself. But how to get away, and where to dine, were the questions; for with my costume I could not make my way to White's Club, or any tavern in the neighbourhood.

Whilst hesitating what to do, the Duchess of Rutland passed me, and, after inquiring about my accident, offered to take me through the Speaker's garden, and then across the Thames in a wherry, that had been especially engaged for her, to the Archbishop's palace at Lambeth.

Although Lambeth was still further off, I had a presentiment that, under the Duchess's auspices, I

might possibly be invited to join the party; or, if the worst came to the worst, remain in the boat, and partake of waterman's fare, which I had often indulged in at Westminster—bread, cheese, and porter. I at once accepted the invitation.

Upon reaching the palace, although not much troubled with shyness, no power on earth would induce me to go in uninvited, so, thanking my kind friend for her consideration, I threw a cloak over me, and, amidst the laugh, jeers, and ridicule of some "bargees," awaited the return of my messenger, who I had sent for the above enumerated luxuries. Before his return, however, a gallant Colonel, whose suggestions for the improvement of the Thames embankment will shortly be carried out, returned with a message inviting me to a cold dinner. I did not say Nolo to the episcopal message, and was soon seated at the Primate's hospitable board, having left word with "poor Jack" that the waterman might have the double *fare* for his attention.

The evening passed delightfully away; not so the night, for, on reaching the barracks, I found all the leech-bites had opened, and that my foot was inflamed to an awful extent. Another week, and all was well, though it required much more time than that to regret my egregious folly in charging a stiff fence with a young raw horse.

It has often been my lot to fall in with a class of persons called "cool hands"—men who systematically go to work to make their way in society by downright effrontery. Perhaps one of the best specimens of this genus, was a man well known in sporting circles. I met him at dinner on the day of the Derby, at the house of a popular baronet, who, although at one time a first-rate rider, and an excellent shot, has retired into private life, to devote his remaining days to pursuits of the most ennobling nature. The party consisted of twelve or fourteen, and a question arose as to whether "the Blue Ribbon of the turf," the Derby, or the Oaks had been won oftener by the favourite at starting. This discussion ended, as almost all Englishmen's arguments do, by a wager, and "my friend," who was ever ready to make a bet upon any event, from the winner of the St. Leger down to a donkey-race, took out his book, and began laying on his money very freely, backing, as he generally did, the winning side.

After closing an offer of "a pony," he addressed me across the table, though I had never been introduced to, or even exchanged a word with him:—

"Billy Lennox, I'll lay you a fiver, too."

Not being a betting man, and disapproving of his familiarity, I rather snubbed him by the style of my answer.

"Then perhaps you'll allow me to have the pleasure of drinking a glass of wine with you," he added.

I was so taken aback by this unexpected appeal, that I replied "with pleasure," and from that day our acquaintance commenced, and continued for some years.

In the year 1822, I was quartered at Salt Hill. I promised a young friend of mine, at that time an ensign in the Guards, a mount with the King's Stag-hounds. I had been in London the night previous to the meet, and as railways were not then even in prospective existence, I booked myself by the Bath coach, which left the White Horse Cellar at seven o'clock, and reached Salt Hill a little before ten. Upon reaching Botham's, I found my brother-officers about to begin breakfast, so I at once sat down, and took a very active part in the matitutinal meal. This delayed me, and upon entering my bed-room to exchange my travelling dress for a hunting costume, a scene presented itself which I never can forget.

The *dramatis personæ* consisted of my friend, who, I ought to have said, was a warm-hearted son of Erin —my batman, John Hargreaves, a most celebrated character, who had commenced life as a chymist, and had afterwards enlisted into the regiment—and a fashionable boot-maker of the day, who gloried in the

aristocratic name of Paget O'Shaughnessy; I need scarcely add that he, too, came from the Emerald Isle.

An angry discussion was going on, as I made my appearance, for John Hargreaves and O'Shaughnessy were both vehemently exclaiming—"What will my lord say?" The young Guardsman, with that species of coolness so admirably portrayed by Charles Mathews, only deigned to reply by singing snatches from Irish songs, the burthen of which was, "Arrah, be aisey." The cause of dissension was soon made apparent. My young Irish friend, to whom I had promised a mount, was not satisfied with that; for having got wet through in his ride from Windsor Barracks, he had made free with my red hunting coat, waistcoat, cord unmentionables, and was in the act of trying on one of the spick-and-span top-boots, shining in all the brilliancy of Day and Martin, which O'Shaughnessy had brought down with him from London, when I joined the trio.

What "my lord" did say was somewhat emphatic; unquestionably he did not appear "aisey" under the circumstances, but warmly protested against the proceeding.

"Sure now, don't be angry," said the ensign, "I thought you were detained in London. By the powers, I'll sind you an order on Stultz for a new

illigant hunting suit—there, let me try the boots—mine won't be dry for the next five hours."

Suiting the action to the word, and before I had time to reply, he gave a strong pull with the boot hooks, and in a second his heel protruded through the shining leather—he having rent a hole in a boot that, according to the maker's notions, "Mr. Brummell or the King" might have been proud of.

The serious drama had now become a screaming farce; my batman looked as if he could annihilate the author of the mischief—for, as a matter of course, he had saved himself the trouble of brushing up any other pair of boots. O'Shaughnessy was horror-struck, declaring that such an occurrence had never before happened; as for myself, I must confess to being awfully riled at not being able to turn out in my best attire, for the day had now cleared up.

The Guardsman, turning quietly round to the crest-fallen Paget, said,

"Oh, you spalpeen! you ain't worthy the name of an Irishman; didn't I tell you that I knew the leather was rotten, and that I was merely trying them on to see if they'd suit his lordship; the feet and tops are not so bad, so repair them at my—I mean at your expense, and have them ready by this day week."

Good-humour was now restored, and as, fortunately, my wardrobe was sufficiently large to accommodate

both my friend and myself, we soon appeared at the place where the deer was to be uncarted, and proved, by an excellent run, the truth of the old adage, "a bad beginning often makes a good ending."

At that period I often fell in with Campbell of Saddel, a most excellent sportsman, not an indifferent poet, and a very good singer. The following is a specimen of his lyric powers:—

"Rouse, boys! rouse! 'tis a fine hunting morning,
Rouse! prithee rouse! let us on to the chase!
Let not the time fly, whilst you are adorning,
But onwards to cover hie at a brisk pace.
There, if we find, sir, the country's divine, sir—
Though the fences are whackers, the brooks they are small;
E'en were they larger, sir, boldly we'd charge them, sir,
Nor care a farthing, sir, how oft we fall.

Now from the covert the fox he is driven, sir,
Hark how the valleys re-echo the call!
'Tis Osbaldeston's voice piercing the heavens, boys,
Halloing 'forward!' loud as he can bawl.
Then there's such spluttering, spirting, and sputtering—
Each one so anxious to be in the van;
At the first rattling leap—ox-fence, or field of deep,
Onwards the good ones creep, catch them who can.

Coke, on the pony, has scarce a crony;
And Standish has distanced the crowd very far;
Whilst at a place, sir, that few men would face, sir,
Without checking pace, sir, goes Valentine Maher.
Molyneux tries at, what scarce horse will rise at;
Bold Plymouth bullfinches close at his side;
Musgrave on Antelope, Baird upon Jemmy Hope,
Over the grassy slope forward do ride.

White on the right, sir, he's midst the first flight, sir,
And quite out of sight, sir, of those in the rear;
With him goes Neville, and Berkeley, that devil,
Who of good or evil has scarce hope or fear.
Prince of the heavy boys, Tweedale comes bruising;
Maxse on Cognac, cannot be beat:
Poor Johnny Campbell's horse, long since refusing,
In struggling convulsion fits lies at his feet.
For our pace is the best, sir; the fox is hard press'd, sir;
The hounds run with zest, sir, heads up and sterns down:
He can't reach yon cover; no, no, 'tis all over,
Hark how the death-pealing Tallies resound.

Dined—o'er our claret we talk o'er the merit
Of every choice spirit who rode to this run;
But here the crowd, sir, can just be as loud, sir,
As those who were forward enjoying the fun.
Faster, yet faster, they tell each disaster,
Of bunglers and tumblers, and tailors who shun;
Whilst we fill round, sir, and drink to the hounds, sir,
Who over such ground, sir, could shew us such run."

Now for another subject.

What hopes, fears, anxieties, angry feelings, jealousies, envies, were excited by the simple question, "Are you going to Almacks?" Often was it fruitful of that familiar product—white lies. "We have not asked for tickets," was the usual reply. Sometimes it raised an anathema against the caprice and partiality of those high mightinesses, the ladies patronesses; sometimes it produced, in the hearing of one of these most absolute arbitresses, a repartee.

"No, whenever I pay for a ball I like to choose my company."

"Almacks!" how many a sleepless night has this word caused to the *debutante* fresh from the country! How many a dream has it produced, in which the prominent features were the drive to Willis's Rooms, to leave a pink highly-scented note from a friend, directed to one of the fair council, asking for tickets. Weary hours elapsed before the moment of delivery; then came the anxious application to know if any tickets were left out; then the bland answer of the Secretary, who gave Lady ——'s compliments and regrets, that she had neither time to answer the notes nor to send tickets.

Almacks! what humiliation was in the idea, that the "open sesame" was too often confined to heirs apparent or presumptive, rich second sons, influential and political friends, and to an exclusive aristocratic class, who toadied the petticoaterie in power, or had some particular influence to bear upon them. While fresh young beauties from the provinces, and a certain number of younger sons, were excluded as being fast, or not *comme il faut*, how often has the second son, when death has placed him at the head of the family, been discovered to possess virtues, which only a few months before, had been denied him.

Almacks was a matrimonial bazaar, where mothers met to carry on affairs of state; and often has the table spread with tepid lemonade, weak tea, tasteless

orgeat, cakes, and thin slices of bread and butter, been the scene of tender proposals. How often has Colinet's flageolet stifled the soft response—"Ask mamma." How often have the guardian abigails of the cloak-room heard a whispered sigh—what vulgararians call popping the question—and a faint reply of "yes."

Almacks was then in its palmy days. If a foreigner had wished to see London's best sights, he ought to have been shown Ascot races on the cup day—Rotton Row and the drive in Hyde Park—and a ball at Almacks.

At the upper end, on a raised seat or throne, sat the all powerful dames. There might be seen the splendid figure and handsome face of the Countess of Jersey; by her side the slim yet graceful form of the female representative of the Court of the Czar; there the good-humoured *embonpoint* Lady Castlereagh, all smiles and good-humour; the ladylike, aristocratic Lady Gwydir; and the dark-haired daughter of France, Lady Tankerville. On the side benches, the lovely nieces of Rutland's Duke—the peerless Eliza, afterwards Hon. Mrs. Smith; the fascinating Isabella, who married George Anson, and Anne now Countess of Chesterfield. Mark the magnificent aristocratic and beautiful sisters, Ladies Caroline and Jane Paget. The Fitz-Clarences—Sophia, afterwards Lady de Lisle; Eliza, afterwards Countess of Erroll; Mary, still Lady M.

Fox. Lord Conyngham's pretty daughter, and her handsome affianced, Strathavon.

Distinguished among the most distinguished of the men, were the gay and witty Alfred D'Orsay, the noble Plantagenet, the late Duke of Beaufort, and the handsome Earl of Erroll. Among the ladies, the aristocratic Greys, the stately Howards, the agreeable Molyneuxs, the splendid Lady Elizabeth Sherard; the beautiful Ladies Bingham; Lady Charlotte Bury, and her lovely daughters; Tom Sheridan's daughters, the Honourable Mrs. Norton, and Duchess of Somerset; and the transcendent Hays, poor Erroll's sisters. Among the more select *beaux* were Frank Russell, and Conyngham; John Lyster; Frederick Seymour; Walter Campbell, of the Isles; noble Anglesey; warlike Horace Seymour; Lord Wilton—the Crichton of ball-room and field-sports. Other beauties were the amiable Lady Wilton; fair Fanny Calendar, afterwards Lady Graham; pretty Miss Stanhope, the late Lady Southampton; the magnificent Duchess of Rutland, and her fine progeny—but I have not space for the entire list.

So strict were the laws, that no one could be admitted after half-past eleven. On one occasion, the Duke of Wellington was refused admittance, but, through the interference of one of the lady-patronesses, the rule for the evening was waived, and the Iron

Duke was permitted to enter the doors that had been closed upon others.

A noble friend of mine, to whom I have once or twice referred, practised a most artful dodge. He was late, and knew full well that neither bribe nor threat could get over the orders of the Cerberus. So, instead of making any attempt, his Lordship waited until the earliest party departed, and, rushing up to the carriage, pretended to wish the occupants of it good night, then closing the door, and following the gentleman who had escorted the ladies to the carriage, he passed into the room, his companion saying that he had been out to see some ladies to their carriage.

CHAPTER II.

THE GREEN ROOM—THEATRICAL PEERESSES—MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEMBLE—THE JEALOUS WIFE—MADAME VESTRIS—MADAME CATALANI—SIGNOR AMBROGETTI—THE WAVERLEY NOVELS—HORACE SMITH AND THE NOVELISTS—THEATRES—PUGILISM—PRINCE OF WALES'S FETES—THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE—THE PRINCESS OF WALES—ROWLAND STEPHENSON, THE BANKE, AND HIS VILLA—LOSING ONE'S BALANCE—BOGNOR—THE DUKE OF CLARENCE—VISIT, WITH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TO LORD EGREMONT, AT PETWORTH, AND TO TOWN—PORTRAIT OF MRS. JORDAN—THE DUKE'S AFFECTION FOR HER—THE PRINCE REGENT'S UNPOPULARITY—DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE—THE FUNERAL—THE ACTORS AT WINDSOR.

CHAPTER II.

It was not from before the curtain only that the amateur received his knowledge of the drama. There was no great difficulty in the way of his securing the privileges of the Green Room. Whether this apartment obtained its colour from its non-professional visitors, this deponent sayeth not; but assuredly the exceeding verdure of some was sufficient to warrant such an application. Young men of family—and old men, too—were constantly to be seen there, generally on very easy terms with some of the principal performers—the ladies having the preference. Between them and the latter very intimate relations were either expressed or understood; in several instances this led to a marriage.

It is well known that some of the highest members of the English Peerage have found wives in the theatre,

and the example was not lost sight of. The Duchess of Bolton and the Countess of Derby had drawn prizes in the theatrical lottery, which induced their fascinating successors in the honours of the sock and buskin, to hope that they also might be as fortunate. The luckiest of these artistes was Miss Mellon, a charming actress in low comedy, who contrived to attract one of the wealthiest bankers in London. By her union with Mr. Coutts, the stage lost almost a second Mrs. Jordan. Fortunately for the drama and its patrons, the supply appeared to keep pace with the demand. There seemed to be always plenty of pretty women who could sing delightfully, dance exquisitely, and look divinely. It not unfrequently happened that some of these were secured by actors, or other persons connected with the stage. In this way Miss De Camp was appropriated by Mr. Charles Kemble, and Miss Bartolozzi by M. Vestris. Mrs. C. Kemble was as much an ornament in her husband's drawing-room as ever she had been to the Green Room of the theatre. They lived in the house that had formerly been Edmund Burke's, in Gerrard Street —the one in which previously Lord Lyttelton's ghost had summoned his Lordship to another and a better world. Here they gave frequent parties, that were attended by persons of distinction of both sexes. Unfortunately, the admiration her hus-

band caused among the ladies of fashion was a source of terrible disquiet to her. She had fits of jealousy, during which she would absent herself from home. She went into the country—at least that was her idea—but the limit of her journey was Bayswater, then a medley of suburban cottages and market gardens—long since obliterated by the brick and mortar of Tyburnia.

The manager of the theatre in which both had engagements was well aware of these quarrels and separations, and, by way of remedy, cast them both for the two principal characters in "The Jealous Wife." They were obliged to appear together, and never was a comedy played with more spirit. There was a temporary reconciliation; but as certain ladies would continue to display their interest in the popular actor, by all kinds of delicate attentions, his wife would repeat her bursts of indignation, and her journeys to her Bayswater retreat.

Madame Vestris was a character of a totally different stamp. There is no record of her having been jealous of her husband. As a vocalist and as an actress she became the most fascinating of her many attractive contemporaries. She sang at the Opera House, then acted in the French plays at the original Argyll Rooms in Regent Street. Subsequently she became a manager and an actress.

Madame Catalani was at this time at the head of her profession. She was the Prima Donna, not only of the lyrical stage, but of the concert-room. Her magnificent voice and wonderful execution caused her to be in great request in private as well as public entertainments. Her style of singing took impressionable amateurs by storm. I remember a laughable caricature, in which the Oxford Dons are represented struggling desperately with each other for the distinction of carrying off the syren, after she had sung at a university festival. At the concerts given by royal and noble connoisseurs, somé *fanatico per la musica* was pretty sure of being equally demonstrative—particularly when she appealed to their patriotism, in that marvellous exhibition of her vocal powers—the variations on the air of "Rule Britannia."

At the King's Theatre she was ably supported by Signor Ambrogetti, a most accomplished artist. His great triumph was Paer's Opera, founded on Mrs. Opie's popular tale, "Father and Daughter." The singer visited Bedlam, that he might, from real scenes of mania, be better able to portray the aberration of the frenzied parent. The result was one of the most affecting tragic representations ever witnessed, and rendered "Agnese" a special attraction to opera-goers.

Madame Catalani, after a long and brilliant career, retired with an ample fortune to a handsome villa in her beloved Italy. Far different was the retirement of the great *basso*—so well remembered for his thorough enjoyment of the luxuries of life. He entered the monastery of La Trappe, and surrendered himself, for the remainder of his days, to its gloom, its silence, and its severe asceticism.

This was the epoch of those remarkable publications, "The Waverley Novels;" and their extraordinary success gave an impulse to English imaginative literature, from which it has continued to profit up to our own time. Indeed, I am inclined to think that it gave a stimulus to the entire trade in books, more particularly when connected with the establishment of circulating libraries, that has in a great measure produced the present expansion of both.

So anxious were publishers in London to compete with the fortunate Edinburgh firm in the advantages of this profitable business, that they eagerly seized upon any aspirant for the honours of Romance, in the hope of securing another Walter Scott. With this object in view, "Brambletye House" was produced; and the trade supported it so liberally, that one London house subscribed for five hundred copies. Its author was a stockbroker—one of the writers of

that celebrated medley of humour known as "The Rejected Addresses," and the opposition novel met with a large share of public favour; but if "Brambletye House" might have rivalled "Woodstock," or "St. Ronan's Well," it was an immeasurable distance from "The Bride of Lammermuir," or "The Heart of Mid-Lothian;" indeed, Horace Smith was never worthy of being classed with Walter Scott.

Other adventurers in the same path came forward. Lady Morgan still attempted to do for Ireland what the great Magician was doing for Scotland. Her "Wild Irish Girl," however, remained her best work, notwithstanding that she had since written "Florence McCarthy," "O'Donnell," and the "O'Briens and O'Flahertys;" but all her attempts at similar types of character are not to be considered rivals of "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," or "Rob Roy." Nevertheless, a brisk trade in novels was gradually developed, and several writers of fiction began to appear, who were considerably in advance of those with whom the novel reader had hitherto been content.

Dramatic performances continued to be the most attractive of popular entertainments, but the great stars of the theatre began to disappear, and other signal mischances affected theatrical interests. Drury Lane was burnt in February 1809, and the new theatre, Covent Garden, opened on the 17th of the following

September. An increase in the prices of admission in the new establishment occasioned the famous O P., or Old Price Riots, which continued nightly till the 16th of November, when a compromise was arranged. The old prices were resumed, with the exception that seven shillings should be the admission to the boxes.

An irreparable loss to the stage was the retirement of Mrs. Siddons, June 30th, 1812, with her final performance of her marvellous impersonation of *Lady Macbeth*, at Covent Garden. She left no equal, and her place has never been occupied.

In June 1816, the Lyceum was opened for the performance of English Operas, but it produced no operatic music worthy of comment. On the fifth of the following month, died the most charming female vocalist, Mrs. Jordan. The Duke of Clarence having made a provision on her and her children, she had retired to St. Cloud. A few days later, the English drama sustained a heavier loss in the death of Richard Brinsley Sheridan—long a name of high political and literary influence. His career terminated on the 7th of July, under circumstances anything but creditable to those who had profited most by his talents.

On the 22nd of June of the following year, John Philip Kemble took leave of the stage, as great a loss

to it, as had been the retirement of his accomplished sister. A few months later, the obituary contained the name of Mrs. Pope. She died at the age of seventy-five, and had been for many years a favourite with the play-goers of the last century.

The sporting world continued as active in their proceedings as though there existed nothing of interest beyond the circle in which they raced, hunted, shot, walked, ran, or boxed. The incident that seemed most to affect them was the memorable contest between Cribb an English pugilist, and Molineux an athletic negro, which took place at Thistleton Gap, on the 28th of September, 1811. The struggle for mastery was long and severe, as the black man was apparently as game and as skilful as his white opponent. Ultimately the endurance of the latter prevailed, and he was long after the acknowledged Champion of England. The only prize fight that equalled this in interest, was that in which Tom Sayers, with but one available hand, maintained, for nearly two hours, a contest with the Irish-American giant, Heenan.

Cribb for many years kept a public-house in Covent Garden, which was frequented by the patrons of the Prize Ring.

The greatest honour conferred on the "noble art," occurred at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, in November, 1818, when Gregson, Cooper, and Carter, were permitted to exhibit in the great hall, before Prince Charles of Prussia, the Prince de Salms, Prince Metternich, and a distinguished assembly, by whom they were repeatedly cheered.

Pedestrianism continued in favour, and Captain Barclay's feat was excelled in 1815, by Eaton walking, at Blackheath, one thousand one hundred miles in as many hours. In May 1818, Crisp walked sixty-one miles for seventeen successive days.

Horse-racing received a check, in consequence of a discovery made in May, 1811, that some of the horses entered for forthcoming races at Newmarket had been poisoned. Nevertheless, there was much money lost and won.

One of the most celebrated of the *fêtes* that took place at this period was the one at Carlton House, given by the Prince of Wales, on the 19th of June, in the first year of his regency. His royal highness entertained 3,000 guests, including the French royal family and nobility, in a style of magnificence that rivalled the splendour of the French court under the *ancien régime*. Many distinguished persons were

present belonging to the higher ranks of English society, but they were not exclusively of the party with which the Prince had previously identified himself, for he had thought proper to retain the administration he had found in power when the first place in the government of the country devolved upon him.

The entertainment excited such general attention, that for several days afterwards an eager crowd thronged to the palace to view the arrangements; and so desperately did they struggle for admission, that many of the ladies had their dresses torn from their backs, and, with hair dishevelled, were obliged to wait in the neighbourhood till they could get a conveyance to take them home, or obtain clothes in which they could proceed through the street without running the risk of being mobbed.

Nothing of the kind on so grand a scale occurred till the arrival of the allied sovereigns in England, after the treaty of Paris had settled Louis XVIII. on the throne of his ancestors, and sent Napoleon in pleasant exile to the small sovereignty of Elba. Then the metropolis was filled with Russian, Prussian, and Austrian notables; conspicuous among whom was the Czar Alexander, his sister the Duchess of Oldenburg, the Hetman Platoff, General Barclay de Tolly, the King of Prussia and his sons, Field-Marshal

Blücher, and Prince Metternich. For their delectation and honour, banquet succeeded review, and illumination, made the city unusually brilliant.

After the departure of the allied sovereigns, the Prince Regent invited 2,500 of the *élite* of the nobility and gentry to meet the Duke of Wellington at Carlton House.

Naturally enough, he was idolized by his countrymen, and the *fête* given by the Prince Regent to his honour was exceedingly popular. Among his admirers I may lay claim to having been one of the most zealous, but I was completely lost to his observation among the millions anxious to display their admiration and their gratitude.

The unhappy position in which Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte was placed, not merely by the hostility of her parents to each other, but by the improprieties of conduct of which they were severally guilty, caused the idea of her marriage to be hailed with universal satisfaction. A previous attempt to bring about a union between this popular Princess and the Prince of Orange had failed, partly from her royal highness not being favourably impressed with the appearance of the heir to the throne of the Netherlands, and partly in consequence of intrigues which the Princess of Wales and the Duchess

of Oldenburg had secretly been carrying on, to oppose the intentions of the Prince Regent, the object of the sister of the autocrat being to secure the Prince of Orange for a Russian Archduchess.

So decided a part had the Princess Charlotte played in negativing the intended alliance, that on the Regent calling at her residence to remonstrate with her, she fled from Warwick House, and proceeded unattended in a hackney coach to the house of the Princess of Wales. Her royal highness was subsequently prevailed on to return, but the Prince Regent showed his displeasure by dismissing her attendants.

Shortly afterwards the Princess of Wales quitted England, and there being no opposing influence at hand, the second negociation for the union of the Princess Charlotte proceeded satisfactorily.

At this period of my life I became acquainted with a celebrated man of his time, Rowland Stephenson. He was a banker in Lombard Street, held a high reputation in the city of London, was extremely attentive to his business, and, from all that was known of him, stood very conspicuously forth as a hard-working, moral, and religious character. He had a remarkably pretty villa near Romford, where, from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning, he was in

the habit of entertaining his friends. Being passionately fond of music, his parties were occasionally enlivened by the presence of the fascinating Misses Foote and Stephens. Stephenson's wife was an invalid, but she was always present to do honour to her guests.

On Saturday evening, about five o'clock—for the early closing hours had not then been introduced—Mr. Stephenson's neat plain yellow travelling chariot was at the door, and the head of the firm having given his instructions, took his departure for his country residence. Often upon such occasions I attended him, and was struck at the extreme method and punctuality with which his affairs were conducted, whether financial or social. As I had been brought up in the school of punctuality—the army—I was always ready at my post, ten minutes before the appointed time, with my small portmanteau (for I was then too great a dandy to huddle away my articles of dress in a carpet-bag.) This seemed to delight my host, who, upon my arrival in Lombard Street, always despatched a messenger to apologise for his not being able to receive me, as he was prevented, by unforseen business; and to say that there was a biscuit and a glass of sherry in the dining-room.

Precisely as the clock struck five, the dapper little banker would make his appearance, shake me warmly

by the hand, and conduct me to the carriage. He bowed consequentially to the head clerk, gave him some parting instructions, and off we started through the easternmost part of the city to Romford.

With Rowland Stephenson everything seemed to be regulated by machinery, and to go by clock-work; the carriage started to the moment; the post-boy never varied two minutes in the journey; the turnpike gate-keeper seemed to be looking out for the toll; the keeper at the small lodge was in readiness to throw open the iron gates to us; Mrs. Stephenson was watching our arrival from her sofa in the library; and the old butler, as he passed the handsome Louis Quatorze ormolu clock in the hall, looked up to it, as much as to say—"Master and you keep pretty good time; I could set you any day by his movements."

Upon arriving for the first time, I was shown over the villa, and a more comfortable residence could not be imagined. It was not one of those lath and plaster buildings, in which both wind and rain too often penetrate; whose windows and doors are as difficult to open as they are to shut; whose chimneys smoke, and throughout which the fumes of the kitchen find a ready access; but was a well-built house, which the most fastidious might have pronounced faultless.

The furniture, gardens, stables, and out-houses

were all in keeping with the villa. Two small drawing-rooms, which opened into a conservatory, were decorated in an elegant simple style; two choice water-colour drawings, and a handsome rosewood piano of Broadwood's, formed the principal ornaments in one called the music-room; while the other could boast of a pair of marqueterie cabinets, an unrivalled Claude, a Cuyp, a Wouvermans, a magnificent console-table and glass; some exquisite specimens of Dresden, Sevres, Chelsea, and Indian china; a set of superb Venetian chairs, with tables, curtains, and cornices to match.

The dining-room maintained an English character. A few theatrical portraits of celebrated artists of the day adorned its walls; and a handsome mahogany octagon-shaped table, shone as bright as any looking-glass, as if to reflect the old beeswing port, the fruity sherry, and the long-journeyed Madeira. As a matter of course, there was a plentiful stock of ladies' wine, champagne, and a hogshead or more of Sneyd's claret, for those exquisites, as "mine host" called them, "who could not manage to rough it on port."

An officer or two from the cavalry barracks at Romford, generally formed part of the eight, which Stephenson never exceeded, although a friend or two might drop in during the course of the evening, to listen to the syren of the day, or take part in a quiet rubber

of whist—long game, sixpenny points, and a shilling on the rubber.

That Rowland Stephenson carried on, under the cloak of religion, respectability, and morality, the most nefarious transactions, and made away with monies entrusted to his care, cannot be denied. A more plausible or agreeable an acquaintance I never had, and although I could not help feeling gratified that an exposure had been made, which would warn others from placing any confidence in such men, I was grieved when I heard that he had been compelled to flee the country. Had I been possessed of wealth, so implicit was my faith in him, that I should probably have lost my whole fortune. He once asked me to remove my account from Cox and Greenwood to his house; but, as I believed the balance was on the wrong side, I gratefully declined his offer. Had I accepted it, I might have been the hero of the joke attributed to a wit of the day, who, when he was asked, on the failure of Sir John Paul's bank, "Were you not upset?" "No," he replied; "I only lost my balance."

In the summer of 1817, I was passing a few weeks at Molecombe, near Goodwood, with my elder brother, when, upon one fine afternoon, I took a fancy to ride over to Bognor; and, borrowing a hack from my brother, I soon found myself in that rural watering-

place. Putting up my nag at the first inn I approached, I walked towards the sea, and, by way of hearing all the news and gossip of the Town, I entered Binstead's library, then, as for years afterwards, the favourite lounge of all who congregated to this spot, famed, as the chronicler wrote, "for its rocks, salubrious air, and the splendour of 'Neptune's' carpet, its sands."

"Happy to see you, my lord," said Miss Charlotte, with her gayest smiles, "I hope you are coming to stay—we're quite full—Mrs. Smith has a large party. His Royal Highness, the Duke of Clarence, Lord and Lady Ashbrook——"

While proceeding to enumerate the party, who should enter but his Royal Highness, accompanied by his hostess, Captain, afterwards Sir George Pechell, and two of the belles of the London season.

"Thank you, my lord," said the eldest Miss Binstead, "I hope Lord and Lady March are well."

The thanks were for my having yielded to the importunities of the young lady to patronize a half-crown raffle for a small work-box, and a five shilling one for a book containing dried sea-weed, in addition to sundry "Trifles from Bognor," in the shape of nutmeg-graters, pencil-holders, pin-cushions, and pen-wipers, which I was told "I must really take home with me."

The word March attracted all the party, when Mrs. Smith and Captain Pechell, whom I had known when I was a boy, recognized and shook me by the hand.

"Who is it—I didn't catch the name?" said the Duke of Clarence.

"Lord William Lennox."

"Oh! I know," responded the kind-hearted sailor. "Lately come home from Cambray—on the Duke's staff—present him to me."

I was duly presented, when a volley of questions were fired at me.

"Where are you staying? Molecombe, eh? How are Lord and Lady March? Handsome woman! Does he suffer from his wound? Good soldier! Have you joined your regiment—the 'Blues,' I think? They used to be the poor King's delight. How's old Athorpe? Jolly as ever?"

Having answered the above queries in a satisfactory manner, and sundry others, and Mrs. Smith having exchanged a few words with her royal visitor —to gain assent, I presumed—invited me, or, as it was termed, gave me a command to dine that day and pass a week at Binstead, to meet his Royal Highness.

"I premise," said she, "that the only room I have vacant is rather a noisy one, near the clock."

"What's that?" inquired the Duke; "the clock room!—his lordship will be sure to be called in time, which is not very usual with the young men of the present day;" and, with a good-humoured chuckle, he cried, "We shall meet at dinner."

This placed me in rather a difficulty; it was near four o'clock, the dinner hour was seven, and in three hours I had to get my horse, mount him, ride to Chichester to order a postchaise, then on to Molecombe, dress, pack up my things, and be at Binstead before his Royal Highness made his appearance in the drawing-room.

I accomplished my object, but not without some difficulty, as the Chichester chaise could not keep up with my awful pace from that city to my brother's house, and kept me waiting a few minutes.

Nothing could exceed the kindness, *bonhommie*, and affability of the Sailor-Duke, afterwards the "Sailor-King." He was the very life and soul of the party—full of anecdotes and animation.

Like all the branches of the Royal Family, his memory was wonderfully retentive, and his mind was daily stored with the history, "sayings and doings," and gossip of the upper ten thousand.

After the ladies had retired from the dinner-table, the jest went merrily round, and not one of the party could tell a better quarter-deck, gun-room, or cock-

pit story than the Duke of Clarence. At supper, or rather over sandwiches and negus, when the gentlemen were left alone, the same good-humour prevailed, and the clock close to my bed-room generally struck two before we retired to rest. Anxious to hear everything about the Great Duke, and finding that I had been at Paris, Vienna, and Cambray with him, his Royal Highness asked hundreds of questions respecting Wellington, and so deeply interested did he appear in the subject, that he proposed taking me with him to dine and sleep at Lord Egremont's, at Petworth, his lordship having long been a personal friend of the Duke.

Our visit there was delightful; the old lord, as he was called, than whom a more liberal or popular nobleman never existed, was surrounded by his family—the elder of whom, the present Lord Leaconfield, still exists, to carry on the hospitality, and dispense the bounties so liberally supplied by his father.

From Petworth I accompanied the Duke to London, where, upon taking leave of me at St. James's Palace, he invited me the following week to Bushy Park, then his residence. There for the first time I was introduced to his Royal Highness's daughters, as handsome and blooming a progeny as ever existed. Nothing could exceed the Duke's kindness to them, and his courtesy to me his only guest. A splendid

portrait of Mrs. Jordan hung over the side-board in the dining-room; and theatrically inclined as I was at that time, my attention during dinner was rivetted to the representation of the lively hoyden, Peggy. I was so placed that I fondly hoped I had escaped the look of my host.

At this period there were many stories in circulation, that reflected severely on his Royal Highness.

He was charged with having allowed the talented woman who had captivated him, and was the mother of his children, to die in penury.

As we rose to leave the room to join the ladies, the Duke stopped opposite the picture, gazed at it with the deepest intensity, and, to all appearances, seemed deeply affected. Nor did his Royal Highness regain his usual spirits during that evening. If ever a countenance expressed affection and sorrow, it was that of the Duke of Clarence.

On the following morning, his confidential secretary entered at considerable length into the history of the last days of the lamented actress, and gave a satisfactory explanation of many circumstances that had hitherto appeared to the prejudice of her royal lover.

Nothing could exceed the unpopularity of the Prince Regent at this period, of which unmistakeable

symptoms were evinced, when, on the 28th of January, he went to the House to open the Session of Parliament. His Royal Highness was assailed on his way by the groans and hisses of the people, which on his return increased in violence; and in spite of the double lines of soldiers and police officers, attending to protect the royal carriage, it was struck by stones, apples, and potatoes.

Lord William Murray, who was in the carriage, stated in evidence to the Houses of Parliament, that one of the windows was broken, and that it was perforated in two places by small bullets from an air gun. No air gun, or any implement of the kind, however, was seen, and no bullet could be found.

This outrage was communicated to the peers by Lord Sidmouth; when public business was deferred till the following day, and a conference held with the Commons, at which a joint address was drawn up, congratulating the Regent on his escape; a proclamation was also issued, offering a reward of £1,000 for the apprehension of the offenders; but they contrived to escape discovery.

The anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo was this year commemorated by the opening of that splendid structure over the Thames, which, from being called the Strand Bridge, was, by a happy change of name, converted into a national monument—an everlasting

tribute to the glory of the "hero of a hundred fights" and his brave army. The Prince Regent, sheltered under the mantle of the great Wellington, with a large concourse of the nobility and gentry, graced the procession, and the unpopularity of the heir to the throne seemed forgotten in the enthusiasm that actuated every individual who took part in the ceremony.

Wellington was cheered to the echo, which the Regent took to himself; but the Duke could well afford to spare some of the plaudits his grateful countrymen greeted him with. I was fortunate enough to get a ticket from my old chief, and had the honour of shaking hands with him about the same moment, that two years previous I had done the same on the plains at Belgium. The kindly expression—"Ha! William, how are you?" although by the side of royalty, proved the unaffected warmth of his nature.

The preceding year was rendered memorable by the union of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg; and the country looked forward to their future sovereign from such auspicious nuptials. Never shall I forget the evening of the 6th of November—but six months afterwards. I was dining with the equerries at Windsor Castle. We had drank their highnesses' health,

when a messenger arrived, and, without waiting to be announced, rushed into the room.

"Is the child born alive?" exclaimed one, his feelings being absorbed in that event.

"Dreadful news!" responded the new-comer; "the Princess has died, after having been the mother of a still-born male child."

There was a dead silence—not a word escaped the lips of either of us. Sighs and sobs were heard in the corridor, as the news reached the ears of those who had known her and loved her from infancy. The sorrow was universal, as Byron wrote:—

"Of sackcloth was thy wedding-garment made;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes; in the dust
The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid—
The love of millions! How did we entrust
Futurity to her!—and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherds' eyes:—'twas but a meteor beam'd."

The eighteenth day of November was fixed upon for the funeral of the idolized hope of a free nation, and it was a day of voluntary humiliation and sorrowful meditation. I was ordered to escort the body from Cumberland Lodge to St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The imposing ceremony took place at night.

The day before the funeral I was taking a solitary ride towards Clewer, when all of a sudden I overtook two gentlemen walking on the footpath, which was divided by a small hedge from the road, and, upon nearer inspection, ascertained them to be Messrs. R. Jones and Abbott, of Covent Garden, to whom I had been introduced in the Green Room of that theatre. Great was my surprise to find that they evidently avoided me, and taking advantage of what the Nimrods call a stiff bullfincher, they remained behind it, in the hope that I should pass on. Anxious, however, to show them every civility in my power, I rode my horse up the bank, and confronted them.

After the usual salutation, and desirous of having a few words of conversation with them upon what was then an all-engrossing subject—the stage, I gave my horse to a country lad who happened to be passing, and proposed accompanying them in their stroll. As in those days, on the occasion of a royal death, all the theatres were closed from the day of the demise until the evening after the funeral, Messrs. Jones and Abbott had taken advantage of this escape from their duties to come down to Windsor, expecting to get a glimpse of the ceremony.

"I am to escort the body," I said, "from Cumberland Lodge to the Castle; and if I can in any way manage to smuggle you in, I will do so with pleasure."

"A thousand thanks," responded both, looking at one another in a manner that shewed me there was (to use a slang expression) "something up." Abbott had both his hands behind him, and his companion kept one in the breast pocket of his great-coat. As we walked along, whenever I turned to one or the other, I evidently saw that there was a mystery, and that both were trying to hide something. At first I thought they were illustrating that scene in Colman's excellent comedy of "The Heir-at-Law," or Silvester Daggerwood, and that Abbott had "the honourable Mr. Dowlas's luggage tied up in a silk pocket-handkerchief," while his comrade had a change of attire in his side-pocket.

The riddle was presently solved by a most unexpected occurrence; the lad who was leading my rather-spirited second charger had "ge-ho'ed" and "ge-up'ed" him in such a manner, that, unused as he was to such language, he had broken away, and was scampering up the bank.

"Catch him!" I exclaimed.

"All right," responded the Thespians, who, in the excitement of the moment, and from a most laudable anxiety to serve me, rushed forward to seize the rein of the startled steed. In so doing, a white cloth fell from one, and a paper parcel from the other. These remained unheeded, until the animal was secured by

Abbott, who exclaimed, after the manner of Edmund Kean: "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

A trooper happening fortunately to pass by, then came to our assistance, and led the horse quietly back to the road.

After expressing my thanks, I stooped to "pick up the bits," when, to my great surprise, and to the utter confusion of my theatrical allies, I found the cloth contained a couple of pounds of pork chops, some rashers of bacon, and a Bologna sausage; and the paper parcel, muffins and crumpets.

"We fancied," said Jones, in a light comedy manner, "that we might be put to it for provisions; so, having secured a bed at Clewer, we went on a foraging excursion to Windsor."

"Quite right," I responded, feeling that the discovery had placed me in what the Yankees call a "tarnation fix;" for being quartered at the Cavalry Barracks, not more than a mile from Clewer, I felt that it would be the height of inhospitality not to invite my friends to the mess. One reason alone prevented me, which will scarcely be believed by the present generation; it was, that I had a few days previously received a hint that actors would be unwelcome guests at the mess-table. A gentleman, whom I was proud, and am still proud to call a friend, and who I

had known as an officer at Valenciennes, had quitted the army for the stage; and, passing through Windsor, had called upon me. My first impulse was to ask him to dinner, when I received the hint referred to. I was therefore compelled to plead an engagement, and content myself with giving him a luncheon in my own barrack-room.

"And when do you return to London?" I asked.

"On Thursday," responded Abbott; "I have to perform in the new dramatic piece—'Father and his Child.' Jones has a holiday, for Braham and the Stephens are to sing in the 'Castle of Andalusia.'"

"Will you dine with me on Thursday at the Piazza?" said I; "I would ask you to the barracks to-morrow, but we are in an awful state of confusion, having to entertain some of the Life Guards coming here on duty."

"Thursday will suit us admirably."

"Agreed," I said; "six punctually, at the Piazza."

We then parted, and I did not again meet my friends until the following mournful night, when the funeral was to take place. No sooner was the *cortége* formed, than I took my station on the right of the hearse; and as my charger had been extremely well broken in, I anticipated no trouble. Great was my dismay and annoyance to find that the lights from the torches, which were held by the troops stationed

on foot along the line of procession, so frightened him, that I had the very greatest difficulty in keeping my place; indeed, upon one occasion, I found myself riding over the traces of the leaders of the hearse. Knowing that when we approached the town, the crowd would be great, and fearing some accident might happen, I desired a looker on, who happened to be one of the Royal gardeners, to tie my silk handkerchief over the eyes of the affrighted animal; and, thus blindfolded, he proceeded perfectly quiet.

Upon approaching the Castle, where I had told my friends to look out for me, I found them waiting just in front of Knight's library, and, calling to them, requested they would keep as near my horse as possible. At that moment I heard my name called in a lady's voice, and, looking up, beheld Lady —— and her daughter anxiously trying to approach me.

"We have tickets," said Lady ——; "but they say it is now too late to admit them."

"Corporal Hatton," cried I, "open out a little and let these two ladies pass between you and the next man. And perhaps you will take care of Lady —— and Miss ——," I said, addressing myself to Jones and Abbott. They came forward, offered their arms, and were soon close to the gates of the old castle.

"No one can pass," exclaimed the porter on duty,

"except those taking part in the procession."

"Lady —— has tickets," I replied.

"And these two gentlemen," continued the Cerberus, "have they tickets?"

Of course I could not say they had, and merely remarked that they were friends of mine. A lucky circumstance occurred.

"I belong to the establishment," said a man in Royal livery.

"Pass in," responded the porter.

A brilliant idea flashed across Abbott.

"We have the honour to belong to the Court, we are two of his Majesty's servants."

Taken with the readiness of the answer, the good-humoured porter made no further comment, and allowed the actors to pass in, saying,

"I suppose, Captain," (I was only a sub), "those gentlemen belong to your party."

The wood-cutter's son in the fairy tale was not more surprised when he found the doors fly open at the magic word, than my friends were at their unexpected good fortune.

CHAPTER III.

MY FATHER APPOINTED GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA—I ACCOMPANY THE DUKE AS EXTRA AIDE-DE-CAMP—VOYAGE TO BRITISH NORTH AMERICA—ARRIVE AT QUEBEC—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY—FIELD SPORTS—VOYAGEURS—LA CHINE—AN AMERICAN COMMODORE—ANECDOTE OF WATERLOO—ON THE LAKES—KINGSTON—INDIANS—NIAGARA—HUNTING AND FISHING—"CARIBOO" AND "BEAVER"—RETURN TO QUEBEC.

CHAPTER III.

WHILE quartered at Maidenhead, I received a letter from my father, informing me that he was appointed Governor-General of Canada, and offering to take me out as an extra aide-de-camp. Gladly would I have refused this offer, for I was loath to leave my regiment and quit England, but I felt that I could not refuse, for I was very much like the man under the firm grasp of a policeman who is told, "I don't wish to use no compulsion, but you must come along with me." Now, without comparing myself to the prisoner entirely, or my father to the constable, I knew that to refuse the offer would hurt the feelings of one who had ever been kind to me.

With a heavy heart, then, I hastened to London, sold my horses, prepared for the voyage, and, on the 18th of June, 1818, we embarked at Spithead, in his Majesty's frigate "Iphigenia," Captain Hyde Parker, for Canada. We had adverse winds for the first

week, and landed for a few hours on the rugged coast of Cornwall; from thence we had a tedious passage of five weeks. The Captain kept an excellent table, and, as there were some capital fellows on board, I passed my time most delightfully. One of my old shipmates, now Admiral Courtenay, is still alive, and I am proud to say that I entertain the same regard and friendship for him that I did nearly half a century ago, when he was lieutenant on board the frigate.*

It was a bright sunny day of August, 1818, when I landed at Quebec; and although nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of the gallant captain of the "Iphigenia," or the good humour and gentlemanlike bearing of the officers under his command, we were all delighted at being delivered from the narrow confines of our berths, in which for six weeks we had been "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," and not a little pleased at once again having our eyes relieved from the wearisome view of sky and water. Those who have made a long sea voyage will easily enter into our feelings, and imagine the happiness of once again touching *terra firma.*

From Cape Diamond, situated one thousand feet above the level of the river, the scenery surpasses, for beauty, grandeur, and diversity, all that I have

* Since writing the above, poor Courtenay has paid the debt of nature.

ever seen in Canada, or indeed in any part of the globe.

Stupendous rocks, lofty mountains, immense rivers, trackless forests, tranquil lakes, highly cultivated lands, rich fields of pasture, fertile valleys, well-stocked orchards, deep-wooded glens, bold promontories, shady lanes, the most luxuriant vegetation, thriving farms, snug homesteads, elegant villas, and lowly thatched cottages, clustered with vines, clematis, jasmin, sweet-scented verbena, and briar, and surrounded with gardens, in which blue hydrangias, fuchsias, hollyocks, dahlias, rhododendrons, azalias, and roses, grew in wild profusion. Romantic villages, venerable churches, covered with ivy and moss, hamlets, and towns, in turn strike the attention; in short, the senses are almost bewildered in contemplating the vastness of the scene. Nature is here seen on the grandest scale; and it is scarcely possible for the imagination to picture anything more exquisite than the several prospects presented to the eye.

It has often been said that the charm of a summer's morning is in the upland, and the extensive view, and that those who have never seen the rising sun from a mountain-top, know not how fair the world is. The place to be chosen for a view of the sunrise, such a view as Claude loved to pourtray with his magic pencil, is some elevation near the sea coast; and here

on Cape Diamond did I take my stand, on the morning after my arrival in Quebec, and from a height of a thousand feet looked down upon the chequered beauty of the land and wild expanse of waters.

By the time that half of the solar disc was above the horizon, the river was of that

"Dolce color di Oriental saffiro,"

in which the boats, with their dark lug sails, as they returned from fishing, projected their streaky shadows for miles, although each seemed but a speck. The mist now cleared away, and the fields and woods were arrayed in gold. The smoke began to twine upwards from the lowly cottages; the sheep were unfolded; and man began the labour of the day. Those who have beheld the beauties of the rising sun will feel that the breast which such a sight cannot calm must indeed be a troubled one. I almost forgot the misery of leaving my fatherland, and the many who were dear to me, now separated by the mighty Atlantic, in the lovely prospect that met my gaze.

Beautiful as was the scenery in the environs of Quebec, the city itself could not boast of much attraction, and I soon began to feel the indescribable vacuity and listlessness of a garrison life. However exciting the duty of an aide-de-camp may be, and is on active service, it is far different in the "piping times of

peace;" the principal employment being to act as a sort of military groom of the chambers during the morning, write invitations to dinners and balls, ride out with the general, carve at the dinner-table, talk "pipeclay" with the martinets of the service, make up a rubber of whist, and flirt with the garrison belles.

The work was not hard, but repetition made it exceedingly uninteresting. I soon began to long for more action, and varied the tedium of my professional duties with field sports, for which the neighbourhood afforded numerous attractions.

It was upon a lovely day in August, that a party of light-hearted youths, of which I formed one, left Quebec, upon a sporting excursion to Lake Huron, and the North-West Company's establishment at Chepewyam. Deviating from the usual road, that we might enjoy a day's salmon fishing, we reached Jacques Cartier bridge, about seven miles above the ferry. Here the river falls widely down, betwixt its wooded shores, and, after forming several cascades, foams through a narrow channel, which seems as if it had been cut out of the solid rock to receive it. This constitutes its bed, and is formed into regular platforms, descending by natural steps to the edge of the torrent.

The Jacques Cartier river is famous for its salmon,

which are caught of large size and in great abundance. Certainly we had no just cause for complaint, our three rods having killed twelve salmon, averaging fourteen pounds each.

There was an excellent inn at the foot of the bridge, and "mine host" was not only an expert disciple of Old Izaac, but a most judicious promoter of gastronomy; but what old Perre Lebeau prided himself upon, was what he termed "A very pretty kettle of fish," namely, a large iron cauldron, filled with water, thickened with salt, in which the fish was immersed the moment it was killed—the boiling apparatus having previously been conveyed to the banks of the river.

After quitting this locality, the scenery of the St. Lawrence becomes flat and uninteresting. The country, however, the entire way from Quebec to Montreal, is studded with farm-houses, whitewashed from top to bottom; attached to which are log-barns and stables, with commodious and neat plots of garden-ground. The meadows, rich in verdure, were profusely decorated with orange lilies, and the banks and dingles with the crimson berries of the sumach, and a variety of flowering shrubs. So intense is the heat of the summer, that Indian corn, water-melons, gourds, and capsicums are raised in abundance, and are to be seen growing wild at every step.

Our servants and baggage joined us after our fishing expedition; the former were sent back to Quebec, the latter we took with us, as well as two small tents, some camp equipage—buffalo skins, which we used as bedding—a store of dried provisions, including potted meats of every description, some jars of turtle, kegs of brandy, gin, whisky, and rum: pipes, cigars, rifles, guns, powder, bullets, shot, books, with some ornaments of beads, steel buttons, ribbons, tinfoil, and gold lace, as presents to the Indians. With this cargo we left by the mail steamer for Montreal.

After passing a few most delightful days in this city, during which we partook of a splendid dinner, given by the North-West Company—and I, for the first time, saw beavers introduced as an epicurean luxury—we procured letters of introduction, and made additional preparations for our tour. Upon reaching La Chine, which is a most romantic village, full of life and bustle, from the number of Canadian boatmen or *voyageurs* that land and embark there, we found our *bateau* awaiting us.

These *voyageurs* may be said to have sprung from the fur trade, having originally been employed by the early French merchants in their trading expeditions, through the labyrinths of rivers and lakes of the boundless interior. Their dress is generally half-civilized, half-savage. They wear a loose cape, made

of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, leather leggings, or cloth trousers, deer-skin mocassins, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which is suspended their knife, tobacco-pouch, and other implements. Their language is of a mongrel description, being a mixture of Gallic, embroidered with English words and phrases.

They are usually of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors, being full of song and anecdote, and ever ready for the dance. Never are they so happy as when on a voyage, toiling up rivers against the rapids, or coasting lakes, encamping at night on the borders, and gossiping round their bivouac in the open air.

Nothing can be more delightful—more soothing to the spirits—than to glide across the bosom of a lake on a bright sunny morning, the oars keeping time to some quaint old ditty, or French romance; or sweeping in full chorus, on some still summer evening, down the transparent current of a Canadian river.

Each *bateau* carries eight or ten men, and "a luggage," consisting of sixty packages of goods, about six hundred weight of biscuit, two hundred weight of pork, and three bushels of peas for the men's provisions; two tarpaulins to cover the freight, which serve as tents on landing; a sail, and an axe; a towing line, camp kettles, together with a quantity of gum, bark, and "watapa," to repair the boats.

An European, on seeing these slender vessels thus laden, and not more than six inches out of the water, would imagine it almost impossible that they should perform a long and perilous voyage; but the Canadians are so expert in the management of them, that accidents rarely happen.

Few places can be more picturesque than the situation of La Chine; in sight of it, on the opposite side of the river St. Lawrence, stands the settlement of the Lachenonaga Indians, a race now sadly degenerated from their original state, through their intercourse with the white population.

Anxious to procure an interpreter, we slung our rifles over our shoulders, and engaged a boat to take us over to the Indian village. Before we had proceeded half way, one of the boatmen called our attention to a party of pleasure, who were evidently making for the same point. It was a calm, stilly evening, with scarcely a cloud in the sky, or ripple on the water. One of the party accompanied herself, and a fair companion, upon the guitar; the air was familiar to us, one of Moore's beautiful duets. The music, chiming in with the oars, grew fainter and fainter, and produced a most thrilling effect. We listened with the deepest attention to the "concord of sweet sounds;" and were enchanted at finding, on our landing, two young and handsome girls, leaning on the arm of an

elderly gentleman, and attended by another, who, from his sun-burnt cheek, and care-worn countenance, looked as if he "had done the state some service."

So it proved; for he was Commodore Bainbridge, one of the brightest ornaments and the most gallant spirits of the United States' Navy. At that time we fancied (erroneously, as it afterwards proved) that a feeling of enmity existed between the two countries, and we concluded that one of the heroes of the American war would look down with contempt upon a party of beardless subalterns of the British Army: for be it known, one of my companions and myself had provided ourselves with knapsacks, containing, among other good things, cigars and spirits, and upon which were somewhat ostentatiously painted our names, rank, and regiments. Anxious to be introduced to the lovely syrens, we were, upon discovery of the name of their chaperon, regularly "gobrowed" (we use an Affghan word), the English of which, vulgarly translated, is—"flabbergasted." Great then, indeed, was our delight when the gallant Commodore, who had espied our names, approached us, and taking off his hat—a wonderful condescension, we then thought, for an American—politely addressed us as follows:

"Gentlemen, we are about to visit the celebrated

spring in the neighbourhood; will you honour us by joining our party?"

Need I say that we gladly availed ourselves of the Commodore's kindness, and, in less than a minute, I, acting as master of the ceremonies, introduced myself and friends, who were in due time presented to the fair *demoiselles*, their uncle, and the Commodore.

We proceeded on our expedition, where we qualified the water of the spring, which bubbled near us, with some genuine Glenlivet, just to kill the animalculæ, and drank to the health of our new allies. For an hour after our return, we strolled on the margin of the river, when we were informed that our meal was prepared under the shade of a huge spreading tree. One of my companions sang "The Woodpecker," Thomas Moore's popular ballad—laying great emphasis on the lines:

> "By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
> In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
> And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips
> Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!"

We enjoyed a most intellectual and rural repast in the company of our new acquaintances. "Prosperity to England and America" was proposed, and drank with the honours; nor were the fair daughters of the latter country omitted.

It was near midnight before we took our departure, having previously arranged with the Commodore

and his party to meet at the Falls of Niagara, there to make further arrangements for visiting other sights in Canada.

Generally speaking, the whole river, running from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Lake Ontario, is simply called the St. Lawrence, although it receives a large branch of the Uttawa and Iroquois rivers.

At sunrise on the following morning we set out on our voyage; during the day we occasionally landed with our guns, in the hopes of getting a few shots, and at night our bateaux were drawn up, our tents pitched, and the crews divided themselves into gipsy groups.

On the second morning, crossing the Uttawa river, we gained the mouth of the south-west branch of the St. Lawrence, and a splendid scene presented itself. Each river comes dashing down into the lake over immense rocks, with an impetuosity which, seemingly, nothing can resist. Huge branches and roots of trees, and broken rafts, are hurled down into the rapids, and woe betide the frail bark that comes in contact with them.

From Le Saut de Trou to the Coteau des Cedres, the rapids were so strong, that we were compelled to resort to poles, oars, and sails to ascend the stream. Where the current was very strong, the bateaux were

kept as close as possible to the shore, not only to avoid the stream, but to have the advantage of shallow water to pole in. The men set their poles together at the same moment, and all work on the same side. The steersman, however, shifts his pole from side to side, in order to keep the vessel in its proper course.

On coming to a deep bay, the men abandon their poles, and take to their oars; but in many places the current proves so rapid, that not even "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether" will stem it, and they are obliged to pole entirely round the bay. The exertion required to counteract the force of the stream is so great, that the men are forced to stop very frequently.

Each of these resting-places, the boatmen, who are all French Canadians, denominate "une pipe," they being allowed to stop and fill their pipes. With equal propriety might these rests be called "une verre d'eau de vie;" for they never failed upon these occasions to moisten their clay with a glass of brandy. According to the weed estimate, a pipe and three-quarters of an English mile are synonymous.

During the day we again quitted our bateaux, took our guns, and proceeded on foot. As we passed along, we had some excellent sport in shooting pigeons; several large flights of which we met with in the

woods. The wild pigeons in Canada are not unlike the common English wood pigeon, and their flesh is well-flavoured.

At sunset we reached the village of the Hill of Cedars, and were agreeably surprised to find a most excellent tavern, kept by a Scotchwoman. One of my companions was a "braw young Hielandman," and soon struck up a most friendly acquaintance with the old hostess, who promised us an excellent day's sport of fishing and shooting, if we would stay over the next day at the "Thistle," so the *hôtellerie* was called. "Her son Geordie, who had served at Waterloo, would act as guide," so said the kind-hearted Mrs. McAllister, who, in addition to other good things, assured us that she would brew such a bowl of whiskey toddy as would gladden our very hearts.

Dinner was now served, and to a better repast I never had the good fortune to sit down. It consisted of tarapin or land tortoise soup; excellent fish, which our crew had caught; mutton steaks, hot and hot, as they were wont to do the chops at Dixon's, at Henley-on-Thames, before rail took the place of wheels; pigeons, grilled; stewed cucumbers, mixed with cream, a favourite dish in those parts; and last, not least in our estimation, a most glorious bowl of whisky toddy, made in the real Scotch manner, by our Canadian Meg Dods.

In the course of the evening, Geordie McAllister, who had served in the Coldstream Guards at Waterloo, told us the following anecdote:

"Previous to the time when the Guards, under the command of two of the most gallant and daring spirits of the day—my old Enghien friends, Saltoun and McDonnell—had taken possession of their stronghold in the farm-house of Hougoumont, a regiment of the enemy's cavalry had formed with a view of charging that portion of our men who were then in front of the gates of the farm. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the French hussars—they were scarcely to be restrained. One young officer in particular, rode forward with all the chivalry of a Bayard, and, without waiting for orders, would have charged the Guards, had any kindred spirits volunteered their services. At last the order was given to the French regiment to advance; the young officer scarcely waited for the word of command from his colonel, but placing himself at the head of his squadron, waved his sword on high, and, crying "*Vive l'Empereur*!" rushed onward to the fray.

At that moment the Guards, who had contested for hours this key of the whole right of our position, had received orders to retire within the walls of the *château*, which was immediately attended to. The French colonel, anxious, literally, not to run his head

against a stone wall, had sounded the halt, and the well-disciplined troops had obeyed it, with the exception of the French Hotspur, who, galloping up to the gate, threatened destruction to the inmates, now snugly ensconced behind the temporary fortress, and showing a formidable row of deadly muskets bristling through the hastily formed loop-holes. He dared them to single combat, menacing them with his sword, and uttering oaths, that, at the English magisterial price of five shillings each, would have mulcted him of many a day's pay.

In vain did his will, without power, avail him. Our brave fellows suffered him to approach within a yard or two of their muskets; then, with that humanity and generosity of conduct which ever characterises noble hearts—touched not a trigger, but, cheering their gallant foe, left him scatheless. With a politeness, for which our volatile neighbours are proverbial, the youthful officer acknowledged the compliment by taking off his hat, and retired as leisurely as if on parade to his regiment; but not before he had uttered the sentiment, which, if literally translated, would run as follows:

"These English are indeed as generous as they are brave."

On the following morning we all went out at daybreak, to enjoy a few hours' fishing, and brought home

for breakfast several splendid trout, which, in addition to some kippered salmon, dried haddocks, fresh butter and an excellent loaf, made us a most sumptuous repast. After our meal we quaffed a quaick of Glenlivet to the prosperity of our hostess, and, entering the *bateaux*, again pursued our voyage.

The day was uncommonly fine, and as we glided over the waters of Lake St. François, the boatmen sang some Canadian melodies most beautifully, marking the time with each stroke of the oar.

Our next landing-place was L'Isle aux Raisins, so called from the number of vines growing thereon; but the grapes, as we found to our cost, were literally, not figuratively, sour. Near this spot are many islands still in possession of the Indians.

From St. Regis to the mouth of the Oswegatchee river, the rapids are numberless. Here we formed an acquaintance with a young Indian, who agreed to accompany us in our expedition. On the ninth morning we entered the Lake of a Thousand Isles, twenty-five miles in length, and six in breadth: many of the islands are scarcely larger than a *bateau*—the largest is not fifteen acres; all are beautifully covered with wood, and form the hunting encampments of the Indians.

Here we were informed that, during particular years, the bears come down from the northern regions.

The manner of killing them is as follows :—A party on land beat the woods, by setting fire to the long grass and underwood, and as the bears take the water, the Indians in their canoes have a splendid *battue.* As the year referred to was not an ursine one, we proceeded on our excursion, reaching Kingston, or Ladaragui, late at night.

Kingston is a place of considerable trade ; and the bay affords excellent anchorage, being the safest and most commodious harbour on Lake Ontario. We had a succession of picnics, private theatricals, balls, and dinners, and enjoyed, with one exception, the most delightful week imaginable.

The one exception was the quantity of industrious fleas, and other insects, which pestered us by night ; the mosquitoes were bad enough by day, but to find one's body during eight hours given up to be victimized by these Lilliputian phlebotomisers, was too bad, and almost more than human flesh could bear.

Mr. Tiffin, and other insect destroyers, would, we think, realise a handsome fortune in Canada ; and any exhibitor, wishing to possess the genuine *puces travailleux,* could not do better than send a commission to Kingston, and other towns we could name in the provinces.

We embarked on board the "Lake Ontario" steamer, and after a good passage reached Nia-

gara, where we met our American friends. As our object was to see the Falls in every point of view, we remained two days at a remarkably comfortable inn, within a few yards of this wonder of the world. The majority of our party being devoted to fishing, we agreed to return to Lake Ontario, where, at Mississaguis Point, was a settlement of Indians, named after that spot, who were famed as fishers and hunters.

Upon reaching their territory, our interpreter made arrangements for a day and night's fishing. In the former, we were accompanied by the ladies, and had a glorious day's sport, killing some fine salmon, sturgeon, and other sea and fresh-water fish. The syrens again enchanted us with their melodious notes, and, as a matter of course, we compared their power to that of Amphion of old, whose vocal sounds drew innumerable dolphins around his vessel: but we requested them not to imitate his example by throwing themselves into the lake, as we saw no fish large enough to bear them on shore, should our attempts to save them prove ineffectual.

A ramble to a settlement through the woods was agreed upon for the following day, and it was arranged that the ladies should accompany us on pony-back. The Commodore, who was the beau-ideal of kindness and gallantry, had provided an excellent dinner for us on shore after our day's fishing: and it

was not until a late hour that we broke up, when our boats again bore us by moonlight over the peaceful surface of the lake to the small hotel at Niagara town.

We all arose at the first dawn of the next day, and, having procured some ponies and a mule, commenced our excursion in high spirits, animated by the beauty and freshness of the atmosphere. Our faithful guide, Mohawtan by name, led the way, and for miles scarce an animated creature was to be seen. Now and then a wigwam appeared, out of which a wild Indian, looking himself like an antiquated ruin of the forest, fiercely gazed. A flask of spirits, which our guide always presented to these savages, ensured us a hospitable reception.

We now emerged from the forest, and reached a most picturesque lake, formed from the overflowings of the Ontario. Looking down from the promontory, we perceived the settlement we were in search of, and, sending our copper-coloured chief, Mohawtan, with the olive-branch of peace, in the shape of sundry presents to the tribe, we received a most pressing invitation to visit it. As the settlement varied but slightly from others we had seen, we retraced our steps home, and, by way of changing the route, skirted the forest over a dry and sandy plain.

The sun was now in its zenith, the parched air was most oppressive, and our jaded animals dragged us

along the tedious path, overwhelmed with heat and dust.

At length we reached a few wigwams, where we found a very venerable squaw, nursing a little papoose or baby. It was a regular black imp, that much more resembled a monkey than a human being, and which turned out to be her grandson. Our faithful interpreter told her our wants, introducing into the palm of her hand certain silver coins, of which, residing as she did so near to the town of Kingston, she was sure perfectly to know the value. The "siller" seemed to produce a most wonderful change of conduct; for the ebony "bambino" was laid aside, and a hearty welcome, as far as gestures went, was given us. How true it is, that money, like love, rules the court, the camp, the grove, in savage as well as civilized society; or, as Anacreon Moore writes:—

> "Oil of *Palms*, the thing that, flowing,
> Sets the *naves* and *felloes* going."

After a plain but wholesome luncheon, we resumed our journey, and on the following day took leave of the Commodore and his fair relatives. Accompanied by our guide, we then proceeded to Fort Erie, through a richly-cultivated country. As we passed along, we saw a variety of snakes basking in the sun; we did not, however, find any with rattles, although Mohawtan

bought us the skin of one nearly four feet long, which he had purchased from an Indian for a few beads, and informed us that a soup made of rattle-snakes was most delicious and nourishing, and that the flesh was as white as the most delicate fish. Certainly a *potage de serpent à sonnettes,* with spitchcock rattle-snakes, would not be more enticing than the China bird-nest soup.

On reaching Fort Erie, where we remained a couple of days, to lionize the neighbourhood, we found comfortable accommodation at "the hotel," as it was called. During our stay at the fort, we rambled through the woods, and along the shores of the lake, with our guns. On the strand we found a great number of gulls, and different birds of prey—hawks and kites; we also met with large flocks of sand-larks, in colour somewhat resembling the grey lapwing.

In the forests, we fell in, for the first time, with a large covey, or flock, of spruce partridges, or pheasants, as they are called by the people of the country.

Nothing could exceed their tameness; a day after barn-door fowl would have been a joke to our sport with them. We bagged some half dozen, being anxious to have them stuffed, and they are still in fine preservation.

We now traversed Lake Erie and Lake Huron, and entered Lake Superior, the most magnificent body of

fresh water in the world, landing at the Grande Portage, which is a fort situated near the shore, containing several houses erected for the accommodation of the North-West Company; this is the general rendezvous for the traders.

We were too late for the grand gathering, but found many traders congregated in the place.

After remaining a few days at the Grande Portage, we embarked on the river Au Tourt, in bateaux about half the size of those we had been previously accustomed to. The Au Tourt is one of the finest rivers in the North-Western parts of America. Lake Winnipeg, which we next approached, is the great reservoir for several large rivers; the Knistenaux and Algonquin tribes inhabit its banks. Beyond Lake Winnipeg, we passed many rapids, traversing several small lakes.

From the mouth of the Saskatchiwine river we proceeded to our final destination, Chepewyan, which is a fort on the bank of the Lake of the Hills, occupied by traders, who here deal for furs brought in by the Indians. As this spot was to terminate our tour, we devoted a week to it. Here we had some excellent fishing; in the word fishing, I include angling, spearing, netting and every other manner in which the finny tribe fall victims to the skill and cunning of man. The grey, or salmon trout, which frequently weighs

from twenty to thirty pounds, is the best fish found in the large American lakes.

One of the party, who had been a great fly-fisher in the highlands of Scotland, tried his luck upon a river in the neighbourhood of the fort, and was entirely unsuccessful. There were so many roots, trunks, limbs, and branches of trees, that he found it quite impossible to throw his fly. We therefore had recourse to the very cockney-like sport of baiting sundry hooks attached to lines, each having a float, and suspended from a strong cord, which we made fast to the wooden buoys anchored in the lake. These lines we visited morning, noon, and evening, and generally found more fish than empty hooks.

The muskanunge, or pike, and sturgeon, are very plentiful in the large lakes, and these afford excellent sport in spearing. We found Mohawtan most experienced at the lance exercise. Nothing could exceed the precision with which he transfixed the Leviathans of the lakes. He had struck up a most friendly alliance with one of the Knistenaux Indians, Metessin (last born)—literaly "the pet" by name. Hearing that we were sportsmen, he kindly invited us to join his tribe in an elk hunting excursion. This we gladly availed ourselves of. In all the northern parts of America, the elk, or orignal, as also the caraboo, a species of rein-deer, are to be met with.

During the day Metessin, through our interpreter, explained to us the numerous ways of hunting the elk, and described some peculiarities of these animals. In winter the Indians follow them, shod in their snow shoes—by means of which they walk without sinking, and easily overtake the elk, who is often nearly up to his knees in snow, and unable to make much way. At other times they are driven into deep pits, covered over, on the Jack and the Giant principle, with fresh wood and branches of trees; they are also shot with muskets and rifles, which weapons are now to be found among many of the savage tribes.

A peculiarity which is common to the elk must not be omitted; when the animal runs, the joints of his limbs make a great noise like the smashing of flints upon a Macadamized English road. The quircajou, hearing this noise, waits the approach of the elk, and, darting down upon its back, fixes its claws in its victim's throat, tearing the neck a little below the ears, until it falls down. It is remarkable that this animal, which is not larger than a badger, should prove itself so powerful a foe to the elk, who is strong enough to slay a man or a wolf; but such is the fact, as may be attested by all the authorities who have written upon this subject.

By daylight the next morning we were at the *rendezvous*; the guns were placed at the extremity of a

narrow strip of wood, and the Indians proceeded to beat and burn it out. Their yelling, shouting, hallooing, and bellowing, added to the smoke and flames of the fire that arose from the brushwood and high grass, soon put the game on foot, and we had a capital day's sport. The scene altogether reminded us of the demon's hunt in "Der Freyshütz," or the last scene in "Don Giovanni;" for such a set of fiendish-looking personages could scarcely be considered as belonging to a mortal chase.

Upon our return, we partook of a haunch of elk venison, which had hung a week, and found the flesh tender and delicate. The tongue is very much esteemed; and we purchased some of these dried, which were afterwards looked upon as great luxuries among the *gourmets* of Quebec.

Upon the following day, we witnessed the capture of a few beavers; but the sport was too insipid to interest us. The animals being driven from the ponds by dogs, were taken prisoners, or speared in their own dwellings. As Englishmen, we blushed at this unconstitutional attack upon the rights and liberties of the subject. Another plan resorted to was letting the water escape from the dam, and leaving the amphibii high and dry.

Our next day's sport—caraboo stalking—was highly interesting. The hunters went in pairs; the

foremost carrying in one hand the horns of the deer, and in the other branches of trees, against which he, from time to time, rubbed the horns, imitating the gestures peculiar to the animal. His comrades followed, treading exactly in his footsteps, and holding the guns of both in a horizontal position, so that the muzzles projected under the arms of him who carried the head.

Both hunters had a filet of white skin round their foreheads, a strip of the same round their waists. They approached the herd by degrees, raising their legs after the manner of a deer, who, seeing nearly as extraordinary a phenomenon as that witnessed by Macbeth's messenger—

"A moving grove,
And Birnam Wood is come to Dunsinane,"

instantly stopped to gaze at it. The hindmost man then pushed forward his comrade's gun, the head and branches were dropped, and they both fired nearly at the same instant. As we were lookers on, we were content to get a stray shot, as the terrified animals scampered off.

We now took leave of Metessin, and commenced our return to the more civilised provinces. We shot and fished our way home, occasionally having excellent sport, and seldom or ever having a blank day.

After a very prosperous journey, we returned to

Quebec, where we found our American friends established at the Union Hotel. An excellent supper, and a warm welcome awaited us at the château.

"The night drave on wi' songs and clatter."

It was a banquet worthy of the ancients; and what can exceed that pleasant meal, when, in the words of the Magician of the North, "the social glass washes out of one's mind the cobwebs that business or gloom have been spinning in our brains all day."

CHAPTER IV.

SLEDGING AND THE Q. D. C.—WINTER IN QUEBEC—PRIVATE THEATRICALS—SINGING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—LOSING ONE'S VOICE—THE GERMAN SERGEANT—FIRST APPEARANCE—RACKET COURT AND TANDEM CLUB—TOUR OF INSPECTION—THE WORRIED FOX—THE DUKE BITTEN IN THE HAND—ALARMING SYMPTOMS—THE DUKE'S SUFFERINGS AND DEATH—ANXIETY OF HIS FAMILY—EXTRAORDINARY DREAM—CAPTAIN MACNAMARA'S DUEL—NIAGARA AND VESUVIUS—MY FATHER'S FUNERAL—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

CHAPTER IV.

No sooner had the winter set in, than we had some excellent snipe-shooting; and did I not fear to lay myself open to a comment upon the Munchausen propensities of travellers, I would mention the results of a week's sport. It was, without drawing a long bow, beyond any I had ever heard of in Europe.

Early in October, the St. Lawrence was completely frozen over, and sledging commenced. We established a driving club, called the Q. D. C., Quebec Driving Club, which the wags interpreted "Quem Deus Conservat." Our society gave rise to a great many squibs and caricatures, and among others appeared an epic poem, called the Q. D. C., Queer Devil Club. Four lines will give a specimen of the North American poet's talent—

"Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!
On every side the noise approaches:
Said I coaches? Oh, I mistake;
I carrioles for coaches take."

This writer of the Catnach ballad school, to carry out his versification, was obliged to render carriole—the Canadian name for a sledge—carriole.

Winter, in Quebec, is the season of general amusement. The clear frosty weather no sooner commences, than business is laid aside, and pleasure reigns supreme. By means of their carrioles, the Canadians transport themselves over the snow from place to place, in the most agreeable manner, and with a degree of swiftness which appears almost incredible; for with the same horse I myself have gone sixty miles a day, with perfect ease—so light is the draught of one of these carriages, and so favourable is the snow to the feet of the horses.

It is calculated to hold two persons, with a box in front for a driver, or one behind for a groom; and it is usually drawn by one horse; if two are made use of, they are put tandem-fashion, as the track, in most places, will not admit of their going abreast. The shape of the carriage varies according to fancy, and it was a matter of emulation among the members of our driving club who should have the handsomest one.

There are two distinct kinds, however—the open and the covered. The former is usually like the body of a light cabriolet, or dennet, put upon two iron runners or slides, similar in shape to a pair of skates; the latter consists of the body of a chariot or

coach, put on runners in the same manner, and both are entirely lined with furs.

In Canada, married and single ladies think nothing of taking a seat in the sledge of a bachelor, although to drive with him on wheels during the summer would be deemed an outrage on the usages of society. The carrioles glide over the snow with great smoothness, and so little noise do they make in sliding along, that it is necessary to have a number of bells attached to the harness. I know no way of winding up this slight sketch of sledging, than by quoting the opinion of the immortal Sam Slick upon the subject :—

"A little tidy scrumptuous-lookin' slay, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells, as long as a string of inions, round his neck, and a sprig on his back, lookin' for all the world like a bunch of apples, broke off at gatherin' time, and a sweetheart alongside, all muffled up but her eyes and lips—the one lookin' right into you, and the other talkin' right at you—is e'en almost enough to drive one ravin', tarin', distracted mad, with pleasure—ain't it? And then the dear critters say, the bells make such a din, there's no hearin' oneself speak; so they put their pretty little mugs close up to your face, and talk, talk, talk, till one can't help lookin' right at them instead of the horse; and then whop you both go, capsized into a snowdrift together—skins, cushions, and all. This is fun alive!"

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To the clockmaker's sentiments I say, "ditto."

I went, very soon after my arrival, to the theatre at Quebec, and as it did not possess a good professional staff, several of my brother-officers and myself got up private theatricals, which were found to be more attractive. The Quebec races were on the point of coming on, and I bought a horse of a Yankee dealer, and rode him in a match against a mare belonging to Colonel Wilson, of the Artillery. My father, of course, patronised the meeting. I won my match, in consequence of my competitor having neglected to ride back to the scales, though I came in second. The next day the match was run again—when I came in first.

We next organized our theatrical corps, and, with the assistance of one or two female professionals, we shortly found ourselves in a position to announce the following performance. It was thus cast:

THE HONEYMOON.

The Duke Aranza	Captain Fitzroy.
Count Montalban	Lord William Lennox.
Rolando	Major McLeod.
Jacques, (The Mock Duke) . . .	Mr. Tolfrey.
Lampedo, the Apothecary . . .	Mr. R. Dunn, Assistant Civil Secretary.
Lopez	Lieutenant Mendham, 68th Light Infantry.
Hostess	Major (the present Sir George) Bowles.

The other female characters were played by actresses who had belonged to the regular company.

The play attracted a large audience, and was performed with great spirit. It was followed by Kenney's farce, "Raising the Wind," in which I took the part of *Jeremy Diddler*, with what the play-bills would have called "astonishing success."

Our next attempt was Sheridan's Comedy, "The Rivals," which was thus cast:

Sir Anthony Absolute	Captain G. Browne.
Captain Absolute	Captain Fitzroy.
Falkland	Lord William Lennox.
Fag	Lord Frederick Lennox.
David	Lieutenant Mendham.

Again the success was "tremendous," and in the after-piece "High Life Below Stairs," I played the character of Freeman, and my brother Frederick the Duke, with equal effect. In truth, our performances proved so attractive, that we were obliged to study and bring out a succession of plays, among which were "The Jealous Wife," "A Cure for the Heartache," "The School for Scandal," "Speed the Plough," "She stoops to Conquer," "Bombastes Furioso," "Who's the Dupe?" and "Hit or Miss?" The receipts were always good, and formed a welcome addition to the charitable institutions to which they were given. My father and sisters, who were very

fond of dramatic representations, always attended; and the Duke frequently entertained the *dramatis personæ* after the fall of the curtain. Our scenes were painted by Captain the present Sir Joshua Jebb, in first-rate style, and our properties were of the very best description.

Upon the occasion of my performing *Jeremy Diddler*, and in my anxiety to make the most of the part, I had arranged with a friend, who had a very good voice, to sing "the Beautiful Maid" from behind the scene, in which I had caused a small slit to be made. The situation is, when *Diddler* and his friends are seated at the festive board, and he addresses the ballad alternately to the old maid, *Miss Laurelia Durable*, and the younger lady, *Peggy*. As Mr. Lewis—the original *Jeremy*—could not (what is termed) "turn a tune," and as few, if any, of his successors have possessed vocal abilities, the song is always omitted; but I had a soul above difficulties, and procured a vocal deputy.

The scene was disclosed; I was at the head of the table close to the aperture, no stage properties of the usual theatrical banquet, but real wine, cakes, and fruit were spread before us; and, suiting the action to the word, with open mouth, hand to my heart, and imitating as well as I could the gestures of the inimitable Braham, I pretended to sing.

So admirably was the song executed, that an enthusiastic encore followed, and, bowing to the audience with all the airs and graces of a successful singer, I waited for my voice to repeat the air—for that extraordinary fashion which now exists of substituting a new song when the old one has been specially called for, did not then exist.

In vain I looked about me; no friendly voice was at hand. I then began to sneeze, to cough, to fidget, in hopes of gaining time, when I, to my dismay, heard the prompter shout, "Run up to the dressing-room—the song's encored."

Fearing that my friend might have left the house, or gone in front, and as the audience—especially a party of Americans in the pit—were becoming very obstreperous, I felt my only chance of restoring quiet was to address them after—and a long way, I fear—after the style of the great William Elliston, whom I had often listened to in England with surprise and pleasure under similar circumstances.

Leaving my seat, advancing to the lights, and bowing respectfully, I claimed a hearing. "Silence!" "shame!" "turn them out!" and sundry other expressions and sounds were heard, including that sibilation so unpleasing to an actor's ear; after a time, I obtained silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I exclaimed, "it must

ever be the first wish of a performer, whether professional or amateur, to delight his kind (pronounced *ke ind*) friends, and an encore to a vocalist makes him feel with Othello, that 'his soul hath her content so absolute, that not another comfort like to this succeeds in unknown fate;' but, ladies and gentlemen, there are occasions, and this I regret to say is one, where the power to please depends not upon the will. During the last few minutes I have entirely lost my voice."

"Brayvo!"—"hurrah!" from some friendly non-commissioned officers in the pit.

"Excuse me, then," I continued, "upon this occasion, and extend to me that indulgence which an enlightened British and American—a strong stress on American—public never refuses to those who in the mimic scenes of the drama, or amidst the stern realities of life, claim their sympathy, their encouragement, and their support."

A hearty cheer from the sterner sex, and the tapping of fans from the more gentle, greeted this appeal, and I returned to my seat.

"How exquisitely Mr. Diddler sings!" improvised Miss Laurelia Durable, amidst another shout of applause; then, to my great consternation, I heard my friend who had been summoned for the encore, and who had not from his distant position been able to

catch a word I had said, commence the words, "When absent." Nothing then was left me, except to appear as if my voice had returned, and, with a few contortions as if suffering from pain, I continued my dumb show. It was a perfect success!

While upon the subject of theatricals, I must give an account of a ludicrous event that occurred during one of our amateur performances, which would have caused a grand "sensation" scene, had the mistake not been rectified in time. The tragedy of "Douglas" was got up, for the purpose of allowing an aspiring hero to appear as *Young Norval.* It is well known that in all companies there are many more kings than Laertes's, and we had some difficulty in finding an amateur to take the part of a certain retainer of *Lord Randolph's,* who has secured the person of *Old Norval.* He has but a few lines to utter, but no one was willing to don a kilt during a Canadian winter, and go on for it.

At last I thought that a German sergeant of the 60th Rifles, who spoke English tolerably well, and who had a great love for theatricals, would acquit himself respectably in the rejected part. Calling him up, for he was employed in superintending the scene shifters, I begged he would make himself perfect in the two or three lines, beginning, "I found him lurking in the hollow glen." I explained to him the situation, and

told him that he must picture to himself the finding of a deserter skulking away; adding, that if he felt nervous, he need not attend to the very words, but state, in his own phraseology, that he had found the man lurking about.

At rehearsal the sergeant read the lines with proper emphasis, and was highly commended. The night arrived, and I had reminded the rifleman that he was to speak well out, and was sitting at the wing just previous to the scene commencing, when I saw him pacing up and down the green-room, which was then unoccupied, dressed out in a splendid tartan costume, and spouting his part out very loudly. I listened for a minute. He was called. Again he repeated the line, evidently excited, and determined to conquer his nervousness—my ear caught the words—I rushed in.

"What are you saying, sergeant?" I exclaimed.

The call-boy again summoned him.

"All right, my lord!" shouted the German, seizing hold of *Old Norval*; "wont I make a hit!—'I cotched the buffer lurking in de woods!'"

"We're ruined!" I said.

The sergeant was at the wing, still repeating, in a lower tone, the above fatal words. I had just time to say "I found him lurking about," not one word more; the well-disciplined soldier caught my saying,

and to my great relief delivered himself of my version instead of his own; had he done otherwise, he would have shocked the ears of all the admirers of the *Home*-ly Scottish dramatist, and would have converted our crying tragedy into a screaming farce.

Early in our dramatic season, an event occurred which placed us in a very awkward predicament; for during the rehearsal of the "School for Scandal," the lady who was to have played *Maria* was absent without leave. Scouts were sent after her in every direction, and at last the awful news reached us that the actress had been taken up on a charge (a false one, as it afterwards proved to be) of having purloined a spoon from her landlady.

What was to be done? Some thoughtless wag suggested "The Maid and the Magpie," the principal character by the absent lady; another thought that "The Delinquent" and "Lock and Key" would be appropriate, that is, if through any influence it could be arranged to get "The Prisoner at large." In the meantime, we instructed a legal gentleman to defend the unfortunate absentee, and lost no time in seeking for a substitute.

By no possibility could the trial come on before the night of the performance, and a messenger was about to be despatched in a sledge to Montreal, to procure a substitute from the company there, when a bugler

of the 60th Rifles stepped from the orchestra upon the stage, and suggested that his wife, who had once performed at Guernsey, might be found fully competent to the task.

The lady was sent for, and shortly made her appearance; and certainly, as far as personal looks and quiet manners went, she seemed likely to prove an addition to our *corps dramatique*. The part was given her, with a request that she would attend the next rehearsal, and an intimation that she was at liberty to order a dress from the Quebec Marchande des Modes.

The eventful morning arrived, when the *débutante* was to give us "a taste of her quality;" and, to the annoyance of all, her timidity was so great, that she could scarcely utter a line. Every encouragement was afforded her, and, as she improved a little, hopes were entertained that in time she would conquer her nervousness.

The part was cut almost to nothing, and, at the last rehearsal, the lady acquitted herself rather better.

The evening arrived, when the sight of the lamps seemed to inspire the heroine as she walked courageously on to receive a hearty reception due to her beauty, if not to her talent. I pass over her declamation, which was quite inaudible, and bring my readers to the last scene, previous to which, I, who acted

Charles Surface, called the novice aside, and said, "Don't be frightened; there's one line you must deliver with emphasis, for a point turns upon it. When Sir Peter says to me—'What! you rogue, don't you ask the girl's consent first?' and I reply, 'Oh! I have done that a long time—a minute ago—and she has looked 'yes,' you must reply, 'For shame, Charles! I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word!' Come boldly forward, speak well out to the audience, never mind the exact words, but convey the meaning that you never had said a word on the subject."

The young lady was all attention, and promised implicit obedience. And faithful was she; for no sooner had I delivered the cue, than, coming forward to the lights, the gentle but now inspired Maria uttered, in a voice that could be heard in the deepest recess of the house, "Oh! fie, Charles! I *purtest*, Sir Peter, I never said *no sitch thing*."

A shout of laughter welcomed this little natural *lapsus linguæ*, and it required all the self-possession of my brother performers and myself to prevent our giving way to our risible faculties. The play, however, went on smoothly, albeit a slight laugh was raised during the "tag," at the poetical compliments paid by me, as the reformed scapegrace *Charles*, to the lovely *Maria*.

I ought here to add, that the unfortunate daughter of Thespis was honourably acquitted, and again took her station on the boards—the bugler's wife confining herself to parts where beauty, not speaking, was required.

Among other devices to kill the enemy, we established a racket-court. My father was very fond of the game, and was considered a first-rate tennis as well as racket player. To promote the pleasures of the officers of the garrison, he occasionally took part in their matches, as much to the establishment of his own skill, as to the preservation of his health.

Another domestic institution was a Tandem Club, which was equally popular. We organized thirty-one teams; our rendezvous was the Castle Square at Quebec; the Governor-General's staff swelled the *cortége*; and one of the Duke's carriages, fitted with runners, and drawn by four horses, became a conspicuous feature, as we bowled over the snow. Many of the officers were capital whips, particularly Captain Fitzroy, and Colonel Cockburn (Quarter-Master-General). We visited the surrounding villages, to the extreme delight of the inhabitants; and did not fail to pay our respects to every one capable of entertaining us, from the Governor-General to the Staff-Surgeon, who vied with each other in displaying the true Canadian hospitality.

Balls and dinners were very numerous, and the Duke's service of gold plate, and magnificent racing cups, were greatly admired when displayed on state occasions.

Early in June we had races again, but a much larger number of entries, and with very superior horses, as dealers were attracted from the States, and officers from other garrisons contrived to be present; the racing in consequence was exceedingly good, and attended by almost every respectable person in the colony who could manage to get to Quebec. The Duke was, as usual, prominent in promoting the gratification of every one around him.

Business had to be attended to, as well as pleasure, and the Governor-General was as exemplary in the performance of his public duty as in that of his social obligations. His Grace determined on a tour of inspection to the Upper Provinces; and after a farewell banquet to his civil and military subordinates, he sailed from Quebec in the government steamer. I accompanied him as far as Montreal.

His first visit was to Fort William Henry, or Sorel, a fort on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, where an incident occurred of a most frightful nature, that totally changed the aspect of our hitherto happy residence in this distant colony.

One of the soldiers in attendance had brought with

him a pet fox, and Captain Fitzroy a bull-terrier, and the dog was permitted to worry the other animal, till, on landing at Fort Henry, the latter had become in a highly excited state. According to a circumstantial account, by an officer present, the Governor-General was on the point of mounting his horse to inspect the garrison, when the fox, then in the court-yard of the Commandant's quarter, attracted his attention, and he stopped to play with it. As his Grace was patting its head, he snapped at his hand, biting him slightly. "You'll bite, will you, you rascal?" cried the Duke, shaking him by the ear. Instantly the brute seized him near the lower joint of the thumb, making his teeth to meet in the flesh.

It has been affirmed that the wound was a severe one, and bled profusely. I, however, am inclined to think that it was not regarded at the time as of any consequence.

I remember joining my father in a short period after the accident, and his hand was not bound up; indeed, I believe, although at this distant period it is impossible to arrive at accuracy in minor details, that the dog was worrying the fox, and that my father in separating them received a slight scratch from the teeth of one of the enraged animals. When his Grace arrived at Kingston the wound had completely healed. From here he proceeded to York (now

Toronto), Niagara, and as far as Drummond's Island, on Lake Huron, the most distant of our military outposts; returning by the same route to Kingston, where he remained for a week or ten days.

On the first day of his arrival, his Grace was invited to dine at the mess of the 70th Regiment; and after dinner, while taking his wine, he thus addressed the officers :—

"You have done me the kindness to invite me here on this occasion as your guest, but during my stay in this garrison, which I hope may be extended beyond a week, I trust you will permit me to join you every day, as an honorary member of your comfortable mess, for I hate ceremony."

The Duke thenceforward associated himself with the officers of the garrison in all their amusements, playing with them at racket, cricket, or riding out with them. It had been arranged that, on his way down to Montreal, a new settlement or township named "Richmondville" should be visited, and the land marked out under his supervision. For this purpose, as there existed no carriage road, it was necessary to proceed the greater part of the way on foot. The distance was rather over thirty miles, and a very short portion of the journey could be performed on horseback.

Horses were led, nevertheless, for the accommoda-

tion of the Duke and some of his suite. Marquees and tents had been sent forward, together with an ample supply of provisions. The commanding and field-officers of the 70th Regiment, and the heads of departments, were invited to accompany the Governor-General, and dine with his Grace under canvas, in honour of the inauguration of this new township.

A large and merry party left Kingston on this occasion, the Duke appearing unusually well and in excellent spirits. He walked nearly the whole of the way without any apparent fatigue; and after performing the operations of the toilet, sat down to dinner, apparently quite able to do justice to the occasion. Subsequently, no one could doubt that he enjoyed himself.

Shortly before the party broke up a singular expression escaped from his lips. As the Duke was sipping his claret, he observed to Colonel Cockburn, "I don't know how it is, Cockburn, but I cannot relish my wine to-night as usual, and I feel *that if I were a dog I should be shot for a mad one?*" The words were generally unregarded, if they were overheard: but the Colonel, and Major Bowles, after their host had retired, communicated their apprehensions to each other. These increased in gravity when it became known on the following morning that the Duke was feverish, and could scarcely partake of

breakfast. He returned to his quarters in the forenoon, but took to his bed. Towards evening he grew worse.

I was at Montreal, arranging some races that had been announced, when a messenger arrived with a note from Major Bowles, telling me of my father's indisposition; and this was followed by another, announcing its serious character, and that preparations were making to bring him without delay to Montreal for medical assistance. His symptoms became aggravated; he could not drink, and he shrunk from the water of his foot-bath. The breakfast was again left untouched; but he was prevailed on to walk, leaning on his anxious friends, to the river-side, to embark in a canoe for the Rapids; but the sight of the water brought on a spasm. His Grace, however, made a desperate effort.

"Charles Lennox," he cried, "was never afraid of anything," and stepped into the boat. The effort, however, was more than nature could endure, for, as the men were plying their oars, he presently frantically seized one by the throat, and commanded him to make for the shore. He was obeyed, and directly the boat touched land his Grace sprung out, and ran at the top of his speed into the woods. Colonel Cockburn, who was proceeding on horseback, rode after him, and, assisted by one of the boatmen, managed to

convey the sufferer to a neighbouring farm, where he was laid upon a sofa; but he entreated to be carried further from the river, as he could hear the rippling of the water, and was at once conveyed to a barn a hundred yards distant, where he was laid on a bed of straw. He now grew more calm, called for writing materials, and wrote a letter to one of his daughters. He seemed perfectly resigned to the fate he knew was approaching, and recognized the anxious faces bending over his humble couch. Towards the close of the day, he was seized with shivering-fits; and his extremities became cold. He remained, however, perfectly conscious, awaiting his end with tranquillity, though suffering unimaginable tortures. About eight o'clock his Grace expired.

His family remained in the most dreadful suspense. Unaware of the terrible catastrophe, and hoping that, as no further despatch had been sent, the Duke had got better, they remained at Montreal, in the midst of preparations for an illumination, and for all kinds of festivities, which were being got up to celebrate the Governor-General's return. Triumphal arches had been prepared along the road that every one believed he was approaching, and my brothers and sisters and myself waited all the afternoon, with a circle of other anxious expectants, under the portico of the hotel; but as no courier arrived to announce the Duke's

landing at Lachine, Mr. Tolfrey was sent forward, soon after six, to ascertain the cause of the delay. Having galloped about half the distance, he met a *caléche*, escorted by Colonel Cockburn, which carried my father's coffin. He was made acquainted with the melancholy fact, and, as soon as he had recovered from the shock it produced, was directed to return and cautiously break the intelligence to the Duke's family and friends. Their grief and consternation it is impossible to describe; nor can I do justice to the effect produced on the entire population of Montreal, then waiting in the town to show their gratification at the Duke's re-appearance, when they were made aware of the frightful accident that had deprived them of so popular a Governor.

On the night previous to the expected return of my father, I reached the Mansion House Hotel, at so very late an hour, that my sisters and all my brothers of the staff had retired to rest. I was informed by the waiter that a few officers wished to see me in the bar of that then famed hostelrie. Thither I repaired, and found a chosen few of military sportsmen, who had entered horses for the ensuing garrison races, which were to take place the day after the Governor-General's arrival, enjoying their "sherry cobbler," and other transatlantic drinks.

"You must ride 'Maniac' for me," anxiously said

a young subaltern of the line. "Ten stone, for the garrison stakes."

I was certainly in great favour; a light weight, I cared little for danger, and possessed a tolerable knowledge of pace; but Colonel Ready, Major Bowles, and Lieutenant Mendham, of the 60th, were quite as good, if not better, gentlemen riders.

The cause of my popularity was my having been successful, at the Quebec races, on two of my father's English cracks, "Wellington" and "Douro," and upon an American animal of my own I had named "Howick," after the Grey family, with whom, previous to leaving England, I had been on intimate terms.

I consented to ride the very fast but unmanageable horse called "Maniac," who, if he could be held *straight*, was considered sure to carry off the best *prize*; and yet I felt a misgiving when a friend warned me of the danger, and alluded to the accident I had met with at Enghien, in 1814.

I went to bed with a feeling strong upon my mind, very similar to that entertained by Fabien dei Franchi, in the "Corsican Brothers," that some event unlooked-for was about to occur.

I soon fell asleep, for I had been shaken about all day in a springless carriage on the worst of roads, and was overcome with fatigue. During the night I.

dreamt that I heard the minute-guns firing—that some great and distinguished man was being carried to his last home. After tossing restlessly about a long time, I at last fell into a profound slumber, from which I was awoke by a rapping at the door. I jumped up in bed—

"Come in," I cried, and before I could see who the early visitor was, added—"I have dreamt it all —you come to say my father is dead!"

"Not dead, but ill," responded Colonel Ready; "so ill, that I lately received a letter from Bowles, and I am about to proceed to join his Grace."

"I will go with you," I replied, and, making as hasty a toilet as possible, we left Montreal in a close *calèche*, for Lachine, on our road to Richmondville. Ere we reached the latter place, a Canadian boatman informed us that my father was no more. We instantly made the best of our way back to Montreal, and, strange to say, passed Mr. Tolfrey on the road, both of us so absorbed with our thoughts that no recognition took place.

What rendered my dream so wonderful was, that I was scarcely aware my father had been bitten, for in joining him at Sorel, or rather in stopping in the steamboat off that fort to take him on board, when making our passage to Montreal, *en route* to the Upper Provinces, no allusion whatever was made to

the accident, and it was not until after dinner that some one casually asked him how his hand was. His reply that it was all right, made me think that he had met with a slight sprain, for there was no reference to the dog or fox. I had been present with him at Montreal, Kingston, and Niagara, and never had my father appeared in better health or higher spirits. Emancipated in some degree from the state which would more or less attach itself to him, when at the seat of Government, he was the very life and soul of every party; and, as from the time I parted with him—just previous to his proceeding to Richmondville, up to the morning I had been scared by the early apparition of Colonel Ready, I had never received a line or heard a word intimating my father's illness.

If I were to recall the most joyous period of my life, it was the time I passed with my father at the hospitable mess of the gallant 70th regiment at Kingston, in accompanying him on horseback about the neighbourhood, in rowing and sailing over the extensive lake, in company with the senior naval officer, Commodore Barrie, of the Navy. The latter had previously been known to me by name as the second of Captain Macnamara, in his fatal duel with Colonel Montgomery—a duel that never would have taken place had the late Lord Anglesey been in London when the Colonel sought

his advice. Unfortunately he was away, and the second to whom Montgomery applied, although himself a brave man, had not the moral courage or the judgment to bring the affair to an amicable conclusion.

I also visited the mighty cataract in company with my father. I saw it in the bright sunshine of a summer's day. I gazed upon it with awe-struck admiration in the pure light of as brilliant a moon as ever shone in the starry firmament. I stood for hours near the foaming waters, until the scene was so impressed on my mind, that it can never be obliterated "while memory holds her seat." Inwardly parodying the old Italian line applied to Naples, I exclaimed—

"Vedi Niagara è poi mori."

But I will not attempt to describe what is in reality indescribable. Many highly-gifted writers of both sexes have written vividly upon the subject; but Niagara must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated.

A Neapolitan travelling throughout the United States of America, remarked with much enthusiasm, in his foreign accent, "You have no delights in this country that we have in Italy: we have there the beautiful sky, the exquisite landscape; we have there Vesuvius, that sends its fire to the Heavens!"

A true Yankee boy who was present stood it long

enough. At last he turned round to the Italian, before he had time to let his hands fall from their gestures of admiration for his sunny clime, and, with a tone of impatience, replied, "Vesuvius! Vesuvius! why, we've got a Niagara that I calculate will put her out in less than five minutes."

The other is a remark of a New York tailor, the Poole of that city, who formed one of a party, of whom all were to write their impression of this wonder of the world.

> "The tailor made a single note:
> Oh! what a place to spunge a coat!"

I had scarcely been able to realize the irreparable loss I had sustained, when I had to accompany my brother-officers as an escort to the body, while it was conveyed with appropriate state to the capital of the Lower Province. We embarked on board a steamer, and in due time landed at Quebec, where the bands of the regiments in garrison, playing the *Dead March* in "Saul;" all the authorities, indeed almost every one in the city, formed in melancholy procession, and accompanied the coffin to the Banqueting Hall, where the deceased lay in state for three days. On the fourth, all that remained of the kindest of fathers and the best of friends was buried under the communion table of the cathedral, to the heart-felt grief of the

numerous mourners who thronged to show him the last token of their respect.

My brother-in-law, Sir Peregrine Maitland, was appointed, by the Commander-in-Chief at Halifax, Governor of Quebec, till a new Governor-General could arrive. The other members of the late Duke's family had no longer any interest in the colony, and the few weeks they were obliged to remain in it, formed a sad contrast to the joyous season they had previously shared. Hour after hour drew out wearily, the only gleam in our gloomy prospect coming, in our anticipations of soon quitting a place that had now become distasteful to us, from the melancholy associations with which it was connected. To me the prospect was sad indeed—for in losing the Duke I seemed to lose every hope of gaining that position in my profession, to which, since I had entered the service, I had aspired.

Within a short period of my father's death we sailed from Quebec in an empty transport, the *Ocean*, which had been placed at our service. After remaining ten days in the river, some distance from Quebec, a favourable breeze sprung up, and, lasting for nearly twenty-three days, brought us in sight of Old England. It is not gracious to speak ill of the bridge that carries one safely over, and the remark probably ought to apply to the vessel which brought us across

the Atlantic; still, I cannot refrain from saying, that a more dangerous specimen of naval architecture than the *Ocean* never ploughed its namesake.

CHAPTER V.

LEAVE CANADA—BECALMED IN THE ST. LAWRENCE—ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND—RURAL LIFE—QUITTING TOWN—MODERN LANDLORDS AND WAITERS—SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES—LEAVING THE INN—ARRIVING AT A COUNTRY MANSION—HOST AND GUESTS—MUSICAL CONNOISSEUR—TREATMENT OF A PRICELESS INSTRUMENT—BREAKFAST AT A COUNTRY HOUSE—THE DAY'S SPORT—OUR HOST'S GAMEKEEPER—EXTRAORDINARY WOODCOCK SHOOTING—GUNS—THE LATE HON. EDWARD PETRE STAPLETON PARK—MY RACING FEATS—THE DRAMA—BURLESQUE OF KENILWORTH—THE GALLOWS' SLAVES—UNSUCCESSFUL FARCE.

CHAPTER V.

NAVAL architecture has improved wonderfully since the days of which I write, and a troop ship of the present day is as unlike an old transport, as the *Scotia* differs from a Kew steamer. The *Ocean* was a fast sailer, very wet, and not over sea-worthy. The agent of transports, as he was called, who was in her Majesty's service, was a skilful seaman, when sober, but reckless when under the influence of liquor. We soon ascertained that his inebriated moments preponderated.

As the transport had only a dozen invalided soldiers on board, our accommodation was splendid. During the time we were becalmed in the river St. Lawrence, with a view of giving the crew employment, we made a daily attempt to get under weigh, drifting with the tide, when that slacked, away

went the anchor. On the tenth morning a fair breeze sprang up, and many a vessel that had left Quebec at daybreak, came in sight at eleven a.m. At twelve p.m. we got under weigh, having been detained four hours for the agent, who was indulging on shore, at a farm-house, in "potations pottle deep." By this time the breeze was so strong, that the *Ocean* could not set a stitch of canvas save her storm stay-sail, and fore top-sail closely reefed. Thus she was running rapidly, at twelve knots an hours.

Pass we, however, the Atlantic, and all its world of waves. It would be impossible for me to describe the thrill of joy I felt at once more greeting the white cliffs of Albion. The vessel ran by the Needles, anchored at Spithead; in less than two hours I was at Molecomb, near Goodwood, where my elder brother then resided. Here I remained some months, visiting occasionally my relatives and friends.

A little insight into country-house life may here not be out of place.

> "Happy the man whose wish and care
> A few paternal acres bound;
> Content to breathe his native air,
> On his own ground."

So wrote Pope at the age of twelve years. Thompson, too, talks of the happiness of that man, who

> "Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life;"

and so, in a similar strain, have many others written,

both in poetry and prose, to prove the advantages of a country over a town-life; certainly, nothing can exceed the delights of a well-appointed country-house. In selecting ———, where I was invited to pass a week, I ought to remark that, in so doing, I do not wish to particularize it above others. It is one of the many numerous "merry homes" of England, where good hospitality prevails, where the sports of the field are carried on with unabated ardour, and where we possess one considerable advantage over our ancestors—namely, the power of enjoying the society of the fairer portion of the creation, without whom life would be wearisome. And who in his time has not had his feelings outraged by the noisy mirth of the boisterous squire, or three-bottled man of olden days, making the welkin ring with clamorous toasts, tally-ho's, and unmusical songs, and subsequently reeling into the drawing-room, either to drop asleep, or to render himself extremely disagreeable.

I will imagine a fine bright autumnal morning in October—scene, London—time, nine o'clock. The well-packed britchka is at the door; a pair of Newman's greys are stamping the pavement, ready for a start; the ostler is buckling on the double gun-case; a crowd of urchins are assembled in the street; the careful valet places the writing-box and dressing-case under the seat; stuffs the side-pockets with the morn-

ing papers, sheet calenders, stud-book, Turf remembrancer, "Sporting Magazine," and the latest new novels. The fur cloak, the travelling-clock, and cigar-box, are now put in the carriage—the next moment the owner descends, and takes his seat.

"Make the best of your way, boys," cries the valet; and, mounting the rumble, half-a-crown is thrown into the ostler's hat, and away whirls the well-turned out carriage, at the rate of ten miles an hour. Fresh horses are called for at each stage, and changed as quickly as the transformation in a Christmas pantomime.

Two o'clock arrives, and you pull up at the gateway of some favourite country inn. The smiling landlord is at the door, the step is let down, and the traveller enters. Quickly the refreshment he needs, is brought to him by the waiter, who has been forty years in the house, and has grown grey in the service. One good old-fashioned lesson he has learned—the one addressed by the profligate Rochester to his licentious sovereign—that of never being *in* the way, or *out of it*, when wanted. How unlike is he to the modern slip-shod macassar-oiled hair, white waistcoated, hobbedy-hoyish waiters, who shuffle and slide about the room, fidget at the sideboard, make a clattering of knives, forks, and plates; jingle the glasses, cry "coming, sir," as they leave your presence, never answer the bell until

you have pulled the rope down, and invariably make a point of appearing when least required.

"The gent and his wife wish dinner punctually at seven," said a new hand at a place of fashionable resort near town.

"Gent and his wife!" responded an experienced attendant.

"Wife!—oh, no; not by no means his wife—can always tell the difference between the real and the substitoot."

"How?" exclaimed the novice.

"Why, it's this: When a gentleman comes to the house with a lady, and holla's loudly, 'Waiter! waiter! Is there no one to attend to my order?' pulls violently at the bell-rope, and says, 'Oh! you're come at last; get dinner—soup, fish, *entrées*, flesh, fowl, vegetables, pastry, a private room in the garden. Send for a bouquet, lots of dessert, a bottle of sweet champagne well-iced, and your best claret,' you may depend upon it he's a-courting—the lady is his for that occasion only—as they say in the play-bills."

"John, I am shocked!" exclaimed the blooming barmaid.

John, nothing daunted, proceeds—

"But when he quietly touches the bell, requests a little plain dinner—anything that is in the house; ob-

serves, in an undertone, 'Dr. Seymour does not recommend soup or fish,' and adds, 'Mary, my love, as you don't drink wine, I'll content myself with a glass of weak brandy and water—and, waiter, never mind dessert—fruit is so unwholesome in these cholera days,'—be assured he is lawfully joined in holy matrimony to his companion. The proof's infallible—there can't be no mistake."

The waiters of the old school were not quite so knowing. It must now be imagined that, at the inn to which I have referred, the luncheon is over, and Boniface, who is a bit of a farmer, and has always a clever, thorough-bred nag for disposal, grumbles at the depression upon agriculture, the high price of provisions, and the projected railroads, and tells how, when he was a young man, noblemen and gentlemen travelled like noblemen and gentlemen, with four posters, and not by break-neck coaches; that often he had six or eight fours, and ten or a dozen pairs in one day, where now two pairs were looked upon as a fair average.

At last that comes to an end. The bill is paid, the waiter fee'd, the valet has settled for the horses and gates, but not for his luncheon off the joint in the inner bar, with the landlord, landlady, and their pretty niece, the latter of whom has dispensed smiles and nectar, in the shape of sherry negus, to the ad-

miring visitor, who has been politely told by the heads of the department that "they could not think of making any charge." He expresses his gratitude by proposing success to the "Red Lion" in a glass of cherry-brandy, also furnished gratuitously—runs to the carriage—the door is opened, his master ascends, the landlord doffs his hat, the landlady drops a curtsey, the barmaid looks amiable, the waiter respectful, and the ostler rubs his head with an air of satisfaction, having received the promise that something should be sent back for him. The postboy cracks his whip, and away you trot, amidst the injunctions of the master to his "lad," a veteran of at least fifty, "to make the best of his way."

As the hour strikes six, one hour having been devoted to luncheon, you drive up to the well-kept lodge. The gate is thrown open—in less than a mile you approach the house, through a finely-wooded park; the carriage stops at a grand portico, a peal at the bell is given, and in a few seconds the doors are thrown open, and the butler, attended by the groom of the chambers, and a couple of tall, six feet two, powdered, pampered footmen, are in readiness to receive you.

Ushered into the library, you find your host writing against time, for the post. He gives you a hearty welcome, and hopes to show you some excellent sport

in the morning. Other guests are scattered about the room; here may be seen one ensconced in an easy chair, evidently not a little fatigued with the morning's excursion through stubble fields and ploughed lands; there is another making up his book for the last October meeting, and offering liberal odds against any outsider for the next year's Derby.

At the fire are two individuals, evidently county members, who are discussing the corn-laws, and abusing the free-traders in no measured terms. The young man who has fallen asleep during the argument is, by his costume, French-polished boots, gloves *couleur de beurre frais*, a London exquisite, who, tired with his morning ramble with the ladies through the conservatories, orangeries, and flower-gardens, and the afternoon discussion about Polish wheat, bonded corn, twelve-shilling duty, free-trade, and the anti-bread tax party, is now enjoying his *siesta* previous to the exertion of adorning himself.

A party from the Tennis Court now appear, highly elated at having beaten the officers of a crack regiment of Hussars, quartered in the neighbourhood.

The dressing-bell is rung; the host, who still retains one of the most courteous customs of the old school, shows you to your room, desiring the groom of the chambers to see that everything is comfortably prepared for your reception. This attentive servant

points out the bath-room, where, at all hours during the day and night, a warm, cold, or shower-bath may be had, without any further trouble than turning the water on and off—a luxury of the highest order to those who arrive by the mail at four o'clock in the morning, or after the fatigue of a day's hunting or shooting.

It might sound like a very equivocal compliment to some, who are, as the chamber-maids say at inns, "nice clean gentlemen, that make no splashing, use the corner of the towels, and give no trouble"—still, to the million, a bath ever ready is a great boon, but sometimes may become a source of considerable vexation.

A gentleman, well-known in fashionable musical society, and who was, for an amateur, a remarkably good performer on the violoncello, had deposited one of the choicest of these instruments, in the bath-room of a London mansion of the first-class. On his arrival as a guest, a new house-maid from the country, in "tidying" the room, put the wooden case in what she considered an out-of-the-way corner, and then threw a sheet over it. A friend staying in the house had got drenched in a shower of rain, and not having much time to spare before dressing for dinner, rushed, as was his custom, into the bath-room, and, in the darkness of a London fog, which no candle could

throw a light upon, turned on the hot and cold water. He found a hard substance under him, and removing the sheet, to his horror discovered his friend's precious *Amati.*

Several *connoisseurs* had been invited to enjoy the expected entertainment, but when the *fanatico per la musica* ascertained that his priceless instrument—formerly the property of George IV.—was in a par-boiled state, about to be carried down-stairs to be dried before the kitchen-fire, the effect—to use a familiar phrase—may be better imagined than described.

Proceeding through passages and galleries adorned with some of the finest specimens of Vandyke, Titian, Rubens, Corregio, Murillo, Holbein, Guido, Rembrandt, Wouvermans, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Landseer, you reach your dormitory. It is a spacious apartment, unlike some of the "dog-holes" that in ill-arranged houses you are thrust into, and which are called "bachelors' rooms"—dens of twelve feet square, with smoky fires, and ill-shutting windows, that add, in no inconsiderable degree, to "single wretchedness."

In due time your toilet is made; "the tocsin of the soul," the dinner-bell sounds, and you descend to the drawing-room, where the well-bred, and of course charming, hostess receives you with a warm shake of the hand, and smiles of welcome; the folding doors

are shortly afterwards opened, and a dignified butler announces dinner.

Unlike the injunction of Macbeth's better half, the company stand upon "the order of their going;" selecting your partner therefore in rank, you run the gauntlet through a line of liveried servants, the rear rank being formed of lords and gentlemen's "gentlemen," as the steward's room phraseology describes them.

> "Great things are now to be achieved at table,
> But O what muse since ancient Homer's able
> To draw up in array a single day-bill
> Of modern dinners?"

I shall not attempt this task, but pass on to the evening, where music, dancing, billiards, and cards, are the order of the night.

The clock strikes twelve—the party are dropping off one by one. Byron refers to such a scene, and compares the evaporation of a joyous day to the last glass of champagne without the foam—to a system coupled with a doubt—to a soda bottle with its spirit out—to a billow without the animation of the wind—to an opiate which brings troubled rest or none; and ends by declaring that "there is nothing like it except itself."

I pass, therefore, over the woe of undressing and dressing, and bring my readers to the breakfast-table on the following morning.

There are few scenes more cheering or exhilarating than this social repast in a country house, even at the present time, "the bubbling and loud hissing urn" on the side-table, where stand three or four livery servants, dispensing tea, coffee, cocoa, and chocolate—for in these days of refinement, that remnant of barbarism, equal only to asking a guest to carve at dinner, the hostess "teaing" her guests, is nearly obselete.

The table is spread with rolls, bread (brown and white), cakes, toast, muffins, marmalade, and eggs; while another side-board displays game, tongue, hams, fowl, meat pies; and the attentive servants bring round hot luxuries, in the forms of *rognons au vin de Champagne,* mutton cutlets, grilled chickens, broiled haddocks, dried Salmon, and *omellettes aux fines herbes.*

At last breakfast is over. You have equipped yourself for shooting. The conveyances are at the door, consisting of a barouche, a van, a waggonette, and some half-dozen ponies. The arms and ammunition are sent forward with the keepers; and entering the avenue of elm and horse-chestnuts, which form a vista from the house to the lodge, you pass through the extensive park, richly clustered with the most picturesque oak and stately beech, and reach the keeper's lodge.

There may be seen that stalwart hero, the terror

of the neighbouring poachers, surrounded by his merry men in Lincoln Green, and a host of rustics engaged to act as beaters; they have already been "told off"—I use a military phrase—and each keeper, loader, and beater, has a number in his hat. The list of the sportsmen is read over. No. 1 is, say, the host; as his name and number are pronounced, the men—a keeper, loader, boy with ammunition, and five or six beaters marked No. 1—fall out and join him, and so on to every "gunner."

When all have passed muster, you are placed in line by the head keeper, the men having strict injunctions to keep all day with their *numbered* master.

You enter the preserve, a whirring noise is heard—bang, bang, go a dozen guns—the "bold pheasantry" are falling in every direction.

At the end of the cover the game is laid together, each gunner claiming his share. How often does it happen that out of a dozen birds, two sportsmen at least claim having shot eight or nine! Then it is that the keeper loudly asserts that his master for the day has killed the most.

While upon this subject, I cannot refrain from telling an anecdote which happened to me when shooting at ——. I won't fill up the hiatus, as the owner and his keeper are no longer in the land of the living. My place throughout the day happened to

be with the noble host, who, though a good shot, was anything but a first-rate one. Whenever we happened to be together, every bird that fell, every hare shot, was appropriated to my companion.

"I claim that for *my* lord," shouted the head keeper, who accompanied his lord and master.

Whenever we came to reckon the game, so much was demanded for my host, that I was left generally with a shattered hen pheasant, and a "blown-up" brace of hares.

"Where are the two pheasants I shot in the spinny—where?" I exclaimed.

Echo answered, "where?"

The following day, being again appointed to the post of honour with my host, I at an early hour sent my servant, under an injunction of secresy, to the neighbouring town, where, with some *silver* shot, he bagged a couple of woodcocks.

During the morning, the keeper provided his lion's share, leaving me almost worse off than on the previous occasion.

After luncheon, during which I purposely led to the subject of woodcocks, every sportsman declaring that it would be a feather in anybody's cap who could, at so early a period, bring down a couple, I was silent.

Towards the evening, just as it was getting dusk,

and when within a few yards of my host, I shouted "cock," threw my two purchased "long bills" into the hedge, fired both barrels, ran forward, picked up the birds, and gave them to a beater to carry.

Almost at the very moment I fired, my lord's keeper, hearing my exclamation, shouted, "Cock, my lord, to your right."

It is true, some birds were in the air, out of shot to the right, but not the woodcocks.

His lordship pulled both triggers, and, I need scarcely add, brought down nothing but dry leaves.

In the meantime I was congratulated by *my* delighted beaters upon my "capital shot."

Upon reaching the lodge, where our vehicles were in waiting, the produce of the slaughter in the last copse was displayed—pheasants, hares, rabbits, and the two emigrant birds, were laid out on the grass.

"Let me see," said the cormorant keeper, taking out his notched stick, and casting a longing look on the produce of the —— market, "I claim six pheasants, four hares, and the two woodcocks for my lord."

I was dumbfounded—but kept my own counsel.

I must, however, do the right noble sportsman the justice to say, that he never backed his keeper, but freely awarded the palm to me, as he admitted he fired when nearly dark.

For a few hours I wore my honours unblushingly, when, after dinner, I amused the company, including my host, not a little with the real version of the story.

I left my party in the well-stocked preserves. The shooting is carried on for nearly five hours, during which time the sportsmen enjoy a substantial luncheon, and the loaders, beaters, and keepers, revel in cold meat, bread and cheese, and ale.

Upon their return home, the produce of the day is spread upon the lawn in front of the house, and the "gunners" are met by the ladies, and the "ladies' men," who have devoted their day to little nothings and idlings, strolling in the flower-garden and shrubberies, coyping music, trying over the latest polka, playing at bagatelle, turning over portfolios of autographs, and writing long crossed letters full of what is going on *in* the house, and occasionally more.

Another social evening passes; after dinner, during the absence of the ladies, the coverts are shot over again; each descants on his own prowess, or the merits of his Manton, Purdy, Lancaster, Egg, or Westley Richards.

Some squire, of the olden time, advocates flint and steel, and early hours, at least as far as the morning is concerned; talks of the sport of his youthful days, when, at day-break, accompanied by his dogs, he took the field, walked up the game, and concluded his

harangue with an anathema against modern *battues*, which he likens to killing so many barn-door fowls in a farm-yard.

In rejoinder, a young Guardsman ridicules the flint or McAdam system, as he calls it, which he pronounces to be quite Gothish. A match is then made between the respective parties, as to who shall bag the most game in a given number of hours, which ends on the following day by the old squire proving successful; more, however, owing to his own exertions, than to the merit of his "fowling-piece."

At this period I became acquainted with the late Hon. Edward Petre—by some unkindly called "Petre the Cretur."

He was as kindhearted, hospitable a man, as ever lived. One morning I received a letter from him, saying that he was going into the North, for York and Stapleton Park races; that Lord John Bentinck (the present Duke of Portland) was to accompany him, and that he had a seat for me in his carriage. This invitation I gladly accepted, and, early the next morning, I arrived at my friend's house in Grosvenor Square. A neat chaise and four was at the door, and away we bowled, at the rate of ten miles an hour.

Upon arriving at York, we found an invitation waiting for us to go to Bishopthorpe, the seat of the Archbishop, which we gladly accepted. The races

delighted me, and the party in the house was a very agreeable one. From York we proceeded to Stapleton Park, the seat of my companion Petre; and here, again, I had an opportunity of carrying on my passion for race-riding. The late George Lane Fox, of Bramham, engaged me to ride for him, and the result was as follows:

A snuffbox, given by G. L. Fox, Esq., M.P., 11st. each, half-a-mile.

Mr. Fox's Snuffbox, by Whitelock (Lord W. Lennox) . . . 1
Mr. Lambton's Malcomb 2
Mr. Petre's Mustachio 3

A winning Jockey is never in want of masters, and my services were next retained by my host.

Match.

Mr. Petre's Mustachio (Lord W. Lennox) beat Mr. Lascelles's Misconception—one mile.

Match.

Mr. Fox's Snuffbox (Lord W. Lennox) beat Mr. Jones's b.g. Screwdriver, 10st. 10lb. each—half-a mile.

Among those who rode during the day, few are left. J. Bentinck, John Mills, still flourish; but Lord Muncaster, Tom Duncombe, and others have "shuffled off this mortal coil."

From Stapleton Park I proceeded to Lambton Park; and here, again, I appeared in the card and sheet list.

Thursday, 17th October, 1822.

Match, 100 *guineas.*

Lord W. Lennox's ch. c. Snuffbox, by Whitelock, 4 years old, 11st. 7lb. (the owner) beat Mr. T. S. Duncombe's Blue Devil, 10st. 7lb. A. F. Even betting.

Match, 50 *guineas.*

Friday, 18th—Lord W. Lennox's Snuffbox, by Whitelock (the owner) beat Mr Loraine's The Rising Sun, 10st. 10lb. each. Two miles.

Lord W. Lennox's Snuffbox, 4 years old. 10st. 12lb., received forfeit from Mr. Petre's Sam, 11st. 6lb. 100 guineas.

The party in the house consisted of John Mills, Lords Wilton and Muncaster, Messrs. Milbank, T. Shafto, T. S. Duncombe, J. Robinson, Ramsden, Kent, White, Sykes, and Colonel Standen.

A course was named the Lennox Course, in honour of my prowess.

About this time I turned my thoughts to the drama; and having been captivated with some of Tom Dibdin's burlesques, fancied that I could follow in his steps by a burlesque on Shakspeare or Scott. Kenilworth was the novel I selected; and when commenced, I wrote to George Lamb, with whom I was upon intimate terms, to ask whether it would be possible to have it brought out at Drury Lane. His answer was rather a damper; still I felt that it was well meant, and I implicitly followed his advice. His letter was to the following effect:

"Dear William Lennox,—However cleverly your

idea might be carried out, I fear that the result would not prove satisfactory. The public would not, in my humble opinion, tolerate a burlesque on one of Scott's novels. Turn your dramatic talent, then, I entreat you, to some other account, and spare the bards of Avon and Abbotsford.

"Yours faithfully,

"GEORGE LAMB."

Not liking to throw away some lines which I had written, and which I considered as certain to make a hit—Ex. G.:

"I for your beauty, dearest maid, am dying—
And at your feet I *lie*—"
"I see you're *lying*."

I looked about for a subject that would bear being burlesqued, and fortunately one soon occurred. A new piece entitled the "Galley Slaves," a translation from the French, had been successfully produced at Covent-Garden and Drury Lane, and it occurred to me that the "Gallows Slaves" would succeed at the Olympic, then under the magagement of Mr. and Mrs. Egerton. Immediately I set to work, wrote some doggrel lines, to all the popular airs of the day, and brought in a representation of a tread-mill in work, then recently introduced. Of course the air of "When the wind blows," from the "Miller and his Men," suggested itself to me; and when the hard-labour scene was displayed to the audience, with the chorus of "We're all treading," to the air of "We're

all noddin," the applause was tremendous, and I was complimented by the management and the press upon the entire success of my first dramatic piece.

Would I could say the same of my second, which was a farce, entitled—"Incog.; or, What's in a Name?" acted at the Lyceum Theatre.

Absence from London had prevented my attending any rehearsal, and, as there was no one who took the slightest interest in the farce, it only survived two nights. Messrs. Harley and Wrench had excellent parts in it; the songs and music I had selected deserved a better fate.

How complete is the change that has taken place in public opinion; for I have lived to see the best works of Shakspeare, Walter Scott, Byron, Dr. Johnson, converted into burlesques, and treated with an amount of genuine fun, wit, and humour—aided, too, by splendid acting, that would almost atone for the sacrilege. To prove to George Lamb that I took his advice well, I penned him off the following lines, *supposed* to be a *prospective* criticism of "Kenilworth:"

"Cull worn-out jokes from famed Joe Miller's page;
Add organ melodies—with music quite the rage;
A low comedian, full of gag, grimace,
A *prima donna* with a pretty face;
With girls as men, and men as women drest,
A ballet, too—the dancers not the best.

A low buffoon, who mars the text most sadly,
And shows his wit by shouting—'Brayvo Bradley!'*
A fairy scene—some fays, not picturesque,
Blue light and tinsel form the last burlesque."

* Bradley, a popular actor at the Surrey Theatre.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE BLUES"—INCONVENIENT RULES—I QUIT THE REGIMENT AND THE ARMY—POPULAR POLITICS—THE REFORM BILL—A SUMMONS TO KING'S LYNN—COLONEL WALPOLE—AN ALDERMAN'S APPREHENSIONS—CEREMONIAL OF NOMINATION—AM RETURNED FOR KING'S LYNN—MY FIRST SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT—MY COLLEAGUE, LORD GEORGE BENTINCK—POLITICAL EXCITEMENT—UNPOPULARITY OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—LORDS DURHAM AND ERRINGTON—A CLEVER THIEF—CHESTERTON'S REVELATIONS—AN OLD BAILY COUNCIL—THE THIEF ACQUITTED—A GALLANT COACHMAN—PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF FRANCE—LORD ADOLPHUS FITZCLARENCE AND THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER—A SLIGHT MISTAKE—LORD CASTLEREAGH'S DUEL WITH GRISI'S HUSBAND—THE MARIONETTES.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE Blues," in which I passed many a happy day, has been considered from the days the regiment was raised by Lord Oxford, *temp.* Charles II., down to their prowess in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, as one of the finest in the service; and a better class of men or finer fellows than the officers never existed. There was, and is, however, one drawback to this corps, and that is, that no exchanges are allowed from or into other regiments. The result is, that the promotion is awfully slow. This I found to be the case, and knowing that it would require large sums to purchase my majority and lieutenant-colonelcy, and that the time was far distant when I might aspire to such honours, I determined upon quitting the army. Before I resigned my commission, I made a strong effort to get the rule broken through, and was in treaty

with the present Lord Graves—whose father held a situation about George the Fourth—to effect an exchange. Though backed by the Sovereign's wish, who was anxious to forward the views of the son of a favourite lord in waiting, the difficulty could not be got over, and I was doomed to remain in the regiment, with little hope of arriving at the distinction of a field-officer, or sell out. I decided upon the latter, much to my annoyance—doubly so, when I received an offer from a Captain in a first-rate light cavalry regiment, about to come home from India—to give me 4,500 gs., and a full-pay troop for my troop. However, as the proper authorities were obdurate, I was compelled to put up with my disappointment. Had I been allowed to exchange, I might now have been a general officer, and been full colonel of a cavalry regiment.

I was, however, slightly consoled, and as these piping times of peace afforded no opening for the soldier's ambition, I turned my attention from the camp to the senate. The political aspect of the horizon had long been made up of many conflicting elements, and in the conflict of opinion at home there seemed quite as large a field for distinction as the conflict for empire abroad had offered when I donned my maiden sword.

There was not much difficulty in the way of my

obtaining a seat in parliament in the liberal interest, for I had as closely as possible identified myself with the popular party, of late years rapidly increasing in importance and power. In honour of the Reform Bill, and, if the truth is to be spoken, from a fear of having my windows smashed, I ordered my porteress to light up my house; this she did with about three dozen tallow dips stuck into blacking and wine bottles. For some hours the effect was sufficiently good to escape the "bill of *panes* and penalties" attached by the mob to those who would not illuminate. Unfortunately, about midnight, the "dips" were burnt out, and the front of my residence showed no signs of rejoicing.

"He's a h'antereformer," cried one, "and ought to be marked." Suiting the action to the word, he hurled a huge stone against my drawing-room window.

"Sarved him right," shouted a glazier's boy, with an eye to business. "Hoorah! let's give him a volley." In less time than I can record the circumstance, every pane of glass was demolished.

At this moment I entered Regent Street from Piccadilly, and was just in time to witness the act of destruction. Fearful that some of the missiles might reach my head if I attempted to use my latch-key, I waited patiently until the crowd had dispersed, and then passed into my chambers, not a little ashamed

of my reform friends. Just as I reached the first landing, I found Mrs. Smithet busily engaged in replacing candles in the empty bottles, a proceeding which I instantly countermanded.

"They have done their worst," I exclaimed, "so close the shutters, and let them pelt away to their heart's content."

"Oh law! oh dear!" cried the old lady, "if those be the folks as stand up for liberty, I'd rather by half be ruled by the Tories."

I dragged her from the window, for stones were still falling, fastened the shutters, wished her good night, and retired to a bed strewn with missiles of every description.

For the next two hours, a stray shot and a shout were occasionally heard, and it was not until the chimes of St. James's church struck four, that I fell into a sleep. While dreaming of "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill," Sir Charles Weatherell and his remarks on vitreous fraction, I was awakened by a loud ringing at the door bell, and, jumping out of bed, overheard a loud altercation between the new comer and my female janitor.

"I don't care," said she, "where or who you come from, you ought to be ashamed of yourself disturbing the house at such an early hour. My lord worn't in

bed before two this morning, and it's as much as my situation is worth, to call him."

"My orders," responded the intruder, "are to deliver this letter to his lordship himself, and if you won't take me up to his room, why, I shall go on pulling the bell until I brings him down."

"Where's the *po*lice?" replied Mrs. Smithet. "See if I don't give you in charge for creating a disturbance."

By this time I had thrown on my dressing-gown and descended the stairs.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, as the portress, in a most excited state, banged the door, which had been on the chain, in the face of the stranger.

"It's one of those ragamuffins, I believe," she continued, folding her shawl more closely over her shoulders, "that, under the name of *re*form, destroyed our windows last night; I'd be happy to see him and the likes of him in the pillory for an hour or two. It's a sad thing that them punishments has been abolished."

"I'll talk to him," said I, unfastening the door, but still taking the precaution to keep the chain on it. "Who do you want?"

"I have a letter for Lord William Lennox," replied the man, "marked private and immediate; it is upon the subject of the approaching election."

The manner in which the messenger answered my question convinced me that he was no window-breaker, so, opening the door, I admitted him.

"Am I addressing his lordship?" he inquired.

"You are, and I regret that through the over-caution of the portress you have been so long kept waiting."

Taking the letter from the man's hand, I broke the seal, and found it contained a few lines from a friend in office, recommending me to proceed without delay to King's Lynn, in Norfolk, where there was an opening for a supporter of the Government. To arouse my servant, dress myself, and send to Adams, the coach-maker, for a britchka, and to Newman for a pair of post-horses, was the affair of a few hours. At nine o'clock everything was ready for a start, when it occurred to me that I required more money than I happened to have by me. I was, therefore, compelled to wait until the bank was open, when I got a further supply—not that for a moment I wish to convey the idea that the money was necessary to gain my election; a more honourable, disinterested, patriotic constituency than that of Lynn never existed.

At that time all that I knew of the borough was, that it was situated in Norfolk, and that the late members were Lord George Bentinck and Colonel Walpole. The former being then a reformer and an active

supporter of the Government, my opposition would, as a matter of course, be against the latter. I proceeded, as fast as excellent horses could convey me, towards the scene of action, and met with nothing worth recording until I reached the last stage, when, as I drove up to the door, another posting carriage drove from it.

"Who is that?" I casually asked, as I entered the bar.

"Oh, that's the Colonel, sir," answered the landlady, "late member for Lynn."

"Really!" I quietly responded.

"They *do* report in Lynn," she added, "that some radical lord is coming down from London; but he may as well save himself the trouble, for he's no chance at all."

"Is Lord George Bentinck at Lynn?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir, his lordship passed here three days ago; he's perfectly safe, but as for any stranger—"

There the ominous words, "first, turn out," interrupted our conversation, and gave me an indistinct idea that they would be realised in my person.

My carriage was now announced, and as the landlady seemed to be completely occupied with the new comers, I took my departure, not, however, before I overheard a remark that made me doubt whether it would not be most prudent at once to return to London.

"After all," said the ostler to one of those idlers who are always to be found hanging about a country inn, "there won't be no contest. Lord George is safe; and his party, sooner than have a new man, have determined to forgive the Colonel. I heard it from Alderman Hogge's coachman; the Radicals still hope to catch some flat to come forward, and, for the good of trade, I trust there'll be a third candidate, just to spend his money."

"Them's my sentiments," responded an elderly man, with a pipe in his mouth.

We started off at the rate of twelve miles an hour; the new postboy having received a signal of five fingers held up by his predecessor, intimating that I was good for as many shillings.

It is impossible for me to describe the feelings I experienced, as I drove through the town to the King's Head Inn, in the market-place; I felt that I had volunteered for a forlorn hope, and dreary were my forebodings. Labouring under this impression, I fancied every body and every thing were cold and cheerless—the landlord's manner appeared distant, the waiters indifferent, the room into which I had been shown struck me as being chilly, and my sleeping apartment smelt mouldy.

Such fancies, however, were completely dispelled within four-and-twenty hours of my arrival, by the

sunny reception I met with. Being desirous of ascertaining from Lord George Bentinck the exact state of my prospects, I despatched a note to him. I presently received a most friendly answer, to the effect that he was staying with Alderman Hogge, who would be delighted to see me at dinner, and give me a bed, without in any way, as the lawyers say, prejudicing the question of the election. Need I say that I gladly accepted the proffered hospitality?

Upon presenting myself at the worthy Alderman's, I was very kindly received by him, his wife, and the friends assembled under his roof.

Before descending to dinner, Lord George told me that what I had heard from the ostler was partly true —a large portion of the leading men preferring Colonel Walpole to an untried man; but that a few influential voters, backed by the Radicals, were determined to support a Liberal candidate, and that the brewers were very angry at their late member's vote in favour of the "Tom and Jerry" houses. He added, that Mrs. Hogge was an ultra-Tory, but a most amiable warm-hearted creature, and that the majority of the corporation of this ancient borough dreaded any violent measure of reform, fearing that it would lead to democracy.

"A public meeting in favour of the bill," he continued, "is to be held to-morrow, at the town-hall,

and much will depend upon the impression you may create, if you are permitted to speak."

This was not very consolatory, but hope kept me up, and I passed a delightful evening, free from all political talk, with the exception of a slight *badinage* against me for my ultra-opinions on the all-engrossing topic. Jaded in body and mind, I was happy when eleven o'clock arrived, and we separated for the night. For many hours I was restless, through over excitement and anxiety, and it was long past midnight before I fell asleep.

Just as the old-fashioned hall clock had struck six, I heard a slight rap at my door, and, upon saying "come in," was astonished to see my host make his appearance, ready dressed.

"Oh! my dear lord," said he, trembling from head to foot, "I fear there will be an awful disturbance in the town. Some years ago, upon a similar occasion, a regular fight took place; the military were sent for, and a great many persons were killed. Oh dear! I really don't know what is to be done."

"Calm yourself, Mr. Alderman," I responded; "I will do all in my power to prevent any ill-feeling; my intention is, to attend the meeting, and if no encouragement be given me, I will peaceably retire. A few hours can make no difference."

It would be tedious to recapitulate all that was

urged by my nervous host, who, from the real milk of human kindness that flowed in his nature, was fearful of an outbreak. Suffice it to say, that I did my best to allay his fears, and urged him to allow me to return to the inn, if in any way my presence at his house compromised him. This he would not allow, assuring me that he would advocate my cause with his friends, provided my opinions were not too extreme for them.

No sooner had breakfast concluded, than I was introduced to a few leading men of the corporation, who frankly told me that they could give me no promise until Colonel Walpole's intentions were known; that a parting address had been published by him, but they believed, if a requisition was made, he would recall it. Feeling, then, that the field was open, I issued an address, which, thanks to the wonderful powers of the printing-press, was struck off and placarded before the hour named for the meeting.

This had been appointed for two o'clock, at which hour the Mayor took the chair, supported by Lord George Bentinck and other distinguished individuals. Although offered a seat near the civic dignitaries, I preferred one upon a sort of neutral ground, between the patricians and plebeians.

The business of the day having terminated in a unanimous resolution in favour of the Reform Bill, I

was told by my host that, as an avowed candidate, I might address the meeting. Of this privilege I was not slow in availing myself, and in as few words as possible, I declared my political sentiments. They were enthusiastically received. In short, the effect I produced was so favourable, that not only were the populace with me, but the leading members of the corporate body agreed to the following compromise, suggested by some (to me) unknown friend, viz., "That their opposition should be withdrawn, but that, in the event of my being returned, I was to pledge myself not to come forward at the next election, if those who now were neutral received just cause to complain of my conduct going further in Liberalism than I had declared at the meeting."

To this reasonable proposition I could make no objection, therefore I at once assented to it.

In the meantime, my personal canvas was carried on, and the promises I received gave me every hope of success, even had a contest ensued.

The time for the nomination arrived, to me a most anxious moment. Lord George Bentinck was proposed and duly seconded. A pause ensued. I dreaded, even at this, the eleventh hour, that a rival would be forthcoming, but, although there was a slight cry of "Walpole" from the crowd, no elector rose to nominate him.

In a few seconds I heard, indistinctly, the words, Lord William Lennox—liberal reformer—anxious to remove the excrescences, not destroy the fabric—strong supporter of Church and State—represent our borough in Parliament, &c. &c.

My state of nervousness, the shouting of my friends, the yelling of the party of the third candidate, prevented my hearing more; nor was I aware of what was going on until I heard the returning officer declare, in a stentorian voice, that Lord George Bentinck and Lord William Lennox were duly elected members for the borough of King's Lynn.

No sooner had we returned thanks, than I ran off to write to my friends, that I had attained the summit of my ambition, a seat in the House of Commons; and as, at that period, members had the privilege of franking letters, I appended, "Free, William P. Lennox," to the date and address. Great was my discomfiture, after dispatching twelve double letters (the postage of which would have amounted to more than fourteen shillings), to find that for some days the exemption would not be recognized by the authorities.

The public chairing was to take place upon the following day, and, at twelve o'clock, several hundred people flocked around the Alderman's house. A procession was then formed, headed by a band of music,

followed by men bearing orange flags, and streamers, and a chair covered with the same colour for my colleague, while an equal number bore mine, of pink and white. The triumphal chairs, fixed to a platform, were carried by eight strong young fellows.

Having taken our stand on these somewhat rickety conveyances, surrounded by the shouting populace, and the band playing, "See the conquering hero!" we were carried through the principal streets of this ancient borough. Every window was filled with the fair sex, waving handkerchiefs, and displaying the colours of their two newly-elected representatives.

Cries of "Hurrah for Bentinck!—Lennox for ever!" rent the air.

Bolingbroke never felt prouder at his entry into London, than did I when chaired through the crowded streets attended by these cries of Lynn Regis.

There was one part of the ceremony (*a mos pro lege*), from time immemorial the successful candidates were to throw largess of silver coin to the populace on leaving the chairs, and a bag containing ten pounds worth of shillings and sixpences was placed under each of our seats. Never shall I forget the scramble for the "siller." I thought that my pole-bearers, as well as their burthen, would have been immolated, so dense was the mass, and so fearful the rush.

There were points in the old system of parliamentary representation that were fairly open to as much censure as ridicule; and during the Reform movement, then nearly at its height, I did not spare them. I made my *début* on the 6th of July, 1831, with a reply to Colonel Sibthorp and the defenders of the rotten boroughs, with a fair amount of success—at least, I may be permitted to say so, judging from the "hear! hears!" and other exclamations that the House accorded to my oratory.

We all know that the cause triumphed, and, as a general election was impending, I again addressed my Norfolk constituents at the close of June in the following year, and, with the usual professions, presented myself for re-election. I made a good many speeches at the time, attending public meetings with much assiduity, and obtaining what I ought to consider a favourable reception; but in the borough I, of course, was more frequently heard than elsewhere, particularly near election time, when whatever pretensions to eloquence I might possess, I was forced to employ to oppose the Tory influence and increase my own.

My colleague, Lord George Bentinck, was far from being as zealous a supporter of "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," as I had been; nevertheless, he was an able man and good speaker,

and was generally respected, not merely by his own party, but by all who knew him thoroughly. In the sporting world he had been regarded as one of the best patrons of the turf, and he aspired to hold as honourable a position in the world of politics. This subsequently led to his lordship being recognized as the head of the Conservatives.

King's Lynn became a very warm arena for fighting out the battle of Reform—in truth, I often had hot work; but the people were in earnest, the old system was not suited to the advanced ideas of the then rising generation, and I had the happiness of seeing established the views of an improved system of parliamentary representation, which my godfather, William Pitt, and my great uncle, the Duke of Richmond, had advocated about half a century before.

In short, I took my place with the Whigs, and supported my leaders in their campaign against the Conservatives, with the necessary amount of energy; but I carefully held aloof from the extreme section of Radicalism. I could have nothing in common with the Henry Hunts, Feargus O'Connors, and some half a dozen similar celebrities, who contrived to get into Parliament by promising national benefits without end. I put forward no extravagant propositions, and steadily opposed mischievous legislation.

It is scarcely possible in these quiet times to realize the popular excitement that prevailed during the Reform agitation. Whoever made himself conspicuous by the expression of opinions in defence of the old system, was sure to be assailed, not only by the fiercest denunciations, but not unfrequently by violent demonstrations of personal hostility. Among others, my revered chief, who, by those remarkable talents which had raised him so high in military and diplomatic offices, when I had the honour of being a member of his suite, had since been elevated to the highest post in the civil administration of the empire. The Duke of Wellington maintained a consistent opposition to the measure then so fiercely demanded—partly, perhaps, because it would destroy the parliamentary influence of the party of which he was the acknowledged head, and partly because he doubted that any real benefits would accrue to the class most clamorous for the change. His Grace saw very clearly that the object aimed at by his principal opponents was the political overthrow of Tory and the firm establishment of Whig government, and he distrusted the patriotic professions that the latter so largely employed in an out of Parliament.

The consequence was, that the lower orders were violently excited against his Grace, and some of the most eminent of his associates; mobbed them riotously

whenever they appeared in public; and when they found they could not assail their persons, broke their windows. I remember seeing Apsley House in a terrible condition after one of these manifestations. The Duke after this had iron window-shutters constructed, that protected his valuable furniture; and they remained before his house till his lamented demise.

It was not solely to Radical demagogues that such outbreaks were attributed. In the race for popularity, members of several of the noblest Whig families were hurried into expressions that out-Hunted Hunt, and out-Cobbetted Cobbett. The *mot d'ordre* having been given to make popular appeals as popular as possible, the political Dennis often found himself a quiet observer of the tremendous effects of his own thunder. That it was not without beneficial effects to its aristocratic employers, was evident in the elevation to which it helped to raise them.

The Joves of the hustings, however, had no thunder-bolt; the mimic storm rolled in Junius-like periods through the columns of the daily papers, echoed in the work-shops and factories of the manufacturing towns, rumbled in suburban courts and rural tap-rooms—and then—was heard no more.

Among those who, by the public expression of their sentiments, sometimes as much startled their friends as their opponents—were Lords Durham and Ebring-

ton. Both were special favourites, with what were called advanced reformers. The former was subsequently ambassador to the Court of Russia, and afterwards appointed to the office my father had held in Canada, when that fine colony was greatly disturbed by political excitement; but his rule there was short. The latter represented one of the new metropolitan constituencies, called into existence by the Reform Bill; but his Lordship was shortly called to the upper house, when as Earl Fortescue he filled the post my father had held in Ireland.

All that I need say of myself is, that I took my fair share of duty in the House of Commons, and out of it I neither professed too much, nor promised too largely. I contributed as far as I was able to the great success the Whigs achieved when they ousted their rivals from place and power, but I cannot say that I profited materially by their success.

I occupied chambers in Regent Street while attending my parliamentary duties, and was daily applied to for subscriptions to public charities, &c., &c. Having been victimised by a swindler, I became very wary. A Frenchman, with no claim whatever, had importuned me by letter and personal visits for a loan. Tired of his applications, I gave strict injunctions to my servant never to admit him, describing him merely as a foreigner. Upon coming home one

Sunday evening, I was informed that not one such applicant, but several had called, and that they would insist on leaving their cards. I was startled when, looking at the cards, I found they were those of the Duc de Nemours and his staff.

For some weeks I had ascertained from my servant, who I considered perfectly honest, that a variety of small depredations had been made upon my wardrobe; and upon one occasion, when returning in haste from the Chiswick *fête* to dress for dinner, my boots, coat, trousers, gloves, and linen, which had been laid out half-an-hour before, had vanished. The portress and a maid-servant employed by her, had both excellent characters; that of my valet was unimpeachable, and I knew of no one else who had admission to my chambers.

At last, by an extraordinary circumstance, thus narrated, a light was thrown upon the affair.

"A swell-thief formed one of three in a sleeping-cell, where he nightly sought to amuse his companions by the narration of his *finesse*. Amongst other adroit feats, he had availed himself of some habitual remissness observable in the closing of doors at the chambers then occupied by Lord William Lennox, upon whom he had successfully practised a series of robberies. These depredations had been so frequent, and the articles abstracted so numerous, that at length his

lordship, deeply perplexed by the enigma of their disappearance, began reluctantly to suspect his own servant, and was rendered most uncomfortable by his suspicions. The tact of the robber and his success had too much elated him to allow of their suppression, and, therefore, he made in the cell an open boast of his adroitness, and laughed heartily at the expense of his dupes. One of the occupants of the same cell, from whatever motive it may have been, although some notion of rectitude seemed to influence his conduct, communicated the facts first to the chief turnkey, and subsequently allowed me to commit to writing the full particulars derived from the conversation he had heard.

"A note from me to Lord William Lennox relieved his mind from a load of anxiety upon that subject, and brought him promptly to the prison. Due inquiry was instituted; some of the stolen property was discovered, and traced to the delinquent, who, on his release, was apprehended, and recommitted upon this fresh charge. The case was fully proved against him, and he was consequently convicted at the Middlesex Sessions, where his character as a notorious thief entailed upon him a sentence of transportation, the joint reward of his misdeeds, and of his own garrulity."*

* Chesterton—"Revelations of Prison Life."

The name of the prisoner was Isaac Cohen; and he was a youth of nineteen. A true bill having been found, the case was ordered for trial before Mr. Benjamin Rotch, who had rendered himself conspicuous not alone by the numerous hallucinations under which he laboured, but by his pugnacious qualities, when, as chairman of the session of the *peace*, he challenged to hostile conflict the Lord Mayor of London (Winchester). Instead of appointing a meeting, the latter moved for a criminal information against his adversary.

Upon the trial being called on at three o'clock, I had sat in the court from ten o'clock for two consecutive mornings, and was therefore much disconcerted by hearing an application from the prisoner to the judge to postpone the cause until the following day, on the plea that the counsel he had retained was not present. I was appealed to, and, inconvenient though it was, I agreed to the postponement. On the name of the absent counsel being demanded, there was so equivocating a reply, that the trial was ordered to proceed. The prisoner dilated on the injustice of thus leaving him undefended, when I again offered to attend on the following morning. This was finally agreed to, and the brief was then sent for the first time to Mr. Clarkson; the prisoner's attorney hoping that, as I had been one day dancing attendance upon

the Grand Jury, and two days in the Session-house, my patience might be exhausted.

Upon the following morning, at ten o'clock, I made my appearance, with Mr. Cook, the tailor, who was to identify the clothing that had been stolen, and the pawnbrokers who had advanced money upon them. The case was called on, and I was sworn as a witness. Knowing the whole transaction, I felt that there would be little difficulty in proving the charge. But the result showed how much I was mistaken. Mr. Clarkson subjected me to a most severe cross-examination, when he browbeat, and bothered me so much, that I scarcely knew what I answered. Mr. Cook underwent the same infliction, but turned the tables upon his tormentor by replying, when asked "Whether his fit was usually considered good," "I should be happy to try my hand upon you, sir, as I feel assured it would improve your personal appearance."

Still, the power of counsel prevailed, and although the prisoner had declared his guilt to his comrades, had given a description of the articles stolen, had stated where he had pledged the stolen goods, and, moreover, had the duplicates in his possession, he was acquitted. Before leaving the Session-house, the impudent fellow declared his intention of paying me another visit.

As I was informed that the property recovered from

the pawnbroker was mine, I lost no time in sending for an old Jew clothesman, who purchased the lot at what the Regent Street tradesmen term "an alarming sacrifice." I was too happy to get rid of them upon any terms, knowing that they had been stowed away for weeks in one of the dirtiest of dens in the purlieus of Drury Lane.

Having learnt that Cohen had proposed paying an early visit to a boot-maker's in Piccadilly, and a jeweller's in Oxford Street, of whose premises he had procured plans, I communicated the intelligence to both. They seemed extremely surprised when I informed them that the places in which they deposited their money, jewels, and other valuable property, were as well known to a member of the swell mob as they were to themselves.

Within eight-and-forty hours of Cohen's acquittal, he was taken up for another burglary, tried, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. The fellow who had "split" upon him had been convicted of obtaining goods under false pretences. He had been a gentleman's coachman in Hertfordshire, and for years bore an unblemished character; when, unfortunately, he got acquainted with some sharpers at St. Alban's races, who plundered him of everything, leaving him, his wife, and child, almost penniless.

During these races, a party in a "drag," of which

I was one, drew down the displeasure of the mob, by insisting upon the course being kept; and a few reckless spirits belonging to it made an attempt to saw down the temporary wooden steward's stand, threatening vengeance upon all within it. Being apprised of this, we vacated our post, and made the best of our way to the carriage, but not before two of our party were assaulted by some roughs. They fought their way nobly, and, in the scuffle, were assisted by the coachman, James, who received a black eye.

I escaped scatheless, and, upon my return home, having ascertained from him the name of his master, I wrote a letter, pointing out how gallantly he had behaved, and he was retained in his situation.

A few mornings after he had been committed to prison, he overheard another prisoner, Isaac Cohen, openly boast that he, by paying his addresses to a maid-servant, had secured an entry into my chambers, and that whenever he wanted a few shillings he purloined linen, clothes, or boots. His grand object, he said, was a pair of silver candlesticks, but these were put out of his reach, for they had been sent to be engraved. He declared that the "flat," as he called me, met him one day at the door, and that he had "gammoned" him nicely by asking for a "frank," which, he added, the "covey" granted.

The recollection of the service I had conferred upon

the coachman, induced him to communicate with the governor. A representation of these facts were made by me to the Secretary of the Home Department, which resulted in a slight commutation of his sentence; and I had the satisfaction of knowing that, through the interference of some friends in Hertfordshire, his wife and child were provided for.

I dined with Prince Louis Napoleon a few days before he attempted his Boulogne affair. He then lived at 17, Carlton House Terrace, afterwards Sir R. B. Crowder's (Justice Common Pleas). The party consisted of about six or eight-and-twenty, all foreigners, except one, an English medical gentleman, who had passed the greater portion of his life abroad. Not having the slightest idea of the attempt, I did not remark anything peculiar; but when the event was known, I remembered many mysterious little conclaves,—many looks indicating surprise that I did not hint at the proposed expedition. The Prince subsequently presented me with a copy of *L'Etudes sur L'Artillerie*, written by himself, with the following inscription:

"Souvenir de la part de L'Auteur,
"LOUIS NAPOLEON."

Upon one occasion, the late Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence asked me to accompany him to the conti-

nent. He was to escort the Duchess of Gloucester from Dover to Calais. We went in his open phaeton with a chaplain of the Navy. At starting, Lord A. said—"You and the chaplain must take turn about to sit in front." It was my turn to sit behind when we entered Wright's Hotel, at Rochester. The landlord told Lord Adolphus that the Duchess of Gloucester was at lunch, and invited us to attend. I declined, wishing to see the old castle.

As Lord Adolphus and the chaplain went in, boniface took me for a servant, moustachios not being then worn. I went into the bar, asked for a glass of soda and sherry; of course, I offered to pay for it. The man looked surprised; invited me to step in and enjoy a fine quarter of lamb that he and his family were dining off. I declined, still offering to pay.

"You are with Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence?" he inquired.

"Oh! yes!"

"Then there's nothing to pay. I hope you'll give the house a turn—dine, and sleep here on your return; we'll make you *very comfortable*"—a stress laid on the two last words.

I said—"We'll see what we can do." I took my stroll, and returned. The phaeton was at the door; the Duchess had departed; and the landlord was most obsequious.

"It's your turn, Billy," said my friend, calling me by a familiar appellation, "to come in front."

"All right, Dolly," responded I.

Billy! Dolly! Boniface looked aghast. As we were starting, I said:

"By the way, I owe you for a soda and sherry; and if you promise to make me *very* comfortable," extending my hand, as a servant does in a farce when he expects a fee, "I'll see what I can do to get his lordship to dine and sleep."

We did dine there on our return, and laughed heartily at the mistake.

At Dover we saw the Duchess aboard. Crossed with her. She was kind and affable. On reaching Dessein's, dinner and beds had been prepared for her Royal Highness; but she was obliged to proceed on her journey. We found covers laid for eight or ten, so off we sent for Brummell, and two other friends. He came. What a falling off was there in his appearance and dress! He was still tidy, still *le ci-devant beau*—old-fashioned clothes, braided coat, well-managed neck-tie, polished boots, French hat, clean gloves, primrose colour, wrinkled face. We enjoyed our dinner, slept there, and returned next day.

The niece of Madame Grassini, referred to in a preceding page, fulfilled her prediction, but in no coun-

try was her success more brilliant than in England, where, from her first operatic season, the beautiful and accomplished cantatrice became more popular than any singer since Catalani, and retained her influence undiminished for an extraordinary period. She had admirers off the stage as well as on —some of whom did not appear to be aware that she was a married woman; and one, in consequence, had a narrow escape of his life.

A remarkable incident occurred during Lord Castlereagh's duel with Grisi's husband. It was told me by Sir Charles Forbes, a medical friend, who had been requested to attend near the spot selected for the rencontre, in case, as was very probable, his professional service, should be required. It is well known that almost all foreigners are expert with the sword, some equally so with the pistol; and as, in the above instance, it was impossible for the injurer to return the fire of the injured, the chances were that the heir of the Londonderry estates would be returned among the killed or wounded. Such was the case. Happily he was only in the latter list. When one is being placed at twelve paces against a man who considers himself aggrieved on the most tender point, knowing the latter cannot be taken off his guard—the sensation cannot be the pleasantest possible.

Castlereagh was calm and thoughtful, and perfectly

cool to the last moment. He was making some remark to Sir Charles, when a horse was seen to approach. The incident was startling, for any one of tolerable acuteness could see that the animal was brought there ready to carry off the surviver. The doctor noticed it, and fancied his friend did the same; but no comment was made by either, though it created an unpleasant impression on both.

A story has been told of Grisi during a visit to St. Petersburg, which we have never seen in print.

When accompanied by her children, she was asked by the Emperor—

"Are those little *Grisettes*, Madame?"

"No, Sire, *Mario*-nettes!" was the ready reply.

CHAPTER VII.

COACHING AT OXFORD—THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB—CLASSICAL ASSOCIATIONS—TANDEM DRIVING—BREAK-NECK AMUSEMENT—HINTS TO THE UNINITIATED—COACHING IN BY-GONE DAYS—THE ROAD—A SWELL DRAGSMAN—JOURNEY TO THE CITY OF BLADUD—ADVENTURES ON THE ROAD—HOW OUR ANCESTORS TRAVELLED—HOW THE PRESENT GENERATION "RAIL" AT BY-GONE LOCOMOTION.

CHAPTER VII.

In those days driving was a favourite pursuit, and, independent of the four-in-hand clubs, every young fellow aspired to take the ribands whenever a chance threw them in his way. The Oxford and Cambridge men were first-rate "dragsmen," and many a reverend who may now devote his leisure to "coaching" youths for college or the army, was then "coaching" very different teams.

There were some first-rate "turns out" on the Oxford road. Never shall I forget an adventure that occurred to me on the box of the far-famed "Tantivy." We had just entered the university from Woodstock, when suddenly the horses started off at an awful pace. What made matters worse was, that we saw at a distance some men removing a large tree that had fallen, during the previous night's storm, across the road,

near to St. John's College. Salisbury, who was an excellent coachman when things went well, shook his head and looked very nervous; while Cheesman, the guard, a most powerful man, of some fifteen or sixteen stone, stood up to be prepared for any emergency.

On we went, Salisbury in vain trying to check the galloping steeds, and we had got within a few yards of the critical spot, the people shouting lustily to pull up, when Cheesman, crawling over the roof, managed somehow or other to get on the foot-board; with a spring, he threw himself on the back of the near wheeler, and, with a giant's grasp, checked the horse at the very moment the leaders had charged the tree.

Down they came, but the guard never yielded an inch, and, with the assistance of the country people nearest at hand, the leaders regained their legs without the slightest damage to man, horse, coach, or harness.

Pelops was a coachman who has been immortalized for his ability to drive at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, by the first of Grecian bards. Despite of his ivory arm, he got the whip hand of Œnomaus, a brother whip, in their celebrated chariot race from Pisa to the Corinthian isthmus, owing more to the rascality of the bribed coachman, Myrtilus, in furnishing

his master, the King of Pisa, with an old carriage, whose axle-tree broke on the course, than to his own coaching merits. Hippolytus, too, was another "dragsman," who "came to grief" by being overturned near the seaside. But in addition to such classical associations, there are hundreds of modern names which have raised the character of coachmen to the highest pinnacle of fame. Let us instance Richard Vaughan, of the Cambridge Telegraph, scientific in horseflesh, unequalled in driving, the "accomplished" handler of the ribands; Peers of the Southampton; Isaac Walton, Mæcenas of whips—the Braham of the Bath road; Jack Adams, the civil and obliging pastor, who taught the young Etonians to drive; Stevenson, Bramble, Faulkner, Dennis, and others, the majority of whom are gathered to their ancestors.

Many of the rising generation will scarcely believe in the delight of a journey some five-and-twenty years ago in a stage-coach, and will probably denounce the affair as dead slow. But there was life and pleasure in it. What could be more exhilarating upon a fine spring morning, when a passing shower had laid the dust, to find yourself on the box-seat of a well-horsed vehicle—to be welcomed by an intelligent, civil, and obliging dragsman, who inquired if you had your driving gloves on, and whether you liked to take the

ribands for the next twenty miles; to sit behind a splendid team of three chestnuts and a grey—to bowl along the road, through hamlet, town, and village, at the rate of ten miles an hour; all the lassies smiling as the sound of the horn was heard, while a crew of ragged urchins were screaming welcome,—to see the joyous look of the pretty barmaid, or blooming landlady, as you drew up at some wayside public, to enjoy a "snack" in the snug parlour, or quaff a glass of home-brewed ale, as you changed horses, after an eight mile stage.

"The root of all learning," writes Aristotle, "is bitter, but the fruit is sweet"—an apothegm which will particularly apply to driving. I well remember when I was at my private tutor's, at Donnington-grove, near Newbury, and a bit of a swell, or dandy, as it was then called, being greatly smitten with the saying of this learned philosopher. I never got into a buggy, handled the ribands, rattled the hired horse along at the crack-skull pace of twelve miles an hour, which generally ended in an upset, without reflecting upon the above quoted authority, which, being interpreted, means—it is wormwood to be immersed in a wet ditch, but pleasant enough to get out again.

Poor defunct Jem Revell was my tutor. Under his auspices I first mounted the box of a tandem, learnt the elegant and indispensable accomplishment

of driving, and studied that most appalling manœuvre of turning out of a narrow inn-yard. Every day after study was my lesson repeated, until, in process of time, my inexperience was conquered, and, "with elbows square and wrists turned down," I could catch hold of the wheeler and leader in grand style; remembering, with Horace, that "sæpe *stylum* vertas," and give the go-by to less dashing whips with a most condescending nod. At last, after serving a long and tedious apprenticeship, I reached the long-expected haven of success, and set up a dogcart and pair on my own account.

Never shall I forget that proud hour of my triumph, when I made my first public essay out of the yard of the "Pelican," at Newbury on my road to Reading races. I was accompanied by about five or six of my comrades on horseback, mounted on Botham's eleverest hacks, presenting a multitudinous array of well-polished top-boots, and by one or two aspiring tilburies, the drivers of which vainly essayed to beat my two thorough-bred nags. As I entered the town, looking upon myself as a second Buxton, the streets were lined with an assemblage of peer and peasant, squires and blacklegs, sporting men and betters, horse-dealers, jockeys, grooms, and card-sellers. However much it may tell against me—however greatly I may lower myself in

the estimation of the reader, truth compels me to admit, that my aspiring vanity metamorphosed the gaping crowd into admirers of myself and turn-out; and when my companion sounded the mail-horn, when I cracked my whip, and shook my head knowingly, I felt as proud as any peacock that ever strutted in a poultry-yard. But, alas, for human greatness! my pride was doomed to have a fall! Just as I approached the "Bear Inn," my leader became restive, turned round, and stared me in the face—a mode of salutation by no means agreeable—then began to lash out, and finally succeeded in upsetting me, and breaking the shafts. Happily I escaped unhurt.

In thus alluding to scenes of juvenile folly, I cannot forget that I once was young, and that there are still many, both at private tutors' and college, equally as devoted to the box as I once was. To them I would offer a few suggestions respecting tandem driving, which of all vehicles is the most difficult to manage. Its height from the ground, and peculiar lightness of construction, render it at first sight a truly formidable machine; and the only way to prevent all disasters is for the driver to obtain a firm grasp of his reins before he ventures to cheer his tits, and to ascertain the amount of work which wheeler and leader does, so that the traces may be gently tightened—a proof that both horses do their duty.

In returning home at night, there is no instinct like that of the horse; he seems to acquire mind by the departure of light, and to succeed best when man is most ready to despair. I have trotted a tandem from London to Windsor, at twelve o'clock at night, in the midst of the darkest and most tremendous thunder storm I ever witnessed, with little chance of safety but what I owed to the docility of my horses. This is an instinct which, like that of the prophet's ass, should not be baulked; and so firmly am I convinced of the superior intelligence of the quadruped to the biped in cases of similar difficulty, that I would actually give up my own fancy to let him have his head, and make the best he can of it.

In going down hill there is one very necessary caution to be observed. The mode of harnessing a tandem differs from that most usually adopted in a four-in-hand, so that if your leader is a faster trotter than your wheeler, he draws the collar over the neck of the shaft horse, and a partial strangulation not unfrequently occurs. To prevent this, keep your wheeler at his full pace, slackening in the meantime the extra speed of your leader.

Whenever you stop to bait, never omit to remain in the stables during the time of feeding. Trust me, *haud inexpertus loquor*, modern ostlers are not unlike

the coachman satirised by the author of "High Life Below Stairs:"—

> "If your good master on you dotes,
> Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger;
> But pocket hay and straw and oats,
> And let the horses eat the manger."

The oat-stealer, as he has not inappropriately been called, of the present day will, I fear, in too many cases, follow the example of the unprincipled fraternity. Independent of this necessary caution, there is surely a feeling of gratitude due to the poor dumb brutes who have toiled all day in our service; and young coachmen will do well to remember that humanity to defenceless animals is the strongest characteristic of the British sportsman.

Trusting that the few hints I have thrown out for the instruction of the uninitiated in the mysteries of tandem driving may be of some service to the rising generation, I proceed to a description of the road as it was before panting steeds had given way to puffing engines, iron greys to iron trams, coachmen and guards to stokers, and horse flesh to boiling water.

It was early in a May morning that I found myself at the "Whitehorse Cellar," just as the York-house coach was starting for Bath. I had previously secured the box, and, encased in a double-breasted drab coat, waited the arrival of one of the inside

passengers, a regular *habitué* of Hatchet's, well known to the waiters and boots as a most liberal paymaster.

"Sorry to keep you, coachman," said the new comer, "but I could not sooner get the whip I promised you; you will find it in that narrow deal case." The box was handed up, and the coach-door banged.

"Thank ye, sir; all right behind, gentlemen?" shouted the dragsman, fingering the ribands with the usual assumption of importance.

"Ay, ay!" squeaked out a voice in the rear; and away we went, rattling along the stony pavement of Piccadilly at an awful rate, to make up for lost time.

"Nice morning, sir!" said my companion, as we passed through the turnpike-gate that then existed opposite the entrance to the Park, near Apsley House; "the flowers are all a-blowing and a-growing;" this line he sang, and then continued, "My missus gave me these beautiful violets not an hour ago. 'Sam,' said she, 'I know I can trust you not to give them away to any girls on the road.'"

I turned round to admire the bouquet and take a look at the wearer, who fully realised the description of the swell-dragsman, immortalised in song by the Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope. He was a well-dressed, natty-looking fellow, decked out in a neat dark-brown coat, white hat, corduroy breeches, well-polished boots, cloth leggings, and a splendid pair of double-

sewn buckskin gloves. Huge dark whiskers fringed the borders of each cheek, shaped like a mutton-chop, and (as a butcher's boy in Knight'sbridge irreverently remarked) were large enough to pad a cart saddle.

I soon discovered, from his manners and remarks, that my new coaching ally, Mr. Pearce, was a prodigious favourite with the fair sex, and, from the leer that he gave the coquetted damsels at the different inns and public-houses, I fancied that he did not quite merit the character his wife had given of him.

As I had won the good graces of this driving Giovanni, he offered me the reins just as we passed the "Sun Inn," at Maidenhead.

"Take 'em gently up-hill," said he, "and then you can have a spirt over the thicket."

To say that I was proud, is to say nothing; for having, previous to going to Donnington, been with the same private tutor at Littlewick Green, within two miles of the spot where we were, I felt that I should cut no little dash as I drove by the "Coach and Horses," close to the green where I had passed six months of my life. At the small public-house I have alluded to, dwelt one Miss Sadbrooke, commonly called Sally, to whom, as a boy, I had whispered soft nonsense.

"Do you pull up at the 'Coach and Horses'?" I in-

quired, in so nervous a manner, that Sam Pearce, who was what is termed "wide awake" upon all affairs of the heart, immediately guessed my motive.

"We can, sir," he responded, "if you like, and perhaps Dick has a parcel to leave for Squire Lee. Anything for the thicket?" he continued, turning to the "shooter" behind, and giving him a knowing wink—a hint which the other took at once.

"Why, yes, Muster Pearce, I wish to know whether Mr. Vansittart has sent for the empty sack I left there last Monday."

As we reached the well-known spot, where I had passed many a half-hour in the society of the girl, whose fair face, blue eyes, auburn ringlets, and bewitching smile, had turned the heads of all the youths in the neighbourhood, my heart began to palpitate, my hands to tremble, and I should have gone past the house had not my box-companion caught hold of the reins with a firm grasp, and pulled the horses up in front of the "Coach and Horses."

Fortunately for me, my Dulcinea had not noticed the hand that assisted me, and seeing the coach stop, rushed to the door, exclaiming,

"Oh, my lord!—who would have thought it!—how much you have improved in driving! Do you recollect when you upset the dog-cart close to the pond?"

"I hope your father is well," I replied, anxious to

change the conversation, "and Sally—I mean Miss Sadbrooke, let the guard and coachman have a glass each."

"Pray alight, sir," said the coachman. "Dick, show the gentleman to the bar."

I jumped down, entered the well-known snuggery, and quaffed a glass of bright sparkling ale to the health of the blooming girl, then throwing down half-a-crown, mounted the box, not a little elated with my adventure. We trotted past the green, where I was loudly cheered by the boys of the village school, and after an agreeable drive reached Reading and Newbury. Again was I at home at the latter place; ten minutes being allowed for refreshment, I rushed by the waiter, who told me there was a nice leg of lamb and veal and ham pie ready, and ran off to purchase some buns at my old shop, kept by the worthiest of spinsters, Polly Brown; not forgetting to procure a geranium-coloured watch-ribbon from another object of my boyish admiration, Miss Charlotte Bew, who in those days presided over a *magazin des modes* in the High-street.

Upon my return to Botham's, I found that every person had taken his seat with the exception of Mr. Pearce and the coachman who was to occupy his post for the rest of the journey.

"I go no further, sir," said the former, with the blandest smile.

"All right," I responded, handing out a gold seven-shilling piece, then a current coin of the realm.

"Good morning, and thank you," replied the deposed monarch of the whip, and in less time than I can take to record it, I had thrown my old chum the waiter half-a-crown, had shaken hands with the landlady, said a civil thing to Elizabeth the barmaid, and was seated on the box by one of the smartest men I ever met with at that period on the road. There was an air of conceit about him that was truly amusing, and it was rendered doubly so by his affected style of conversation.

Unlike other dragsmen, he dressed in the plainest style imaginable; wearing a well-brushed black hat, more glossy than silk, a brown cutaway coat, dark Oxford mixture overalls, highly-polished Wellington boots, and fawn-coloured double kid gloves.

The first object of my new companion was to inform me that he was well-born, that he had been educated at Cambridge, and that he was the most popular man at Bath; indeed, so much so, that he appeared to be the Beau Nash of that city, for he offered to show me the lions, including the assemblies, theatre, pump-room, crescents, gardens, walks, and abbey. So delighted was I with the dandified manner of Mr. Talbot, that the journey passed rapidly away; and just as my companion offered me a pinch

of the best Petersham mixture, and informed me that it was a present from the noble lord of that name, I found myself approaching that English Montpellier, famed not alone for its mineral springs, but for the beauty of its situation; for what can exceed the picturesque view of its luxuriant woods, richly-cultivated slopes, villa-crowned hills, and suburban edifices?

As a contrast to the above, let me show how our great-grandfathers travelled in 1739. Pennant writes as follows:—"In March I changed my Welsh school for one nearer to the capital, and travelled in the Chester stage, then no despicable vehicle for country gentlemen. The first day, with much labour, we got from Chester to Whitechurch, twenty miles; the second day to the Welsh Harp, the third to Coventry, the fourth to Northampton, the fifth to Dunstable; and, as a wondrous effort, on the last to London, before the commencement of the night. The strain and labour of six horses, sometimes eight, drew us through the slough of Mireden and many other places. We were constantly out two hours before day, and as late at night, and in the depth of winter proportionally later. Families which travelled in their own carriages contracted with Benson and Co., and were dragged up in the same number of days by three sets of able horses."

The single gentlemen, then a hardy race, equipped

in jack-boots and trousers up to their middle, rode post through thick and thin, and, guarded against the mire, defying the frequent stumble and fall—pursued their journey with alacrity; while, in these days, their enervated posterity sleep away their rapid journeys in easy carriages, fitted for the soft inhabitants of Sybaris.

At a later period, the following notice appeared in the Sussex newspapers:—

"LEWES AND BRIGHTHELMSTONE.
NEW MACHINE,
TO HOLD FOUR PERSONS,
BY CHAILEY,

sets out by the 'George Inn,' in the Haymarket, St. James's, at six o'clock in the morning, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; in one day to the 'Star' at Lewes, and the 'Old Ship' at Brighthelmstone, and returns from thence every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Inside passengers to Lewes to pay thirteen shillings; to Brighton, sixteen shillings. To be allowed 14lb. weight of baggage, all above to pay one penny per pound. (Coach drawn by six long-tailed black horses. Date, 1763-4-5, according to a book in which the accounts are kept.) N.B.—Batchelor's Old Godstone, East Grinstead, and Lewes stage continues to set out every Tuesday at nine o'clock and Saturday at five o'clock from the 'Talbot Inn,' in the Borough.

Children in lap and outside passengers to pay half-price. Half of the fare to be paid at booking. Performed, if God permit, by J. Batchelor."

CHAPTER VIII.

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH MADAME MALIBRAN—HER PATRONESS THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS—FETE AT HOLLY LODGE—MALIBRAN ON HORSEBACK—AN IMPROVVISATRICE—PRESENTIMENTS OF EVIL—FALLS FROM HER HORSE—JERRY AND HIS GENEROSITY—COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON—COLBURN, THE PUBLISHER—MEMOIRS OF MALIBRAN—CEMETERY STANZAS—EDITORSHIP OF THE SPORTING REVIEW—MR. COCKING, THE AERONAUT—MY NARROW ESCAPE.

CHAPTER VIII.

In 1828, I became acquainted with Madame Malibran, a lady whose combination of vocal and histrionic powers was scarcely ever equalled. I was present at a music meeting at Chester, when she was compelled to leave the church from a sudden attack of indisposition, and, seeing no friend near her, I went forward and tendered my assistance.

"Take me into the air," she wildly exclaimed, while her whole frame seemed convulsed. I fulfilled her request; and by fanning her, and employing the ordinary restoratives, she speedily recovered. From that moment we became intimate friends, a friendship which remained up to her death.

Malibran was happy in the affection of the late Duchess of St. Albans. This lady, from the amplitude of her fortune, as well as from the elevation of

her position, had it at all times in her power to distinguish the daughters of genius, of which she was herself in her earlier years a very pleasing example. I have already mentioned her fortunate union with the wealthy banker. A few years later—he being then advanced in life—Mr Coutts left her the richest widow in England, for she succeeded to his share in the Banking House, and to the bulk of his prodigious accumulations. Of course she became an object of interest in the society in which she moved—to bachelors especially. She knew very well that she could make her choice of a second husband from a very large field of aspirants, and possessing a plus of money, all she cared for was corresponding rank. Mrs. Coutts realised her utmost ambition when united to the Duke of St. Albans.

It is too often a consequence of prosperity, that the favoured constellation shines coldly on less fortunate stars: and, as a philosopher has still more severely remarked, "it is the ill-consequence of prosperity never to look behind it." But the Duchess of St. Albans was ever the benefactress of merit; and a kind hostess to those whose reputation and accomplishments rendered them worthy of her personal acquaintance.

The Duchess's *fête* at Holly Lodge, on the 11th of July, 1835, was remarkable for its taste and magnifi-

cence. It commenced with a concert performed in the open air; a novelty not exactly adapted to the capricious nature of our climate, but the more to be prized whenever it can be accomplished. The principal vocalists were Malibran, Grisi, Rubini, Ivanhoff, and Lablache. Their brilliant performances were succeeded by an exhibition of morris-dancers, attired in the pastoral costume of a long departed age. A sumptuous *déjeûner dinatoire* followed, the guests being comfortably seated under tents and marquees. The concert, dance, and banquet were but the preludes to further festivities. The Duke of St. Albans, attired in the dress of his office as Grand Falconer of England, presently led the way, with a train of foresters and falcons, to a grassy spot, where the amusement of hawking commenced. This sport was succeeded by a concert of national music, in which Malibran sang the duet of "Vive le Roi!" with Braham.

The entertainment concluded with a ball. Malibran, excited by the spirit of the scene, persuaded Lablache to accompany her in a waltz. Hers was indeed the poetry of motion. She then led off the then first danced, and rather difficult Russian Mazurka.

Nothing could exceed the regard felt by Madame Malibran for the Duchess; a feeling reciprocated on the occasion of the vocalist's last benefit and

appearance in London, July 15th, 1836. The Duchess, after the performance, visited her in her dressing-room, and presented her with a bank-note, a flaçon, and, by way of souvenir, her embroidered handkerchief.

Much vivacity of character is very frequently united to great sensibility of temperament. The fortunes of Malibran were various, and in many respects tragic; but the natural bias of her disposition was at once playful and cheerful, consequently her manners frequently possessed a degree of joyousness that seemed exaggerated.

Exercise on horseback was to her both a relief and a relaxation; equitation was an accomplishment, moreover, in which she excelled. In a rural excursion in the neighbourhood of London, while riding through a sequestered lane, that had then escaped the general intrusion of bricks and mortar, she began singing an aria to her companions, the late Mr. John and Mrs. Clayton, and the writer of these pages, which we had greatly admired—the finale to the "Maid of Artois." The solitude was, however, speedily disposed of by the approach of two drovers with a flock of sheep. The men stopped, listened, and seemed lost in admiration.

She felt the compliment, and declared that she was more pleased than when after a triumphant finale, amidst a blaze of lights, and surrounded by a brilliant com-

pany, the entire audience sprang to their feet to give increased emphasis to their plaudits.

She also improvised upon one occasion, when enjoying a white bait dinner at Greenwich, an excellent song to the air of "Sul' margine d'un rio," bringing in the old "Ship," then kept by Darbyshire—its proprietor, white bait, champagne cup, the mudlarks picking up coppers under the windows, and the usual delights of such an entertainment.

In the month of July, 1836, she suffered from slight indisposition—so very slight that, within four-and-twenty hours, she took her accustomed exercise on horseback. Nevertheless, her mind was impressed with a feeling that some accident, which might terminate fatally, was about to happen to her. Under this idea, it was remarkable that she insisted upon riding out, though strongly advised against it by her friends the Claytons, and myself. During the commencement of the excursion, her entire conversation with Mr. Clayton turned upon the melancholy presentiment. On being rallied for this, she, with her usual gaiety, said,—

"I will have a gallop, and leave dull care behind."

On setting off at a canter, she plied her light riding-whip too severely upon the horse's neck. The animal, usually quiet, got his mettle up, and suddenly increased his pace. A clatter of some horses behind

added to his excitement, and in a few seconds the rider had lost all control over her steed.

I was a few paces in the rear, and called upon Mr. and Mrs. Clayton to check their speed at once. Bounding round the inner circle of the Regent's Park at an awful pace, Malibran, feeling herself lost, shouted for help, when a policeman rushed forward and seized the horse by the bridle. Unprepared for this sudden movement, the rider was precipitated with violence against the wooden paling, and fell exhausted on the ground.

Upon raising her, we found a contusion on her temple the size of an egg, and she was evidently suffering from some internal injury. A gentleman drove up in an open carriage, and, having offered his assistance, the sufferer was conveyed to her lodgings in Maddox Street.

On my way to dinner I called there and learned, greatly to my astonishment, that Madame had gone to the theatre. Her extraordinary energy of character prevailed over the entreaties of her friends and medical adviser, and she insisted on representing two characters for which she had been announced that evening.

When subsequently she had to fulfil an engagement at Manchester, I was present at the evening concert on Wednesday the 14th, and heard her take a part in

Beethoven's canon from "Fidelio" for four voices.

"What joy doth fill my breast!"

I had listened with more pain than pleasure (for I knew how much she was then suffering), to the duet from Mercadante's opera of Andronico, "Fanne se Alberghi in petto," sung by her and Caradori. Scarcely had she finished the high shake made at its close, when, amid the tumult of the audience, she was led off exhausted, and was shortly declared to be too ill for further exertion.

On the Thursday morning, being an inmate of the "Mosley Arms," where Madame and Monsieur de Beriot were staying, I gained ready access to both. Malibran had dressed herself, and was led by her husband to her sitting-room. I urged her not to attend the performance, but without success. She presently proceeded in the carriage of the borough-reeve to the church, where I followed.

The following day I quitted Manchester for a friend's house in Yorkshire, with a view of attending the Doncaster Races, and drove to the course. Thursday was the far-famed cup day, and I left the moment that great event was decided, to get back to Manchester.

I proceeded to every post-horse keeper, in the hope of securing a pair to take me a stage on the road, but

without success. While walking down the High Street, I was accosted by an eccentric character, well-known in sporting circles by the name of "Jerry." He addressed me in his usual "chaffing" style, expressed a hope that I had won thousands on the "Moog," and trusted to my liberality to make him a present—that it would not be repugnant to the feelings of a gentleman to accept.

As I was tired and bothered, I answered him rather sharply; when, turning to me, he said he should be sorry to hear I had been a loser.

"No, Jerry," I replied, "I never bet, you know, but I have been annoyed at not being able to get a conveyance to take me away, and I don't see the possibility of procuring one."

The fellow thought he "smelt a rat," and, setting aside his ordinary style of conversation, observed, "If it is important that your lordship should get away, I will be bound to engage you a 'trap,' though it may be a one-horse one; tell me the hour and the address, and it shall be at the door."

I thanked him warmly; told him I dined with a party of friends at the "Old Angel," and that at ten o'clock I should be ready.

"All right, my lord," he cheerfully exclaimed; then hesitatingly added, "But—I hope you won't be offended—you may have met with an unexpected

loss, and if five pounds can be of any service, I can advance you that sum with pleasure."

"I am not without money, you see," said I, taking out my purse, and placing a sovereign in his hand; "only let me have the vehicle, and I shall be grateful for life."

The conveyance arrived punctually at the hour; the man who was to accompany me drew it up at some little distance from the hotel, and sent a message that a gentleman wished to see me—Jerry, who was in waiting.

"A return list, my lord," said he aloud; while in a lower tone, he added, "the trap is fifty yards on the opposite side of the way; the man will drive you the first stage on the Manchester road for a sovereign." He then added aloud, "Oh, don't be hard upon Jerry, your lordship, you promised me a handsome present at the last Goodwood races."

I was not long in finding the vehicle—a huckster's one-horse chay—and was soon out of the town of Doncaster.

Upon the following morning I found that by posting—which was very difficult to accomplish—and coaching, I could not reach Manchester until past midnight; still I determined to persevere, and sleep there that night. My journey was tedious, and, upon

arriving at my destination, learned that Madame Malibran had expired.

In the year 1838, I first turned my mind to literature—that is, to remunerative literature; for in 1836 I had furnished gratuitously a tale, entitled "Isa," to "The Book of Beauty;" in 1837, "The Bride of Walsingham" to the same publication, and "The Orphan of Palestine" to the "Keepsake."

I had written an account of Madame Malibran, soon after her premature decease, and had sent my MS. to a lady, then as much celebrated in the world of fashion as in that of literature, to whose Annual I had been a contributor.

The Countess of Blessington to Lord William Lennox.

"Gore House, Nov. 16, 1838.

"My dear Lord William,—Many thanks for your kindness. I perused your souvenirs of the lamented Malibran with a deep interest, and thought, and still think so highly of them, that it seemed to me a pity to steal a single page from a *recueil* that, published altogether, was so well calculated to do honour to her and to you. I wish you could be persuaded to add enough to form a volume, for it could not fail to command a brilliant success, written, like what I have perused, *con amore*, with a just appreciation of the fine qualities of that gifted and admirable woman. I return the MS., and really feel indebted to you for the pleasure which its perusal has procured me.

"May I entreat that the Legend you so kindly offer me may be written at your earliest convenience, as Mr. Heath,

intends publishing the 'Book of Beauty for 1840' much earlier than usual.

"Believe me, my dear Lord William,

"Yours very sincerely,

"MARGTE BLESSINGTON."

I had written out the principal features, and was turning over in my mind how I could best introduce all I knew of the varied life of Garcia's gifted daughter to the public, when I was surprised by an early visit from the late Mr. Colburn, of Great Marlborough Street. He entered my room with a smile on his countenance, and apologized for his intrusion, which he said was on the score of business.

"I understand," he said, insinuatingly,—"for these things *will* ooze out—that you have some MS. on the subject of Madame Malibran; and it has occurred to me that it might be made use of in the New Monthly Magazine, or in some other shape."

After a moment's reflection, much gratified with the application, I took some papers from one of those handy of all handy repositories called a "Music book-box," and presented them to him. My visitor scrutinised them carefully, turned over a page or two, and felt the bulk.

"Not enough for more than a magazine article," he said. "This is a pity. Three, or even two vols., post octavo, would have been better."

I thought so too, for reasons of my own, but as I possessed no power of expanding my materials to the required quantity, I looked diplomatically content with my labour, and said nothing.

"And the subject," he added, with increasing coldness, "though interesting to opera and play-goers, is not one that would, I fear, command the attention of the public. Still," he continued, with a benevolent expression, "if your lordship is really anxious to part with what, I imagine, is rather a crude attempt, I shall be happy to give you the largest sum we ever pay for a magazine article."

Mr. Colburn named a sum that far exceeded my expectations. He presently placed a cheque in my hands, with an aspect beaming with good humour, and making his way to his carriage, took his leave.

Time passed on; no proof came for correction, and, at the end of two months, I began to be impatient, for I had already purchased two numbers of the magazine, in the hope of seeing my contribution in print. At last my attention was attracted by an advertisement in the *Times*, of "Memoirs of Malibran, by the Countess de Merlan, 2 vols. Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street. (This Day)."

I sent my servant off to the publishers for a copy. In less than half an hour he returned with the work, as well as with a very polite note from Mr. Colburn,

explaining that he had thought my contribution more worthy of a place in a book than in a magazine, and trusted the talented authoress of it had done justice to my interesting details. Enclosed was another cheque for half the amount I had already received.

Upon turning over the pages of the memoir, I found that my materials occupied a considerable portion of one volume, and scarcely knew whether to be pleased or vexed. Upon one hand, I could mention the share I took in the authorship to all my friends, with the satisfaction of knowing that I should not be tomahawked by the press; on the other, I was deprived of the honour of seeing my name affixed to the title-page, and of hearing the work talked of at the clubs and in the society to which I belonged. Ultimately, I think satisfaction was the prevailing feeling.

I followed up my first attempt by writing an article for "Bentley's Miscellany," for which I also received a fair honorarium, and then some lines for the "Diadem." The latter was my first attempt at poetry.

STANZAS ON THE CEMETERY AT HIGHGATE.

By Lord William Lennox.

"Lone Mausoleum! consecrated spot,
Where rest the ashes of the slumbering Dead;

Where unreturning friends—still unforgot—
  Shall, midst thy verdure, rest their wearied head.
Here are rich vernal sweets profusely shed,
  By flowers and foliage brightening into bloom;
While cypress boughs their silent arms have spread,
  To shield the sleepers whose too early doom
Hath given them calm repose, with beauty for a tomb!

For here are many whom misfortune grieved,—
  More soft the slumbers of their last repose:
And here are those whose lofty birth received
  Such honour as the passing hour bestows.
Here, too, doth sleep the victim—midst his foes!
  The proud—the brave—the powerful—the weak,
All here are met; and Fortune's ebbs and flows
  Prevail no more; here Rest her throne may seek,
And tranquil, dreamless slumbers for each heart bespeak.

For here the herblets of the Spring-time blow,
  To grace the silence of all-peaceful sleep—
Sleep, pure, and cold, as newly-drifted snow,
  Ere sunny rays their milder vigils keep.
And ONE lies resting where yon tendrils creep,
  To guard the stillness of her lonely bower,
For HER repose seems beauteous, soft, and deep—
  The boon of Nature, and her kindest dower,
To HER who early drooped, like summer's tender flower

Sweet solitude! would I had found a grave,
  And refuge calm from 'troubled Life's career!'
Would that yon sylvan bed where wild flowers wave,
  Had spread for me that same enamelled bier.
Since flowers now bloom o'er HER who slumbers near
  (For two long years have closed since she's no more;
Sad hours! ye fix—not dissipate, each tear!)
  While Time, if still I tread the peopled shore,
May calm my outward grief, but ne'er can peace restore.

Therefore would I all-willingly consign
My wearied spirit to the peaceful rest,
Where Nature yields, a canopy benign
Of cypress grave, in mourning verdure drest,
With laurels bays—by wandering winds caress'd;
And where is laid some ivied moss-grown stone,
By friendly hands, and simple beauty drest;
By it I'll sleep when fickle friends are gone;
Were Earth's best blessings lost, this spot might yet atone."

In 1838, an announcement appeared in the newspapers, informing the public that a new work, entitled the "Sporting Review," edited by "Craven," would be published on the 1st of January, 1839, by Rudolph Ackerman, 191, Regent Street. I wrote an article for the opening number, which appeared under the title of "A Sporting Ramble in the Highlands."

The press spoke in the handsomest terms of the new undertaking, describing it "as very superior to the established sporting periodicals," and said, "that all the best sporting writers of the day had been secured," that "the industry of the management was shown by the report of the grand steeple-chase at Liverpool, which occurred only the day before the Magazine was published." It was a rare feat for a periodical to report an event that happened more than two hundred miles distant from the place of printing (telegraphs were not then in existence), and to publish two thousand copies of the work in less than twenty-four hours from the date of the occurrence.

By a most providential interference, my life was saved on the 24th of July, 1837. I was present with a party at Vauxhall Gardens, and had an offer of a seat in the balloon about to ascend. I had accepted it, when I ascertained that a young lady then at my side, had, by the pressure of the crowd, been separated from her party. To leave her alone was impossible; and by the time I had discovered her friends, the balloon had entered the clouds, with Mr. Cocking in the parachute.

During the evening I felt regret at not having made the ascent, but the following morning I ascertained from the *Times* that the parachute in its descent had collapsed, and its occupant had been thrown out and killed in a field near Burnt Ash, Blackheath.

CHAPTER IX.

DUKE OF BEAUFORT—JOURNEY TO NEWMARKET—SIR THOMAS FITZGERALD—LORD ADOLPHUS FITZCLARENCE—MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY—A GOOD SHOT—SIR GEORGE WOMBWELL—BERKELEY CASTLE—PRIVATE THEATRICALS—DUELS PREVENTED—TOM GASCOYGNE'S LOVE CHASE—THE FUSILIERS AND THE STANDARD—PEA-GREEN HAYNES—ALL RIGHT—PRELIMINARY NEGOTIATIONS—HON. CRAVEN BERKELEY—MR. HENRY BROADWOOD—CAPTAIN POLHILL AND TOM DUNCOMBE—JACK SPALDING AT CROCKFORD'S—MY RUNNING MATCH.

CHAPTER IX.

ALTHOUGH I was never sufficiently devoted to the turf to care for Newmarket, which, however superlatively excellent for sport, does not possess the bustle, fun, and amusement of other race-courses, I seldom missed on opportunity of attending a meeting, when either I could find an agreeable companion to take me there and back in his carriage, or had an invitation to a friend's house. My first appearance there, was in the summer after the coronation. Upon my return home one afternoon, I found my passage nearly blocked up with a phaeton-seat; and while wondering what this meant, espied a note on the hall-table, in the Marquis of Worcester's well-known handwriting. A week previous, Lord Worcester had talked of Newmarket, and had given me a general invitation to accompany him to the July meeting; but

I treated it as if I considered that the "some day you must run down with me" would never come.

I opened the note, and read—

"Saturday, 5th July.

"DEAR WILLIAM,—Will seven o'clock be too early for you? if not I will call on you exactly at that hour Monday morning. I send you one of the phaeton seats.

"Yours always,

"WORCESTER."

I had known my correspondent at Mont St. Martin and Cambray, and my acquaintance had been renewed in London, after my return from France. A journey to Newmarket on a fine July day would ever have been a treat, but it was doubly agreeable with so delightful a companion. I lost no time in accepting the proposal, and, at the hour named, the phaeton, with a pair of Newman's best horses, drove up to the door.

It was a lovely summer morning, one that would have gratified poor Brunt's heart, and the drive was delightful. There was scarcely an event in my companion's life that we did not discuss; he, like myself, was devoted to the theatre, and many an anecdote connected with the stage was told by him. From the theatre we got upon his military exploits with Wellington in the Peninsula; and he narrated how he was taken prisoner, and brought before Soult, who, from

the age of the young marquis, could scarcely bring himself to believe that he was on the Duke's staff.

Although the sport at Newmarket was very good, and the race for the July Stakes highly exciting, I own that to my mind the journey there and back was the more delightful of the two.

We dined at Chesterford, and reached London in time to drop in to Covent Garden Green-room, for an hour before the performance terminated. I have always marked this day down as the most delightful one I ever passed; for, for gentlemanlike bearing, captivating manners, lively conversation, and interesting remarks, few men excelled the late Duke of Beaufort. Happily his mantle has fallen on another Plantagenet, who has proved himself a worthy scion of a worthy sire, and whose popularity is unbounded.

No man was more full of anecdote than the late Duke; he amused me all the way back to town with stories. The following will give a specimen of their style. He mentioned Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, who was famous for flogging. He had raised a regiment of pardoned peasantry, which he called the Ancient Irish. He and they were sent on foreign service. On his return, he boasted frequently of their bravery, and that no other troops were so forward to *face* the enemy. "No wonder," said Ned Lysaght, "thanks

to your flogging, they were *ashamed to show their backs.*"

He told me an anecdote of Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence, which is so characteristic of the *esprit-de-corps* that exists in the Guards, that I cannot refrain from mentioning it. He was posting down to Brighton, when, upon a very hot day in July, he overtook a Guardsman, evidently going upon furlough; his lordship stopped the phaeton, asked the man where he was proceeding, and finding it was in the same direction with himself, told him to get up behind. Upon reaching Red Hill, the soldier descended from his seat, drew himself up erect, and, saluting with his right hand, exclaimed, "Thank you, my lord, I shall report this to the battalion."

He said that, at a dinner given by the late Marquis of Anglesey, at Uxbridge House, the conversation turned upon nick-names; and the noble host remarked, "I hear in the 'Blues' every officer has a *sobriquet*; there's 'Nutmeg,' 'The Shaver,' 'Jos,' 'The Giant;' I suppose, shortly, they will give me one."

"Why, father," responded Alfred Paget, "they've called you 'Old Peg' ever since you were appointed to the corps."

"Well, I think they might have left out 'Old,'" replied the veteran, with a most winning smile.

Although the gallant Marquis was an extremely good-natured man, as the above anecdote will prove, his manner appeared, occasionally, rather haughty and forbidding, sufficiently so to scare the senses of many nervous individuals. This was caused by the agony he suffered from tic douloureux. Upon one occasion his lordship had invited a Welsh clergyman to shoot with him, and in the course of the day the timid divine, in trying to get out of harm's way, placed himself so far in it, that, to his great dismay, he found some shots had penetrated his hat, from the usually well-poised gun of his host. Extremely terrified, the unlucky wight exclaimed, in a voice of despair:

"Take care! I'm wounded!"

"My good friend," replied the Marquis, in the calmest tone imaginable, as if anxious to express that he was aware of the extent of mischief done, "don't be afraid. I am a perfect master of the weapon."

The Duke told me how, on another day, when riding to the sporting ground, accompanied by the late Earl of Lichfield, who was a first-rate shot himself, a modest young man, who happened to be between the two, was asked as to his skill with the gun.

"Why," answered the youth, "I flatter myself I can shoot as well as my neighbours."

"Can you?" rejoined Lord Anglesey, eyeing him

from head to foot. "Considering who your neighbours *are*, you have not a very mean opinion of your powers."

I must now return to my own "sayings and doings."

For some weeks a hard frost had set in, and the Serpentine river, and the pieces of water in the Regent and St. James's Park, had boasted of their ordinary number of skaters, and, as usual, had furnished many melancholy instances of the rashness and temerity of the youth of London. Hunting had been put an end to, and the Melton men had flocked to the metropolis, to await the arrival of the thaw: but day after day they had been disappointed.

Among those who were particularly interested in a change of weather, was the writer of these pages, who, having received an invitation to pass a week at Berkeley Castle, was most desirous of benefiting by the kind offer of the noble host, of mounting him during that period. My departure was fixed for the 16th of December, and so settled was the appearance of the weather upon the night of the 14th, as I walked home, that I was almost tempted to leave my hunting gear in London. Great was my delight, then, upon the following morning, to find a thaw prevailing.

For the previous fortnight, my first question, upon

being called, had been, to ask what kind of a day it was; and the same answer was ever ready, "Very cold and frosty."

Dispirited by these recurring disappointments, upon the morning I have referred to, I had asked no questions: great, then, was my joy to find the streets sloppy, and a gentle rain falling. During the day I watched every appearance of the sky, and could scarcely believe that the thaw had set in, until towards the evening, when another shower gave promise of a wet night.

"What think you of the weather?" I exclaimed to George (the late Sir George) Wombwell.

"A regular thaw; no more skating. I shall be off in the morning for the Castle 'that stands by yon tuft of hills,' as Shakspeare describes Berkeley."

"Why, where on earth, George, did you pick up your quotation?" I inquired.

"Don't you remember how I studied the Bard of Avon when we got up "Richard the Third" at the Tottenham Court Theatre, and I was to have acted the Lord Mayor of London?"

"Thaw!" cried King Allen, who was standing with us, on White's steps, and who hailed a frost with pleasure, as it brought all the hunting men to town, "it will freeze before the morning."

"Thy wish is father, Harry, to that thought," I re-

plied. "You are a regular Cockney, and cannot bear to have your bay-window deserted."

"*Nous verrons*," was his laughing rejoinder; and we separated.

At six o'clock the following morning, I was up, and, to my extreme gratification, found a drizzling rain.

"All right," I exclaimed; and, having finished my toilet, drove off to Paddington, and at eight o'clock got into the Bristol train.

No adventure occurred upon the rail, and at a little after three I reached the stronghold of the Berkeleys.

There is no domain in England where the sportsman can have hunting, shooting, and good living so thoroughly to his heart's content as there. The secret is, that it was and is carried on in a *business*-like manner. I use this expression advisedly, for the late and present noble owners have felt that both in matters of pleasure as well as those of business, punctuality and arrangement are absolutely necessary. Thus, in shooting, every care is taken that there shall be no more guns than there is shooting for them, and to each "gunner" is attached a "gilly," whose business it is to pick up all the game that falls to his master. The beaters, too, are regularly drilled, and go through their duties in a most masterly form.

After a cover has been shot, the cart is brought up, and the noble proprietor himself counts the game that has been killed, and hands it over to one of the keepers to be deposited away.

In hunting, too, there is similar management. The master, the huntsman, the whippers-in, and the hounds set to work in a real "business"-like form. At the Decoy and out Wild-goose shooting, every one attends to his own business. In short, at Berkeley Castle, and wherever the owner's influence extended, as in former days on board the *Victory*, the well-known signal was hoisted—we speak, of course, metaphorically—"England expects that every man will do his duty."

And here I ought not to omit mentioning, that business was the very life and soul of our Amateur Theatricals. Both in the rehearsals and the performances, business was strictly attended to, on and off the stage. Hence the great success of these entertainments, which were not got up for the edification of a few private friends, or under the cloak of charity, with an appeal to the enlightened audience to forgive the errors of inexperienced actors; but the plays were publicly announced, and the doors were thrown open to all who liked to pay, and who, having paid, had an undoubted right to manifest their approbation or disapprobation.

Lord Fitzhardinge's establishment, both as to

horses and hounds, (we speak of the period of our visit,) was princely; and I consider that the example of his lordship, and other liberal-minded persons who expend a large sum of money in the maintenance of a pack of hounds, to the great advantage and accommodation of their neighbours, is highly worthy of commendation, for they render a very essential service to the country in which they reside.

The present form of the castle approaches to a circle, and the buildings are enclosed by an irregular court, surrounded by a moat. The entrance to the keep is through an elegant sculptured arched doorway, leading to a flight of steps, over which an apartment, called the dungeon-room, is shown as the place where Edward II. was barbarously murdered. This building is flanked by three semi-circular towers, and a square one of later construction.

Duelling was very prevalent in England until the last five-and-twenty years, and it would be difficult to convince many of the present generation that no gentleman, however inoffensive or harmless, could escape an exchange of shots with any quarrelsome or ill-tempered individual, who, from a motive of existing, or supposed slight, from some dislike, real or ideal, from jealousy, envy, malice, or from prejudice against the manner, or dress, or conversation,

would force on a quarrel of life and death. Other causes of a graver character swelled the number of meetings at twelve paces "on the daisies" at Chalk Farm, Wimbledon, Hounslow Heath, and other fashionable *locales* for such transactions.

Affairs of honour they were styled! Honour indeed!—for a first-rate shot, who could hit a wafer nine times out of ten at five-and-twenty paces, to compel a man, who could not help missing a haystack at five yards, to give him satisfaction—*id est*, to be murdered on the spot, under the semblance of fair-play. Such, however, was the case; but unexpected retribution came, and a "dead shot" sometimes lost his life by a bullet from a hand that had never before held a pistol.

As a matter of course, I was often applied to, to act as second upon such occasions, and am happy to be able to say that, in every instance, I arranged the affair amicably, without loss of character to the friend who had placed his honour, dear to him as his life, in my hands. Many, many, anxious hours have I passed during the time I was employed in the settlement of such differences. The first time I was called in, was a quarrel created through the "green-eyed monster"—jealousy. Tom Gascoyne, a brother-officer of mine—as fine, noble, honourable, good-tempered a fellow as ever lived, was paying marked attention to a young

lady, during the time we were quartered at Windsor. Being the *belle* of the neighbourhood, she had also attracted the notice of a gallant officer of the —— Fusiliers, then occupying Windsor Infantry Barracks. One day, when Gascoyne and myself called upon the family, we were told that the young ladies had gone out for a walk towards St. Leonard's, and nothing would satisfy him but to go after them.

"Follow me," he exclaimed, as he led his horse out of the road into a field near Clewer, "and we'll run into them before they reach St. Leonard's."

Having dined at the house the day before—for I was on most intimate terms with the father and mother, and had known the girls as children—I agreed; more especially, as I had secured places for them, at an entertainment that was to take place that very evening at the theatre.

Away we galloped over hedge and ditch, through heavy ploughed land, across grass fields, until we came within a few yards of the road that led from Windsor to St. Leonard's.

"Lost! gone to ground!" cried my companion, as he looked in vain for the object of his love chase. "Try back," he continued, and, after a few seconds, I, who was looking in the opposite direction for the party, was startled by the noise of Gascoyne's horse crashing through a stiffish "bullfinch," and the

riders cheery cry of "Tally ho! tally ho!" As prudence is the better part of valour, and as I was not so carried away by my passion as my friend, I declined "negotiating," as the hunting men call it, the stake-bound hedge, and, selecting a low rail, was soon on the line of the hunted *deer*, as small wags would have said.

Gascoyne, elated with his success, kept up the cheery cry; soon we overtook part of the family, with whom I remained, but, missing the loved one, he again attempted to hit off the scent. The young lady, however, unknown to my companion, was escorted by her gallant Fusilier, and had stopped on a small eminence which commanded a view of the Castle, skirted by a clump of forest trees, and within a few yards of a small fence. What was the subject upon which the two were discoursing, I know not. It might have been platonic or the weather, sentimental or regimental, romantic or common-place, the court or courting; but, whatever it was, it was abruptly terminated by the Wildrake of that day, charging the fence, and shouting, "Whoo whoop! whoo whoop! I've fairly run into you."

Fearing some mischief, as I had been informed that the captain was with the lady, I by this time had trotted up in front to the spot, just in time to see Gascoyne's handsome face lit up with unaffected

pleasure; that of the fair one, who, with Macheath, might have sung, "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear *soldier* away," full of anxiety and smiles; while that of the captain was dark, vindictive, and ominous. He returned my friendly recognition coldly, and, taking off his hat to Gascoyne in the most formal manner, made some remark, the words of which I did not catch. He, however, took leave of the innocent cause of this embroilment, adding, *sotto voce* to my brother officer, that he would hear from him—

"Captain ——!" exclaimed his innamorata, in a voice so tender, that one would have imagined it would have melted the heart of a rhinoceros, "we shall see you—" Before the sentence was completed the son of Mars, warlike as his mythological father, was making the best of his way, at double quick time, to the barracks, on anything but a friendly errand.

The walk home was far from agreeable, for we had sent our horses home by a trooper, who happened to pass; nor with this affair on hand did I at all anticipate a very pleasant evening at the theatre. No one except the principal performers in the tragic drama, that was likely to come off, and myself, were aware of what had occurred, or the mischief that was brewing, so we were looked upon as rather dull additions to the walk.

Shortly after my return to the barracks, Gascoyne, having seen the ladies home (a new cause of jealousy to the captain, who had lingered back to take a fond last look of his darling), I received a card from an officer of the — Fusiliers, with a message that he wished to see me; of course, he was immediately ushered into my room, and, after a few preliminary remarks, made in the most gentlemanlike way, said his instructions were peremptory—an explanation—apology—or a hostile meeting. Not seeing—and I have never had cause to repent my decision—any cause why two brave men should risk their lives for a mere harmless pleasantry on the part of one, not at all disagreeable to the lady, who did not wish any of her admirers to follow the line in the old ballad of the Baron of Mowbray, "He loves and he rides AWAY," nor in any way insulting or offensive to the person fancying himself aggrieved, I did my best to bring affairs to an amicable conclusion.

I explained the whole circumstance from beginning to end—said how anxious I was to overtake the ladies, to tell them about their places—taking part of the blame upon myself; and, finally, I succeeded in getting the belligerent powers to shake hands. There was never after that incident any cordiality between the young fellows of the two regiments; for, from an *esprit de corps* that happily exists throughout the

army, though in the above instance it need not have been called into action, each espoused the cause of their brother-in-arms.

Shortly afterwards the — Fusiliers received a route to march into one of the northern counties; and a circumstance occurred, to which I refer to show how trifling events may be magnified into important ones. I must mention to my non-military readers, that a regiment of the line, however strong, say 1,000 bayonets, and even on the march, is, by the regulation of the service, called upon to draw up and salute a mere squadron of cavalry, of some 60 men and horses, if bearing the Royal Standard, even if that squadron is in mere field-day order, going to practise. It happened that, on the day of the march, my squadron, in out quarters at Slough and Salt Hill, with the Royal Standard, was ordered to join the head-quarters in Windsor Park, for a field-day.

Just as we approached the road that leads from Eton to Slough, I, somewhat to my annoyance, saw the Fusiliers approaching. I had not time to make a diversion, and if I had, I might justly have been censured for so doing; but knowing the unpleasant feeling that had existed, and aware that the departing captain would feel annoyed at leaving his rival in possession, I was extremely sorry that the circumstance occurred.

Nothing, however, was to be done, for I had to support the honour of H.M's. Standard, so the gallant Fusiliers drew up, and saluted my small body of men. It was curious to watch the countenances of the two late foes, as they passed one another; and I think it might have taken some time to restore their equanimity, but they never met again. Both fine fellows—one, poor Gascoyne, is dead. I know not, but hope his rival flourishes.

Upon another occasion I had to post down from London to Burderop Park, Wiltshire, to request (under the awkward alternative of a hostile meeting), that a notoriety of that time, known as Pea Green Haynes —from wearing a suit of that colour—or the "Silver Ball," as he was called, in contradistinction to the "Golden Ball," Mr. Hughes Ball, would cease his importunities to a celebrated *belle* of the day, who has since been raised to highly-mounted honours.

It was not until ten o'clock at night that I received my instructions, and I started at that hour, in one of Newman's yellow post-chaises, with a splendid pair of horses to make the best of my way, so as to arrange the affair without loss of time, and be back in London for a dinner at Horace Twiss's, in Searle Street, Lincoln's Inn, on the following day at seven o'clock.

Upon reaching Botham's, at Salt Hill, he strongly

advised me to remain there until an hour before daylight, as I should gain little by travelling through the night, from the length of time that would be lost in awaking ostlers, rousing up post-boys, getting chaises from the coach-houses, horses from the stables, and turn-pike men from their beds. To this I assented; and, after a few hours rest—for it was during the spring of the year—I was again rattling away on this dice-box on wheels, with nearly as much straw at my feet as would hold a covey of partridges.

Reaching Marlborough, I inquired of Mr. Cooper (then the proprietor of the "Crown" inn, and now the indefatigable and zealous station-master at Richmond, in Surrey) the distance to Burderop.

"Mr. Haynes is in the house," responded mine host.

"How fortunate!" I exclaimed; "waiter, pray give Mr. Haynes this card, and say a gentleman is anxious to see him."

The waiter scanned me, and, as he left the room, I overheard him say to the boots—"An affair of honour; coffee and pistols for two to-morrow morning."

Happily this prediction was not verified; for the interview was most satisfactory; and I drove up to Horace Twiss's (having stopped to dress at the "George" inn, Hounslow), just in time for dinner,

and to communicate to my principal, who was also a guest, the talismanic words—"All right."

Another memorable occasion (which appeared in the newspapers of the day) was when a distinguished officer of the Navy, now in the Upper House, was challenged by a gentleman who had just left the sister service, for a remark made in the former's place in the House of Commons, that the patronage of the Horse Guards was not fairly dispensed, quoting an instance, in which a Conservative had received a commission in the line at the expense of a Liberal, the said Conservative entering the profession for the pleasure of wearing its dress.

I must here explain, that the officer referred to, had retired from the service shortly after joining, in consequence of his having been informed by the commanding officer of his regiment, that he must confine himself to the dress worn by officers, and not indulge in fancy ones.

My gallant friend, shortly after his speech appeared in the morning papers, received a letter couched in very severe terms, to the effect that the writer hoped, when the honourable member had quite concluded his parliamentary labours, he would find time to offer reparation, in a hostile meeting, for the unfounded remarks he had made in the House. This communication was placed in my hands; and after deliberating over it, I

felt that the best way of answering it was by a reply stating that, upon perusing it, I thought that no alternative was left me on behalf of my friend but agreeing to his proposition, should he still adhere to it; and that at the earliest day we would meet him half way between Cheltenham and London, feeling that, if we went to that town, interference might take place by the legal authorities.

I thought that if the challenger determined to bring matters to extremities, no communication of a third party could prevent it; while, on the other hand, if he were not so disposed, nothing would be lost by showing a bold front.

Upon the following morning I received a reply, stating that a friend would wait upon me; this looked more like peace than war. The gentleman, a half-pay officer, was announced, but I found that he evidently was thoroughly unaware of the whole affair, and at last, in a most open manner, explained to me that he had never seen his principal before the morning, when he met him accidentally in the coffee-room of Hatchett's, and had been requested by him to wait upon me for an apology, without having been shewn the letter that had been addressed to my friend.

I pointed out the fact respecting the uniform, which would have been explained had the demand been less threatening; and in a few minutes the offen-

sive letter was withdrawn, and the case of pistols laid aside.

Another affair, or rather two other affairs, occurred, in which the late Honourable Craven Berkeley called upon me to act as his friend. One was a mere political difference with a brother member of the House of Commons, which ought to have been explained in Parliament, and which I had no great trouble in arranging. The other was a more difficult business.

At a meeting at Cheltenham, a distinguished member of the bar, who has held the highest legal situations, and who, had his party remained in, would have been a judge, introduced some remarks reflecting upon the character of the then member for that borough; and nothing would satisfy the latter but an ample apology, or a hostile meeting. Charged with this mission, I sought the learned gentleman at his chambers, but was told that he was engaged in a heavy cause at Westminster. I lost no time in proceeding there, and, entering the Court armed with an hostile missive, I could not help fancying that the judge on the Bench looked very gravely at me, and my imagination carried me on to see, in my mind's eye, my principal and myself placed before the same judge at the Old Bailey, on a charge of murder, with a vision of the awful black cap looming in the distance.

I was speedily called from my reverie by a young

barrister, who I had met at my club, asking me if I would like a seat, as a spicy case was about to come on. I thanked him; said my business was with Sir ———, and begged he would hand him my missive, which, although I had couched it in the mildest terms, bore a pugnacious character. The letter was passed on, opened, and a scrap written in reply—"A friend will wait on Lord W. L."

I fancied that the stern face of the judge looked sterner. I however retired, met my principal in the hall, and went home, anxiously awaiting the friend. I knew full well that the learned counsel was incapable of making any offensive remark in private, still less of justifying it—but the difficulty I felt was how far a counsel might go in his professional career; and had that argument been advanced, I knew that Craven Berkeley would not listen to it, and that an unpleasant meeting would be the result. Happily, Sir ——— sent an ex-Guardsman, an old friend of mine; and in two minutes the affair was amicably arranged, much to my delight and satisfaction.

My good old friend, Henry Broadwood, was also compelled to "warn off" a gentleman for an attempt to poach upon his manor, and I was requested to act on his behalf. This was not so easily arranged as the one I have just referred to, as the principal, with whom through a friend I had to contend, was

madly in love with the fair object of this quarrel, and, in the words of one of Braham's "enthusumusy" songs (as Byron said he pronounced them), would have "proved himself her lover against the world in arms."

After a considerable amount of diplomacy and negociation upon both sides, I was fortunate enough to gain my point; but not until I had consented to let the lady decide the delicate question as to which cavalier she preferred.

The last misunderstanding that I will record was between the late Captain Polhill, lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, and the late popular member for Finsbury, Tom Duncombe. As I was on intimate terms with both, nothing would have grieved me more than to have seen two such public-spirited, and honourable men, risk their lives for a hasty expression. At this distance of time I do not recollect the name of the second I had to deal with; but a mutual explanation set matters right, and the two principals shook hands, and remained as warm friends as ever.

It will thus be seen that I had the gratification—and in latter days it has been a source of heart-felt congratulation and delight—to have been the means of making up very many quarrels, which at one time seemed likely to end in mortal combat; and truly fortunate was I upon all occasions, save one, to which I

will not allude, to meet with men, who, while they were fully prepared to support the honour of their principals entrusted to their discretion, were not desirous of seeking that blood-thirsty revenge so justly condemned by the Scotch Divine.

How well has Blair written upon this subject:—"It is the office of patience to temper resentment by reason. In this view it is most properly described by a man's acting the part which self-defence, which justice or honour requires him to act, without being transported out of himself by the vehemence of anger, or insisting on such degrees of reparation as bear no proportion to the wrong that he has suffered. What proportion, for instance, is there between the life of a man, and an affront received by some such expression in conversation which the wise would have slighted; and which, in the course of a few weeks, would have been forgotten by every one? How fantastic, then, how unjustifiable are those supposed laws of modern honour, which, for such an affront, require no less reparation than the death of a fellow-creature; and which, to obtain this reparation, require a man to endanger his own life? Laws, which, as they have no foundation in reason, never received the least sanction from any of the wise and polished nations of antiquity, but were devised in the darkest ages of the world,

and are derived to us from the ferocious barbarity of Gothic manners."

One evening, when dining with the late Lord Fitzhardinge and two or three other friends at Crockford's, and after indulging in turtle soup, and every other gastronomic luxury that Ude could furnish, who should make his appearance but the good-humoured John, commonly called Jack Spalding. When in the 9th Lancers, and subsequently in the 1st Life Guards, Spalding had been looked upon as the Deerfoot of the day, and had won many races both in the Light and Heavy Dragoons. Indeed, he was made for running—long, lathy, and active as a cat. He joined our table after dinner, and the conversation turned upon pedestrianism.

"I was once a wonderful runner," said the newcomer; a pause ensued, for we were thinking more of the splendid Château Margaux claret than of running: "and even now," continued the ex-Lancer, "I fancy I could give any one in this room five yards in a hundred."

Upon this I looked up; for although never a first-rate runner, I had been a tolerably good one, especially for a short distance.

"Five yards in a hundred?" I responded.

"Yes, I'll give you that law, and run you for a hundred."

Never having been a gambler, and not liking to risk such a sum, I declined; when Lord Fitzhardinge, who had been listening attentively to the subject, said to me,

"If you'll stand ten, I'll cover the remaining money."

This I at once consented to do, and pens and paper were sent for, to reduce the match to writing.

"To-morrow at any hour after day-light I shall be ready," said I.

"Oh! that won't do," rejoined Spalding; "we must have it to-night, or not at all."

This rather took me aback, for I had been dining heavily, and was not dressed for running; while my opponent seemed as fine drawn as if he had been in training, and was dressed in the lightest of trousers and shoes.

After a moment's reflection I replied, "Well, then, at twelve o'clock, let it be."

This was agreed to; the match was drawn up and signed, and was soon bruited over the club.

Our dinner-table then became the focus of attraction. D'Orsay, the late Lord Londesborough, the late Colonel Standen of the Guards, and other notabilities having joined us, bets were freely made; and as my competitor had told all the friends he met that it was poundage upon him, he became a great favourite.

Still, my party continued to back me, and I began to prepare myself, by taking a walk up and down St. James's Street.

While so doing, I saw Spalding "taking a gallop" on the opposite side of the street, with a sporting member of Crockford's, with whom I was tolerably well acquainted; and I own, when I saw his long stride, I began to be nervous as to the result. Whilst ruminating over this, I was joined by Spalding's trial horse—he will, I hope, excuse me for giving him equine honours—who, in a careless manner, said, "You had better get your limbs into play; suppose we have a run down the street together." Off we started; but wide awake as was my companion, I was not quite asleep; and not anxious to show my powers, I indulged in a light airy canter, instead of a vigorous gallop. This was enough for him; back he went to the club, and declared that I was as slow as a jackass—uncomplimentary—but let those laugh who win—and two to one was freely laid against me.

Midnight was approaching. Hill Street, Berkeley Square, had been named as the arena; Colonel Standen had been appointed umpire, Lord Londesborough starter, and two gentlemen had been named who were to stand opposite one another at the winning-post. The landlord of a public-house had furnished the officials with a measuring tape; the course was

marked in the centre of the Macadamized road, and we were ordered to take our places—I five yards in advance of the pet of the pedestrians.

At least fifty persons were present, Crockfordians and Cads. A slight shower had fallen, and the ground was a little slippery, so much so, that one of my backers had slipped up when running across the street. Without saying a word, I cut the straps off my trousers, took my feet out of my shoes, and doffed my coat, waistcoat, and hat; at the word "off," away I flew, and, without looking back, reached the goal some few yards in advance of my opponent. Whilst panting, blowing, receiving the congratulations of the great winner, Lord Fitzhardinge, and seeking the articles of dress, all of which, save my shoes, were forthcoming, I was informed that I had had a very narrow escape. Upon asking particulars, I was told that so slippery appeared the course, that it was generally supposed it would be next to impossible for me, in my shoes, to keep my legs; and, in order to give my adversary every chance, he had been advised to cross from the centre to the right, to gain the hard material that formed a gutter, close to the pavement. In so doing, instead of cutting off the angle gradually, he ran direct to the right, and, in his progress, unfortunately came in con-

tact with Lord Londesborough, the giver of the above advice—thus losing time and distance.

It was proposed, at supper, that the match should be run over again, even with a slight increase of yards in my favour, but my backers and myself were quite satisfied with the result; and, upon settling accounts, I having invested an additional sum by taking the long odds, I found myself the winner of sixty pounds, minus a pair of shoes.

CHAPTER X.

THEATRICAL AMATEURS—MARQUIS OF WORCESTER AND THE DUKE OF YORK—BALL HUGHES—MY APPEARANCE AS RICHMOND—NOTE FROM THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON DELIVERED ON THE STAGE—BALL HUGHES AND HIS GUARDIAN—NEW WAY OF POSTING—EXCURSION TO PARIS—CANNON, AND GEORGE IV.—BARHAM, HAWES, AND TOM WELCH—A MILITARY DINNER—THEODORE HOOK—DEAN CANNON AND THE BISHOP OF LONDON—CHARLES MATHEWS THE ELDER AND EARL FITZHARDING—EDMUND KEAN—DINNER AT LORD HERTFORD'S—A GREENWICH FEAST—LORD ALLEN AND COUNT D'ORSAY—RUNNING AWAY—LORD ELPHINSTONE.

CHAPTER X.

WE well recollect the time when the authorities at the Horse Guards set their faces against officers taking part in public amateur performances in England, Ireland, and Scotland. In the Colonies such performances were not only sanctioned but encouraged by the General in command; and Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto in Canada, Malta, Corfu, Gibraltar, have boasted of splendid amateur plays. Two instances occur to me—one when the Marquis of Worcester—whose histrionic powers were of a first class order—was about to act *Cassio* in "Othello," and *O'Clogherty* in "Matrimony," at the Tottenham Court Theatre.

The plays had been selected by the late Earl Fitzhardinge, whose fame at Cheltenham, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Birmingham, had induced him to

appear on the Metropolitan boards, in company with some of his brother amateurs. The performance was duly announced, the rehearsals had taken place, the boxes were nearly entirely disposed of—for it was well known in London that the noble earl, then Colonel Berkeley, his brother Augustus, Messrs. Dawkins and Banks, were equal to any professionals — when the late Duke of York wrote a private letter to the noble Marquis urging him not to appear before a paying audience. The respect the Marquis entertained for the Commander-in-chief, in his public character, and the regard he felt for him in private life, placed him in a most painful position. Upon the one hand, he might possibly offend the head of that army in which he had served with distinction, and which was graced by the names of many a brave relative; while on the other, his secession from theatricals might, in addition to the disappointment it would cause his brother amateurs, prove highly prejudicial to the interest of the manager. The Marquis felt the last reasons deeply, and, without a moment's hesitation, communicated to his royal highness, that, anxious as he was to meet his wishes, a previous promise rendered such a step impossible; but that, in future, he would be happy to attend to any suggestion upon the subject.

The duke sent no reply to this, but requested

Colonel Cooke, who ever went by the name of Kangaroo Cooke, to try his influence with the Marquis; but all his entreaties proved unavailing, and the performance went on. The part of *Cassio* required a first-rate light comedian, and *O'Clogherty*, a broad *farceur*, and both were found in the Marquis of Worcester.

The other case occurred to the writer of these pages. During the reign of Ball Hughes, a star of the world of fashion at this period, this highly-favoured son of fortune, who may be said to have been born, not with a silver spoon, but a golden ball in his mouth, was very desirous of figuring upon the Thespian boards, in the character of the crooked-backed tyrant; and, with the assistance of the late William Abbot, at that period a most popular and useful actor, at Covent Garden Theatre, proceeded to engage professional ladies, and enlist his own friends into the service. "Richard III." and the "Mayor of Garratt" were the pieces selected, and I was cast to the parts of *Richmond* and *Major Sturgeon*.

Anxious to get up what would now be termed a "sensation fight," worthy of some of the transpontine theatres, Ball Hughes had selected me for his opponent, in order that, under the tuition of Angelo, the highly-esteemed fencing-master, we might contend every inch of ground on Bosworth Field. The late

Sir George Wombwell was to personate the Lord Mayor of London, and stipulated for a turtle feast the day after the performance, to keep up the character and dignity of his office; and a popular commissioner of excise, still flourishing, with other intimate friends, flocked to the support of *Richard.* Morning rehearsals had taken place, the dresses had been ordered, the places in the boxes were nearly all sold, the private boxes disposed of, and an evening was set aside for a grand dress rehearsal, when a certain number of tickets were given for distribution to the ladies engaged—Mrs. Orger, Misses Smithson and Cubitt—and the pit was to be filled with servants and their friends.

The first four acts had gone off tolerably well, and I had just commenced my speech, "Thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment," when I heard a great commotion in the prompter's box. My name, coupled with that of the late Duke of Wellington, in whose regiment I then held a commission, reached my ears, and completely drove my part out of my head.

"I must deliver the letter myself," said the orderly, "and get a receipt for it." So, suiting the action to the word, a sergeant of the Guards, in full uniform, made his way upon the stage, and, saluting me, decked out as the Earl of Richmond, gave me a letter from my former chief.

Excusing myself to the audience, who could not account for so extraordinary an apparition as a Guardsman of the nineteenth century thus suddenly joining my ranks, I opened the document. It contained a request that I would call on the Duke the next day, on the subject of appearing upon a public stage. Informing the sergeant that the order should be attended to, and giving him a written acknowledgment of having received the letter, I proceeded with the rehearsal, reserving the communication of the intimation I had received until the supper, which was to take place after the performance, at Ball Hughes's house; for I inwardly felt that so defective were we all, as far as regards the tragedy, both in acting and the study of our parts, professionals excepted, that the play must be postponed, if not *sine die*, for at least a lengthened period, when a substitute for myself might be found.

Ball Hughes was perfect in all the "clap trap" speeches, but knew not a ghost of a line of any other part; Wombwell had scarcely looked at the book; and I had devoted so much of my time to the study of *Major Sturgeon*, in the farce, that I was very deficient in the part of *Henry, Earl of Richmond.*

The performance was postponed, much to the disappointment of the manager, who had been hoaxed by

one of the *dram. pers.* to believe that the warrior Duke had sent a special messenger to secure a private box for the evening.

The "Mayor of Garratt" went off admirably. Grenville Berkeley played the hen-pecked husband inimitably; Mrs. Orger charmed every one with her vivacity as *Mrs. Sneak*; Miss Cubitt good-naturedly consented to take the unimportant part of *Mrs. Bruin*, which by great painstaking, she rendered a very creditable performance; while the writer of these pages flatterd himself that his representation of *Major Sturgeon* was equal to Dowton.

Upon the following morning, I received a request, amounting to an order, forbidding me to act. It required not this, for the Duke's wishes would ever have been, to me, commands. I may here mention, that the play in London was abandoned during the supper, without any reference to myself; and it was decided that if it were to take place, Leamington was to be the scene of action. It never did come off. The liberality of Ball Hughes fully compensated the manager for his supposed loss of profit, and the presence of the hero of a hundred fights.

While writing the above, my attention has been called to the death of Ball Hughes at St. Germain, near Paris. Poor fellow, many a happy hour have I

passed in his society, and memory carries me back to the year 1818, when I was first introduced to him at his house in Upper Brook Street, by our mutual friend, the late Lord Frederick Fitzclarence. Ball Hughes had just commenced his carreer in London, with the prospect of a handsome fortune of some £18,000 a year upon coming of age, and no estate to keep up. After a few days' acquaintance, he, in reply to a question of what annoyed him, when reading an ominous-looking letter, informed me that he was terribly annoyed at a debt he had incurred at college, of three hundred and fifty pounds—for which he was daily dunned.

"My allowance," said he, "is limited, and I have been at great expense purchasing carriages, and horses, besides paying hundreds of university bills, that I am really 'hard up' for money to go on with."

"Would not your guardian," I replied, "advance you the money?"

"Not one farthing," he responded; "he writes me lectures upon economy once a week, and deprecates my extravagance, as he calls it, in no measured terms. I must settle this debt, even if I pay ten per cent. for the amount at some money lender's."

As I had only the day before borrowed a hundred pounds from one of the fraternity, for which I had to pay down five-and-twenty, I urged him against taking

such a step, and proposed that I should call upon his guardian, and lay the case before him.

"Guardians have flinty hearts, no tears can melt them," said my companion; "but I shall be most grateful if you will 'beard the lion in his den.'"

I agreed so to do, and Ball Hughes, ordering his cab, proposed to drive me to Langham Church, near which the Admiral, who had accepted the sacred trust of looking after the minor affairs, lived. Upon reaching the house, and sending in my card, I was admitted. Upon what the agriculturists call "taking stock" of the gentleman into whose presence I was ushered, I at once pronounced to myself that the gallant sailor possessed what Charles Surface calls a disinheriting countenance.

"What is your pleasure with me?" asked the guardian.

"I come," responded I, "upon the part of my friend, Ball Hughes, to express his deep regret—"

"What—what?" interrupted my companion.

"That he has been led into certain extravagances at college."

"Extravagances!—disgraceful!—his allowance was ample."

"He freely admits that," I responded; "still, having incurred some few debts, his friends have ad-

vised him to apply to you, who take so deep an interest in his affairs, instead of asking a loan from the money-lenders."

"He is right—his friends are right; I do take an interest in Edward. He has chosen a good advocate —no rigmarole—no sailing under false colours—what is the amount?"

"Three hundred and fifty pounds."

"He shall have it—here, I'll write a cheque for four hundred!—I hope he will always look upon me as a friend, and seek my advice in all difficulties! You and he must come and dine here with me some day. I've some Madeira that has twice been to the East Indies. Good morning. Remember me to Edward."

Grasping the Admiral's extended hand, I left the house, joined my friend, and placed the cheque in his hand.

Ball Hughes, albeit the kindest-hearted creature that ever lived, was a spoiled child of fortune; for having become his own master at an early period of life, he ever acted on the inclination of the moment. I remember dining with him upon a sultry summer's evening. The day had been intensely hot, and my companion began to sigh for country air; it was about eight o'clock.

"Shall we," he asked, "run down to Brighton to-

night—I fancy a dip in the sea, and we can return in time for dinner to-morrow?"

I consented. His travelling chariot and four was ordered round, and, having directed his postilions to call at my lodgings for my *sac de nuit*, we proceeded on our journey.

Scarcely had we passed the suburban villas dotted about in the neighbourhood of Brixton, than Ball Hughes exclaimed,

"It's awfully hot!—what say you to putting the postilions inside, and our taking their places? I'll get on one of the leaders, and you shall ride a wheeler; anything is better than this stewy carriage."

My companion hailed the postilions; the trusty valet descended from the rumble behind, we were soon on our saddles, the "boys" got inside, and away we started.

The fashionable costume of the day was tight leather pantaloons and hessian boots, and in this dress my companion happened to be, while I was equipped in a loose pair of nankeen trousers, silk stockings, and shoes. Of course my trousers would not keep in their place, and I soon began to experience the discomfort of my post; my knees were chafed, and every now and then I ran the risk of having my leg broken by the sudden jerking of the pole; then the leaders would not keep a direct course—

occasionally they bolted to the left, then to the right, then their traces became loosened, and then the pole began to stir them up, after the fashion of the man who used to look after the lions at Exeter 'Change.

At length we came in sight of Croydon, and, exerting our best endeavours, brought the carriage well up to the door of the inn.

"First and second turn out," cried the ostler.

"Here she is," exclaimed a voice in the crowd. The bells rang—the landlord, landlady, waiter, barmaid, boots, rushed out—the idlers in the street and in the yard came forward.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the assembled crowd.

In the meantime curious people were peeping into the carriage, the blinds of which had been pulled down by its temporary occupants.

"That's she, and there's her chamberlain. Brayvo, Wood! Don't you see his gold-laced cap?"

While this was going on, no one seemed to pay much attention to the riders of the horses, and as we were rather ashamed of our posts, we quietly dismounted, leaving the ostler to stand by the leaders' heads.

"Will your majesty please to alight," said the landlord, as he opened the carriage door.

What the answer was we know not, but to the great surprise of Boniface, the two postilions, who,

from their gold-laced caps and jackets, had been taken for royalty, jumped out, and nearly knocked over the landlord and his waiters.

"Why, what's up?" asked a fellow in the crowd.

Ball Hughes and myself, walking unnoticed through the crowd, gained the bar, where we explained the cause of our appearing in the characters we did, and were then informed that a rumour had got abroad that Queen Caroline was expected on her way to Brighton, to take possession of the pavilion, and that, seeing a well-appointed carriage and four, drive up, with blinds down, and a glimpse of gold lace inside, had strengthened the report; and many of the loyal inhabitants of Croydon had turned out to get a sight of one whom, if they could not respect, they could, at least, sympathise with, on account of the ill-usage she had received.

Fresh horses were soon produced, and, after a journey, during which no other event occurred, we reached the York Hotel, at Brighton, about half-past three o'clock in the morning. After a few hours in bed, a dip in the sea, a prawn breakfast, a stroll on the Steine, we started back for London, and reached Brook Street in time for dinner and the play.

Upon another occasion, while driving through the park with the Golden Ball in his phaeton, the conversation turned upon Paris. "I've half a mind to start

this evening," said he; "I want to ride post from Calais to Paris—what say you?"

I replied that such a trip would give me great pleasure.

"Then we'll be off this afternoon," responded he "Suppose we go at once to the French ambassador's, and get our passports; I will stop at my house, and tell Guy to take a carriage seat to your lodgings for your clothes; we can have a light dinner at three, and reach Dover in time for supper."

This arrangement was carried out, and as the clock struck midnight we drove up to the "Old Ship" at Dover. Fortunately the packet did not leave for Calais before eleven o'clock on the following morning, so, to adopt a phrase of my companion, "we were not compelled to get up in the middle of the night."

Upon reaching Calais, not the better for our sea passage, we decided upon sleeping at Meurice's hotel; and having engaged a courier for a fortnight, started early the following morning for the gay metropolis of France. The plan suggested was for Monsieur Brideau, the courier, to proceed in advance, so as to have two good riding horses for Ball Hughes and myself ready, as also a pair to take the carriage and his valet.

The sight of two "mi lors" Anglaises starting on

horseback, equipped in English top-boots, leathers, and cut-away riding coats, attracted a large concourse of people to the door of the hotel; we, however, nothing daunted, made a start, and after a tolerably agreeable ride, reached Boulogne. There again we were subject to the scrutiny not alone of the French inhabitants, but of the English. At that period this fashionable watering-place was a city of refuge for our countrymen, who, from debt, had found our island too hot to hold them. Indeed, the prison there was known by the title of L'Hôtel d'Angleterre; and it was strange to recognise, in the main street, the faces of many who were quite familiar to us, many of whom took care that my companion should have a lasting recollection of them, by asking him to advance a hundred or two for a brief period.

Upon reaching Montreuil-sur-Mer, we began to feel a little shaken with our rough ride, so we gave up our equestrian performance, and proceeded to Abbeville in the carriage. There we remained for the night, and on the following day reached Paris, having ridden only two stages.

At this period I became acquainted with the Rev. Edward Cannon, who Theodore Hook immortalized by the name of the Dean of Patcham. Cannon was a remarkably well-educated man, overflowing with classical lore and other knowledge; very severe when

"riled," but full of fun and good humour when pleased. I first met him at Mr. Hawes', the celebrated singer, in the Adelphi Terrace. The party was small, but well selected, including the Rev. Richard Barham (Ingoldsby), Tom Welch the composer, and other choice spirits. The dinner was excellent, wine unexceptionable, and the "Dean" did all in his power to make himself agreeable, more especially as I was new to him, and he exerted himself tenfold when he acted before a fresh audience.

He told us anecdotes of "George and so *forth*," as he called the King—of how he had offended him when Prince Regent, by replying to the question, "Did I not sing that well, Cannon, eh?" "A little out of tune, your royal highness." For this the Dean was never again invited to the Pavilion. To show, however, that George IV. was not vindictive, some years afterwards, when Cannon, reduced in circumstances, resided at Ryde, passing his days on the pier—hence the sobriquet, "The pier gun"—the King was on his way to Scotland, and Cannon got up an address, which he headed.

On the following day he addressed a letter to his old royal patron, pointing out the change in his fortunes, and adding, that a hundred pounds at the present moment would be greater than thousands when he first was honoured by the Prince's countenance at

Brighton. By return of post a letter came from Sir Herbert Taylor, inclosing a cheque for £100 on the part of his Majesty, with a regret that his health and circumstances were so much altered.

Cannon, as the hours got late, observing Hawes rather anxious for the party to break up, told us how a friend of his similarly circumstanced had got out of the difficulty. The gentleman in question had left the room, and on his return one of the guests remarked, "We had the pleasure of drinking your health in your absence."

"I thank you, gentlemen," replied the host, "perhaps you'll allow me to return the compliment, and drink yours in *your* absence."

At a little after midnight, Cannon moved, in humorous parliamentary language, imitating a then very popular reformer of the House of Commons, the late Joseph Hume, an adjournment of the House to a celebrated oyster shop in Regent Street. The motion was carried *nem. con.*, and proceeding to the shell-fish emporium, we had a lobster *cœna* worthy of those so graphically described by Christopher North. Before separating, Cannon had completely ingratiated himself in my good opinion; and as he expressed a wish to have a marrow bone some day at the Piazza, I named the following, inviting Barham to meet him.

It would fill volumes to record the Dean's good

sayings, and as many were made on the topics of temporary interest, they would not now bear reprinting. I recollect once his calling upon me to ask for a small loan, which I willingly granted. Time passed on, and no notice was taken of it, when one day he came to the Horse Guards, where I was on duty, and said he had some good news to convey to me. "I am asked," he continued, "to dine at St. James's today, but I do not like facing it—dinner French cooking, hot military port, Captain Fusee of Our's, drill, and pipe clay."

I assured him that the officers of the Guards never indulged in that regimental talk called "pipe clay," and that the dinner and wines were excellent.

"I hate your French dishes, your *cotelettes à la*, and your pigeon *à la;* why can't we have a mutton chop dressed and called properly?—no, I've refused—but if you like (for I hear you officers of the Blues prefer a quiet dinner here, in dressing-gowns and trowsers, instead of stiff collars, buckram'd coats, jack-boots and spurs), to give me a plain steak, preceded by a mackerel, with a pint of Meux's entire, and a glass of ginnums and water, I shall be as happy as a king."

"Delighted," I responded; and despatching a note to the senior officer at St. James's, requesting him to

fill up our three vacancies, my two subalterns and myself ordered dinner for our visitor.

"Please, my lord, what would you like to have?" asked Higgins, the most polite of waiters, at that time promoted from mess-waiter of the Blues to the same post at the Horse Guards canteen.

"Why, look you," responded the Dean, "you'll excuse me," addressing me, "if I take the trouble off your hands. Four nice mackerel, well boiled, with parsley and butter—Paddington sauce, Hookems calls it, from its resemblance to that green ditch that crosses the fields, there."

I need not say that this was before the Tyburnian district was in prospective existence.

"Grove's the man for the finny luxury—'Oh! the Groves—not of blarney,'" he continued, singing a parody on that song. "A few green gooseberries stewed in a sauce boat, a cucumber from Covent Garden, to be followed by a tender, juicy, rump steak—the sirloin steak—Giblet's the best butcher—that's vulgar, I mean, purveyor of meat! A chalot or two—fried onions, if such a dish will not offend the 'noses of nice nobility;' potatoes, cooked in their jackets. Mind the steaks are brought up hot and hot. A few plovers' eggs, from Baily's—with a slice or two of brown bread and butter—and a crab well dressed, will furnish a repast worthy of Heliogabolus—

"I'll sing you a song, and the burthen shan't be fabulous,
About that gourmandizing king, the Great Heliogabolus."

Suiting the action to the word, he improvised some half-dozen lines, full of point, but upon subjects now forgotten.

"What time do you like to dine?" I asked.

"At half-past six, if agreeable. In the meantime, I'll take a stroll in the Park, and feed the ducks—but first let me have a few words with you."

"Come into my room," said I.

"We are going to take a stroll in the Park," said my well-bred subalterns; "so don't move."

Upon their departure, Cannon commenced—

"You'll be glad to hear I've come into a good fortune, by the death of an old maiden lady—3,000*l.* a year."

I congratulated the Dean, when he proceeded:

"I shall pay you the trifle I owe you next week, and then must make arrangements with regard to a will. Moore—old Hatums," (this was an allusion to a most worthy man, Moore, the army accoutrement-maker, and hatter of Old Bond Street), "tells me *Surmon* will do the right thing, but I'm not very fond of *Sermons*. He says, too, I ought not to forget my nieces at Plaistow."

"Nor ought you," I responded. "Don't you remember how well they treated us last summer."

"I remember—cold lamb under the old tree, mint sauce, salad, cucumber, and splendid ginnums punch. You are right—they must have a few hundreds."

"Hundreds!" I echoed, thinking that not much out of £3,000 a year.

Cannon seemed to fathom my thoughts, for he continued—"I owe a few debts, which, with a provision for the girls, won't leave much out of £3,000."

"£3,000!" I exclaimed, "I understand you said £3,000 per annum."

"And so it is," he replied; "that is, in my state of health I cannot expect to live a year, therefore the legacy will just be a twelvemonth's income. By way of a remembrance of your kindness, in assisting me in distress, you must accept this watch—it's rather curious."

He took from his pocket a watch, on the dial-plate of which appeared the letters of his name—Edward Cannon—instead of the usual figures of one to twelve.

No sooner had Cannon left me, than it occurred to me that Hook would, if disengaged, like to be of the party; so I despatched a note to him, and was delighted to receive the following reply:

"Most Noble Captain,—I should be sorry ever to see you 'off your guard;' as you are on it, I shall be happy to 'visit your *rounds*'—I was about to say of beef—but you play for a smaller '*stake (steak)*.' Touching the

mackerel, I shall be glad to of*fish*iate; there is no *Fish-Hook* likes so well. Plover's eggs—*egs*tatic thought! *Crabbe* is worthy our homage.

"Yours ever, and truly,

"T. E. Hook."

With two such wits, need I say that our dinner went off splendidly; nor, to those who were acquainted with the above *convives*, need I add, that it was past two o'clock before the party broke up.

The late Charles Mathews, Theodore Hook, Price (then lessee of Drury-Lane Theatre), Cannon, and myself, formed a party for Epsom and Ascot races, and engaged a cottage near Epsom and at Windsor, for the two meetings. Would that I could record half the sayings and doings of our jovial crew. Hook was, according to my notions, more amusing in a small than at a large assemblage. His was a continued running fire of puns. Nothing ever escaped him.

"That man's raven mad," said he, as we passed the sign of the 'Three Ravens,' at Brentford.

"What this anodyne for the teeth, as your friend" (addressing himself to the Dean) "Kittums would say, or rather sing—'And we are all an-noddin, at our house at home.'"

"Quite theatrical," he remarked, when he heard of the burning of the Exeter Theatre; "enter a fire; *exit a theatre*." Upon another occasion he again

said—"I don't judge of the dinner by the *Test-u-do*," referring to a turtle-feast.

Cannon often brought in Latin, Greek, and classical quotations, and some of his epigrams upon the Lord Bishop of London, though witty, were too severe, nay, often unjust. The fact is, the Bishop had occasionally heard of Cannon's enjoyment—we give a mild word over the dinner-table—of his devotion to the drama, of his orgies with a popular tragedian of the day, and constantly read the Dean of Patcham a lecture. "I can't kneel down during the service, and the Farmer's Boy (alluding to Blomfield) knows it. He forgets I was upset by the great Edmund Kean in his one-horse trap. Then he objects to my silk pocket-handkerchief instead of a white one. But it's all very well for those that don't take snuff."

Then Cannon would launch forth some very bitter quotation against the right reverend prelate. There was something peculiarly comic in the manner the Dean uttered his jokes, or quoted doggerel rhymes—so much so, that they would not look well on paper. When Lord Erskine accepted the green ribbon of the order of St. Andrew, Cannon remarked—we forget the whole lines:

"Old Adam fell
By a green a*ppel*
And Tom by apple green."

Charles Mathews was a delightful companion, and his mantle has descended upon his son. No one told a story better—especially among friends, who did not invite him, like *Punch*, for the purpose of making himself funny. His "patter" songs, as they are called, were inimitable, and, when "at home," he furnished a private entertainment of his own as amusing as his public one.

I recollect once meeting Charles Mathews the elder at a dinner given by the late Earl Fitzhardinge, at Greenwich. Frederick Yates, father of the present entertaining lecturer, was of the party, and lots of fun was anticipated. Unfortunately, we found the truth of the old saying, "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip;" for when Mathews commenced a story, an injudicious guest exclaimed, "Oh, I heard that excellently told last year by a real Yorkshireman, who had the genuine dialect—yours is very good, but not quite equal to his."

After this extreme frigid blanket had been thrown over the artistic representative of Monsieur Malet, he shut up, and shortly afterwards turned round to Yates, and said, "Our carriage is waiting."

"Do, pray, sing that song, 'With spirits gay,' Mr. Mathews?" continued the Marplot; "that is worth hearing."

"Good night, my lord," said Mathews. "Good

night, gentlemen;" then casting a withering look at his tormentor, he repeated *sotto voce,* but loud enough to be heard by all who had acute ears, the line of a popular song, "Here York is wanted, I am out."

While upon the subject of theatrical artists, I cannot refrain from alluding to the late Edmund Kean. The first time I ever saw him off the stage was in his dressing-room at Drury Lane Theatre; he had been acting Richard III. I had dined with George Lamb, and we had witnessed the performance, when at the conclusion of the play my host of the evening proposed a visit to the tragedian. Upon entering his room we found the "crook-backed tyrant" prostrate on his sofa. He had been travelling the whole of the previous night, and a great portion of the day, and had dropped into a neighbouring tavern, "The Wrekin," with his friend Oxberry, to take an early dinner. He was surrounded by a host of persons, including the stage manager, treasurer, Douglas Kinnaird, Alderman Albion Cox, whose wife shortly afterwards attained an unenviable notoriety, and was the subject of a ballad of the Catnach school, which described her amour with the great Edmund, in which the lady was described—

> "A specimen of *Albion's* wife,
> Though not of *Albion's* daughters."

Brougham and Scarlett were retained for the defence,

when, after a most disgraceful investigation, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, £2,000.

It was a curious sight to witness the dressing-room of the really eminent tragedian. The apartment, a moderate sized one, was strewed about with the different articles of dress worn by *Richard*. Here was his velvet cloak, there his jewelled head-dress, his baton, sword, boots, black curly-wig, burnt cork, rouge, and sword. Upon a small table appeared bottles and glasses, letters, play-bills, and posters.

I once met Edmund Kean at the late Lord Hertford's, at dinner, in Seymour Place,—it was at the very zenith of the great tragedian's theatrical glory, only a few months after he had electrified the play-going world by his transcendent genius,—the late Duke of Beaufort, Lord Glengall, Kangaroo Cook, Sir George Warrrender, Douglas Kinnaird, George Lamb, Calcraft, Craven Berkeley, Francis Russell, Crawford (usually known as Teapot Crawford), and others whose names I forget, were present. And to make it agreeable to the hero of the night, Oxberry was invited to accompany Kean.

During dinner every attention was paid to the idol of the day; numerous glasses of wine were drank with him, compliments flowed fast, and the party anticipated a glorious evening after the cloth had been removed; but they were doomed to disappointment.

While the attendants were occupied with their duties, and amidst a crowd of servants and the necessary bustle of such a movement, the great Edmund turned quietly round to Oxberry, pointed to the door, gave him a look which his brother actor understood, and, in a second, both had vanished. The whole affair took less time to carry out, than I have occupied in describing it. Indeed, so sudden was it, that it was scarcely observable by the noble host—no one, except the butler, caught the guest's last words, as he quitted the festive scene.

"Six months ago, not one of these great Lords would have noticed the poor stroller—now their adulation is unbounded. Pshaw!—I prefer a quiet glass with a friend like you, to all their champagne, effervescent, frothy as themselves."

What a contrast to this, was a dinner given in June, 1837, at the "Old Ship," Greenwich, by the late Earl Fitzhardinge, to Edmund Kean. A small party devoted to theatricals, and warm admirers of the tragedian, were to assemble at Berkeley House, Spring Gardens, to proceed in his lordship's drag, barouche, and phaeton, to the town celebrated for its park, hospital, pensioners, white bait, and shrimps. Four o'clock arrived—for we were to devote an hour before dinner to a stroll in the park, a row on the water, or a visit to the *Imogine* yacht—when a note

arrived from Mr. Lee, Kean's secretary, saying that sudden indisposition would prevent his attending.

As the dinner had been got up expressly for him, I lost no time in getting into Lord Fitzhardinge's phaeton, and driving off to the popular actor's residence; where I found him and his worthy amanuensis. With all the eloquence I could command, I pointed out the great disappointment that would ensue, if the honoured guest was absent; told him that the party was small, and composed of boon companions, and that he could retire at any moment. With some difficulty I succeeded in getting the representative of Shakspeare's best characters into the phaeton, and, with Mr. Lee on the back seat, returned to Berkeley House. Upon entering it, "I think," said I, "a glass of brandy and soda-water would be refreshing—what say you?"

"Not for the world," responded the tragedian.

A tray was brought, and Kean was persuaded to imbibe a portion—we will not stop to inquire how much. The potation, however, seemed to invigorate him; and the guests having assembled, we made a start. Remembering what had occurred at Lord Hertford's, I thought it best not to lose sight of my friend; so he, his secretary, and myself, proceeded to take our seats in the open *barouche*, and, with a pair of posters, were

soon bowling away, at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

In consequence of the delay, we only reached Greenwich in time to walk through the splendid picture gallery, and at six o'clock sat down to dinner.

No sooner was the cloth removed than Kean, who had enjoyed his dinner and wine thoroughly, the guests having been warned to leave him alone, and not in any way try to lead him on to tell anecdotes—began to shine forth on his own account. He described, in the most vivid terms, his early career; told us how, in many a country theatre, where his acting had not been inferior to that on the boards of Old Drury, he had been looked upon as a mere ranter. He then showed us how he had acted *Shylock*, and *Harlequin; Macbeth* and *Tom Tug*; *Othello* and *Sylvester Daggerwood; Sir Giles Overreach* and *Paul* in "Paul and Virginia;" giving us now part of the trial scene in the "Merchant of Venice," then going through the evolutions of Harlequin, then the soliloquy from "Macbeth," then the celebrated ballad of "The Storm," which he had introduced in the "Waterman;" then an outburst from the "Moor of Venice;" then, as *Sylvester Daggerwood*, an imitation of London actors and singers; then the anathema when *Sir Giles* denounces his daughter; then a simple melody from "Paul and Virginia," interspersed

with anecdotes of the Green Room, anecdotes of managers and actors, all told with a brilliancy and feeling that interested every one present.

The carriages had been ordered at ten o'clock, but it was past eleven before we broke up.

"I'll not act to-morrow," said the hero of the evening to his secretary; "send to say I am ill." This was uttered as we crossed Waterloo Bridge; at that moment the bell of St. Paul's tolled.

"The King is dead!" said one.

True it was; William IV. had been summoned to the tomb of his ancestors; and, as far as Kean was concerned, our consciences were at rest—for had he not appeared on the day after the dinner, we should have felt ourselves the guilty parties. Owing to the demise of the Sovereign, the theatres were closed for some days, by which time the Greenwich dinner was forgotten, and "Richard was himself again!"

Among the celebrities of the day was Lord Allen, commonly called King Allen; and it is scarcely necessary to remind our readers, that he gave rise to the witty saying of Count D'Orsay, who, seeing his Lordship and a most popular Emeralder, John Bushe, arm-in-arm together, exclaimed: "Voila mauvais *Allain*, et bon *Bouche*."

Upon one occasion the noble Viscount, who had once served in the Guards, was present at a gambling-

house, called the Cottage, in Jermyn Street, when the police forces made an entry. Of course everyone found at the gaming-table was taken into custody; and as the captors and captured were on their way to the station-house, a most gallant and fine fellow, who, previous to his appointment to the civil force, had been a sergeant-major in the Guards—recognised an old Guardsman. With an *esprit de corps*, highly commendable, though perhaps not quite strictly correct, he whispered to Lord Allen—"My Lord, there's a way of escape—run away; it's the first time you or any of your brother-officers did that."

The hint was taken, and his Lordship got off.

The "King," when pleased, was an agreeable man; but occasionally he was overbearing. He was a great diner out, and, when engaged to dinner, strutted up St. James's Street, or crossed from White's to Crockford's, umbrella sloped over his shoulder, with a firm tread and proud look. Not so when "cruising for a cutlet," as the late Lord Anglesey was wont to call the action of fellows who were seen looking out for an invitation.

A brother-officer of mine, the late Lord Elphinstone, who died shortly after his return from India, was an excellent fellow, and very popular in the regiment. He had, however, one failing, and that was a want of punctuality. Seldom was he ever in time for parade; and generally made his appearance, buckling

on his sword, after the men had been inspected by another officer.

Upon one occasion he was in orders to escort His Majesty William IV., from Longford to Windsor Castle. The trumpet had sounded; the officer commanding the party had repeatedly sent for the cornet, who was still in his room; the adjutant was getting fidgety; not a moment was to be lost.

"Be kind enough," said the latter, to the orderly corporal, "to tell Lord Elphinstone that he will be late."

The man obeyed the injunction, tapped at the door, and gave the message.

The poor lieutenant looked quite amazed; to get on his leather pantaloons at a moment's notice was impossible. What was then to be done? A thought struck him; it happened to rain, and the men were ordered to cloak, so, pulling on a pair of Scotch tweed dressing-trowsers, he drew his jack-boots over them, threw on his military cloak, and ran down stairs. His charger was in waiting—to mount was the work of a minute; he fell in; the word was given, and the escort moved off.

Nothing occurred; it reached Longford in time, and all went well—William and Adelaide had not arrived.

During the march from Windsor, a drizzling rain

had continued. All of a sudden the sun burst forth brilliantly, and Elphinstone's comrade said, "We had better uncloak."

The consternation with which the lieutenant was seized was apparent in his countenance. Upon being asked the cause, he frankly owned that his costume was not one that "be could set before a King."

Upon another occasion, Elphinstone, who held a situation at Court, when in waiting, kept his Majesty twenty minutes, and received a severe rebuff from the sailor King. Despite of this, "Elphy," as he was familiarly called, was a thorough noble-minded gentleman, and, during his government in India, received the acknowledgments of all who could appreciate his sensible rule and sterling good qualities.

CHAPTER XI.

AUTHOR OF "INGOLDSBY"—THEODORE HOOK AND THOMAS HOOD—MY PRIZE CONUNDRUM—HIPPODROME COURSE—PATRONAGE OF THE RING—ALBERT SMITH AND MOSSOO—DINNER TO DR. HASSALL—REV. DR. SPURGIN AND MY APPEARANCE AS A PUBLIC LECTURER—MR. BEAZLEY AND JAMES SMITH—CROCKFORD'S JOKE ON SIR GEORGE WOMBWELL—MR. DISRAELI AND LORD GEORGE BENTINCK—EXPENSES AT CROCKFORD'S—YACHTING—DISTINGUISHED YACHT OWNERS—THE YACHT SQUADRON—MATCHES—RAILROAD TRAVELLING—HER MAJESTY AT BARNET—A STRANGE PROCLAMATION—VISIT TO JERSEY—PISTOL SHOOTING—GEORGE RUSSELL.

volume novelties fast enough, so great was the demand. I joined the race for popular favour, and, though I must acknowledge that I possessed but limited pretensions as a winner, my backers continued their support.

I look back to this period with unalloyed satisfaction, for the cordial intercourse it procured me, with the choicest spirits of their age. Prominent among them was the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," mentioned in a preceding chapter, in whose genial society I passed many a pleasant hour, generally associated with our mutual friend, Theodore Hook. I possess communications from both, but of too private a nature for publication. The facetious author of "Sayings and Doings," by way of monogram, appended to his epistle the initial "T," followed by a representation of a hook. The equally amusing "Ingoldsby" either signed "R. H. Barham," or the name of one of his legendary heroes. We enjoyed many a joke together, and not a few droll adventures.

Theodore Hook was the only Englishman I ever met with, who could extemporise verses on any given subject to his own pianoforte accompaniment. I have heard him sing a quizzical ballad, in which he contrived to introduce something characteristic of almost every one in a large company. Of course with

tremendous effect, for no one was hit too heavily to prevent his joining heartily in the laugh it raised at his own expense.

I remember Thomas Moore's vocal exhibitions, but they were totally different. He was content with the sentimental line, and, with a fair crowd hanging about him, warbled the amorous ditties of his youth: —"Fly from the world, O Bessy! to me," "Good night! good night! and is it so?" and "Mary, I believed thee true." How truly was it said of Moore that—"He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathise even in his excesses." In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of sentiment not to be found in any other modern poet.

Hook's talent placed him between the Welch Penillion singer and the Italian Improvvisatore, but he avoided poetical pretensions. All he aimed at was to amuse, and he invariably hit the mark. Sometimes he found himself appreciated in a manner he did not approve of. On one occasion, I have heard him say, he was enjoying himself after dinner in animated discussion with his neighbours, when a young lady, who had come in with the dessert, rushed up to his chair, and unceremoniously accosted him.

"Mister Hook, mamma wishes to know when you are going to be funny?"

About this period I was a constant visitor at Cambridge House, Twickenham, then the property of the late Henry Bevan, Esq., and now belonging to his daughter, Lady John Chichester. While strolling through Richmond one day, my attention was attracted to a play-bill, headed,

"CONUNDRUMS FOR THE MILLION!"

Upon perusing it, I found that the manager of the theatre, Mr. Macartney, finding that all the customary attractions had failed to draw good houses, proposed to give a handsome gold pencil-case to the inventor of the best original local conundrum; the sealed papers with a corresponding initial were to be sent to the stage-door before a certain day, and on the following evening a jury from the pit were to be empanelled, to read the several effusions, and decide upon the best.

During my walk by the river, I concocted two conundrums, and lost no time in forwarding them to the theatre, with the signature "Œdipus."

The appointed night arrived, and early in the evening I took my station in the stage box; the house, especially the gallery and pit, were well filled, and there was a good sprinkling of company in the boxes.

At the conclusion of the first piece, Mr. Macartney

made his appearance, and with his hands full of letters, requested that three gentlemen would act as judges. The appeal was quickly responded to, and during the process of two comic songs, a hornpipe, and a Highland fling, the council sat in consultation.

Shortly after half-price had been admitted, the curtain drew up, and discovered the manager in a chair of state, with the jury by his side.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, with a strong Irish brogue, "many of the conundrums that have been sent in are so vulgar in conception, and so pointless in wit, that I have given them what they lacked—fire."

"Brayvo, Macartney! you're one of the right sort!" shouted some lads "under orders" in the gallery.

"The gentlemen who have assisted me in the selection—and I thank them for their courtesy and intelligence—have retained only three, which we shall have the pleasure of reading to you. Two are signed"—a breathless silence—"'O. E. Dipus,' and the other 'Sheen.' It has been decided, after mature deliberation, that one of the former, whether a lady's or a gentleman's production, has fairly won the prize—this beautiful and elegant pencil-case, from the emporium of Mr. Cockburn of this town."

Here the prize was produced on a silver waiter, and handed round the boxes and pit.

"If Mr., Mrs., or Miss O. E. Dipus, as the case may be," he added, "will kindly attend here next Thursday, the presentation will take place. In the meantime, we are so pleased with the 'Sheen' conundrum, which, had it been local, would have taken a second place, that the name of its author or authoress will be put down on the free list for next Thursday evening."

"The prize conundrum runs as follow :—

"'Where would a soldier like best to be quartered at Richmond?

"'Answer—At a celebrated pastry-cook's shop, where he would meet with an excellent *Billet* among the *Maids of Honour*.' *

"Will the lady or gentleman, if present, come forward," the manager asked, as soon as he could obtain a hearing.

There was no answer—for the author was too modest to show himself.

Mr. Macartney then proceeded to read my second contribution, which turned upon the town being *over-*

* As is well-known to all frequenters of this suburban arcadia, the name of the principal pastry-cook is *Billet*, and his far-famed cheesecakes were named in compliment to certain young ladies attached to the court, when George II. and Queen Caroline resided there.

rated, and also the "Sheen" one, which has since become very common.

"Why is an umbrella like a pancake?"

"Because it is seldom seen after lent."

On the presentation night, surrounded by some valued friends, who occupied the private stage box, I received the distinction that had been awarded me, with as much gravity as I could assume.

In May, 1841, the first racing meeting took place on the Hippodrome course, which had recently been formed on a spot of ground to the north of Notting Hill Gate, Bayswater, now completely covered with churches, houses, squares, crescents, and streets. The managers were determined to attract attention by the large sums of money given to be run for, and their exertions were rewarded by a good field of horses, and a plentiful sprinkling of the aristocratic and sporting circles.

On the third of June, the second meeting came off, and as the spirited proprietor guaranteed stakes of one thousand pounds value, the place was again crowded with sporting characters.

The races were got up, under the patronage of the late Duke of Beaufort, Lords Chesterfield, Wilton, Milton, and the late Lords Jersey and George Bentinck, and last, not least, Admiral, then Captain,

Rous, my brother the late Duke of Richmond, and the late Lord Worsley. Colonel, now General Peel, the late Colonel Anson, Messrs. Greville, Rush, Ongley, Houldsworth, Fulwar Craven, and a host of minor race-horse owners, contended for the prizes.

The Ring had still a fair share of support, and a contest between men of known courage and skill was sure to attract the attention of its patrons. Lord Byron's preceptor in the manly science was the usual means of communication, and the following note from him will serve to show the epistolary form employed:

John Jackson to Lord William Lennox.

"Dec. 3rd, 1842.

"My dear Lord,—According to promise, I have the honour to inform you Freman, the American, and Perry, the Tipton Slasher, are to fight, on Monday next, at *Sawbridgeworth*, on the border of Essex; the men are to be in the ring early. The Eastern Counties Railway, I am told, is the best way to go there.

"I am, my dear Lord, with every sentiment of esteem,

"Yours always most faithfully,

"John Jackson.

"4, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Place."

Having been a member of the Garrick Club from its commencement, I was a constant visitor there, and, among other celebrities, I became acquainted with Albert Smith. Many a time have I joined his party at dinner, and accompanied him to his entertainment.

The late "mighty monarch of Mont Blanc" is too well known to require any detailed notice at my hands—still it may not be out of place to mention that, previous to the opening of his "lecture," if such a formidable word can be applied to his "At Home," he annually gave an evening party at the Egyptian Hall. Sometimes the invitations were issued in the form of "writs," and occasionally a pasport was sent to allow the bearer to roam freely through his Chinese, Swiss, or Egyptian territory.

One of his most amusing "skits" lies before me; and as it is only known to the members of the Garrick, I present it to my readers. I do not endorse the severe hits against Mossoo, but the fun may prove some little palliation:—

"*Le Nouveau Piff-Paff de Mossoo.*

"From the amended version of *Les Huguenots*, as ordered by the *Moniteur* to be sung in future at all representations of that opera. The Emperor knows nothing about it, and will be so sorry, you can't think, when he finds it has got into the government organ. Dedicated to those glorious French regiments who alone won the battles of Alma, Inkermann, and everything else in the Crimea, and are now coming over to take England.

"*Preface to the 500th Edition.*

"When this great work was first given to the world, the author (supposed to be M. de W——) had little idea of the effect it would create. Sung in every corner of Mossoodom, it caused the army to push the cries of enthusiasm the most lively: and taken up in an ironical chorus of men voices, by Mr Milner Gibson's Derbydizzygesangverein, it actually sang Lord Palmerston's administration out of the house.

"*Preface to the 1000th Edition.*

"Again it is the author's pride and duty to issue another edition of the immortal *Piff-Paff*, in compliment to the Conquerors of Canton (vide *Journal des Debats*, March 3), and inscribed to them with every assurance of consideration the highest, and he humbly hopes that the Army and Navy Club will not offer Fifty Pounds for his apprehension, but recollect the words of rather a great man in one of their lines :—

"Il faut laver son linge sale en famille."

AIR.—"Marcel."

A bas les sacrés Rosbifs!
Jean Bull à terre!
A bas leur femmes à vendre!
Au feu Ley-ces-tere-squerre!
Au feu de Londres les murs!
Repaires impurs!
Les Anglais! Terrassons les!
Frappon les!

Piff! Paff! Pouf! Boxons les!
Qu'ils pleurent,
Qu'ils meurent,
Mais grâce —— Godam!

Jamais la France ne trembla
Aux plumes de *Times*?
Malheur au *Punch* perfide,
Qui vante les crimes.
Brisons Roebuck qui triche—
Qui spik Angleesh!
Docks, Lord Mayor—cassez les!
Chassez les!
Piff! Paff! Pouf! Frappez les!
Aff-an-aff!
Portere-paff!
Mais grâce —— Godam!"

Having been called upon, at a very short notice, by my valued and esteemed friend, George Tuxford, Esq., to preside at a dinner at Freemasons' Hall, on the occasion of the presenting a testimonial to Dr. Arthur Hassall, in acknowledgment of the services he had rendered in exposing a systematic and general adulteration of food and drugs, and having acquitted myself to the satisfaction of the committee and company, I was shortly afterwards asked to make my first appearance at the Polytechnic Institution. The terms in which the request was made are of so flattering a nature, that I hope I may be excused in laying the letter before my readers:—

Doctor Spurgin to Lord William Lennox.

"11, Great Cumberland St., 22nd May, 1856.

"My Lord,—I happened to be at Gravesend at the very time your lordship was courteously replying to my request, so that I found your letter awaiting my return late last night.

"I have not, as yet, seen Mr. Pepper, but from the conversation I had with him, I can undertake to say that your lordship's name would not be advertised, nor would a lecture be expected in the form of an address.

"I wished for a chairman who would address himself to a certain class of hearers in an easy and familiar manner; and thus, in general terms, conveying impressions of the utility of science, when it is made to take a practical bearing and application.

"I thought your lordship so ready with ideas and expressive language, that you could make your way to the minds of the working-classes so effectually, that, whilst contributing to their elevation of intellectual views, the estimation of the higher classes by them would be enhanced likewise. This is the only legitimate progress—it is the safest, and the wisest; nor was I mistaken in my own estimate of your lordship's object in having 'utility' for their great characteristic. With such a basis and starting point, my lord, you need not be apprehensive lest your qualifications should not be meet for the interests of science. It is only when science assumes a practically useful form, that it is truly valuable to society.

"We have only to consider the emanation from science during the last half century, to be convinced that greater results are in preparation for the welfare of the human race throughout the world. These results assuredly will be remarkable in the happier conditions of society, rather than in rounds of excitement and restless agitation. The

people will require of their rulers good example instead of aggrandisement. General intelligence will arise out of the general advantages which science is procuring for the masses, and human institutions must have respect to the ordinances of impartial truth, more than to those of precedent and blind custom. The latter have had their uses as the leading-strings of childhood, but a new era is appearing, and it is for the nobles of this great empire to lead nobly in the path which order establishes and truth lights up.

"If your lordship will honour me with your final determination in regard to Monday evening, I shall be still further obliged.

"The public are admitted for sixpence, as usual; it will be an interesting assemblage, nevertheless.

"And praying your forgiveness for thus opening my mind, I beg to remain,

"Your lordship's most faithful servant,

"JOHN SPURGIN."

Unfortunately I had a party on board my yacht, *The Loadstar*, which prevented my acceding to Dr. Spurgin's request.

This was followed by another letter, accompanied by a book, entitled "The Physician for All," the perusal of which solaced many a lonely hour.

Doctor Spurgin to Lord William Lennox.

"MY LORD,—Will you do me the honour to accept the accompanying volume as the commencement of a short series to complete the life of 'utility' which I have endeavoured to live, in the more concealed walk of social action and thought. Some of the paragraphs, may inte-

rest your lordship in some of the hours, when the *Loadstar* is under her proud swell of canvas, or reposing upon the water's calm—minutes, I ought rather to say, when I ask such a favour of your lordship. But when I ask for an endless period to your prosperity and happiness, as the reward of your desire to be useful, it is not too much to gratify, my lord,

"Your lordship's very obedient servant,

"JOHN SPURGIN."

Among my gallery of literary portraits, I ought not to omit that of the late Samuel Beazley, Esq., than whom a kinder-hearted man never lived. Connected, as he was in some degree, with the Newspaper Press, I always made it a point to forward him any work of mine; and to show how anxious he ever was to give a friend a good turn, I transcribe one of the many letters I have of his upon the same subject:

"So. Sq., Jan. 3rd, 1851.

"MY DEAR LORD WILLIAM,—On coming to town I have just received your book, 'Percy Hamilton' (the Westminster Boy), for which I thank you. My connection with the Press has *thawed*, and resolved itself into *adieu*, but I will hunt up my old friends in that way. When you formerly published, I was the unfortunate and deluded proprietor of a newspaper, but that 'Era' has passed. You are as welcome as the Flowers in May to all the jokes I ever perpetrated, and I hereby confer on your lordship the perpetual Copyright of them. But pray never print my name, for somehow or other I have a most inveterate aversion to seeing my name in print, and my

greatest wish living is, that I may be forgotten the instant I am dead.

"How 'Auld lang syne' comes over me.

"Again subscribing myself faithfully yours,

"S. BEAZLEY."

The joke had reference to a new staircase my correspondent had erected at Theobalds, the seat of his great friend, Sir Henry Meux.

"That," said Beazley, pointing to the stairs, "I call the *Gradus ad Parnassum.*"

In writing to thank the clever architect and the talented dramatist, I enclosed the following lines on the fashionable pronunciation of Old English names:

"There's *Meux* entire—called *Mews* the swells among,
Though *Mieux* is *better* in a foreign tongue,
Tant Mieux, why change the sounds—nay, 'tis no myth,
Tayleur was Taylor once, and Smythe was Smith."

Few men were more clever than Beazley at repartee, and unpremeditated jokes. I once dined with him and James Smith, before going to see a new piece at the Adelphi.

"Are you going to the Polish ball?" I asked the author of the "Rejected Addresses."

"Waiter," he replied, "bring me a sheet of paper."

In less time than I can narrate the fact, he wrote the following lines, which I still possess in his own handwriting:

"Aloft in rotatory motion hurl'd,
Through endless space the Poles support the world;
But these our days a different law controls,
The world is called on to support the Poles."

A few months later in the same year, Beazley again wrote to me, respecting some characteristic traits I had published in a work of fiction respecting our mutual friend, Theodore Hook:—"Your graphic delineations of '*Hook*ems' and 'Ginnums,' brought lots of reminiscences to my mind. The former was one of my earliest and most intimate companions, and I smuggled him out to Mauritius, in spite of 'debtor and dun.' What buoyant spirits were his in those days!"

For many years I was a member of the committee of Crockford's club, and was very often canvassed upon the subject of elections. It was wonderful to see the different plans that were adopted to get in some candidate who was not over-popular with the majority of the committee. Dinners were given to disarm prejudice, at which the aspirant was present. I remember upon one occasion an artful *ruse* being perpetrated in order to get rid of a brother committee man, the late Sir George Wombwell, who had vowed vengeance against some unfortunate candidate. The ballot generally took place about four o'clock in the afternoon; and to carry out the plot a letter was written to the member in question, asking him to call

upon a lady at Brixton, who had a communication of some moment to make to him. The bait succeeded. Just as the ballot-box had been opened, the popular baronet, splashed from head to foot, made his appearance.

"A sharpish ride I have had," said he; "when does the ballot come on?—who are the candidates?"

"The ballot has taken place, Sir George," responded the secretary; "and the following have been elected."

The list was read, and the "denounced one" formed one of it. George shook his head; he looked annoyed—then his eye twinkled, when his better nature got the better of him.

"I believe he's not half a bad fellow," said he; "but that's a shameful hoax that's been practised upon a lady at Brixton. Serve me right for being such a flat."

I add the following note:—

Right Hon. B. Disraeli to Lord Wm. Lennox.

"Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane,
March 6th.

"MY DEAR LORD,—My friend, the Turkish ambassador, wishes to belong to Crockford's; and as I am sure the notification of his election will surprise them a little at Constantinople, particularly if it should arrive in the time of the Ramadan, I hope, with your assistance, he may succeed in his wish. His style and title are—

"His Excellency Effendi,

"Ambassador of the S. Porte.

"They say we have Greeks enough in our *salons dorés;* 'tis time that a Turk did appear, for variety's sake.

"Ever yours faithfully,

"B. DISRAELI."

In consequence of some misunderstanding between the members and the committee, the club was dissolved, and a new one formed. As for one year I had had the entire management left to me, and was fully aware of every item of expense, I was asked to act upon the committee of the new society, which, however, I declined. My old colleague at King's Lynn, Lord G. Bentinck, took a deep interest in the new club, and addressed several letters to me upon the subject. From a packet of papers, I select the following, which will prove how systematic the noble lord was in all his transactions. I ought to remark, that the old members of Crockford's had the option of continuing members, without paying any entrance money.

Lord George Bentinck to Lord William Lennox.

"Harcourt House, March 10th, 1845.

"DEAR WILLIAM LENNOX,—I am much obliged to you for your very valuable information; but on discussing the matter with Tom Duncombe, I learn from him that Francatelli's contract did not include the lighting, firing, attendance, &c., of the rooms up-stairs: the lighting and firing of which, I apprehend, would very much exceed, or at any rate equal, that of the rooms below. Tom Duncombe says all these expenses were defrayed out of the

profits of the Hazard table; if he is right, this would add at least £1,000, if not £1,500, to the annual expenditure. Can you clear this very important matter up, and let me know, by a letter to White's, to-morrow afternoon? I am also told that there are not three hundred members in the present club, and that none but the new members (who are few in numbers) pay the fifteen guineas entrance; the old numbers continuing on at an advanced annual subscription, but not renewing the payment of any entrance money. If this be so, the income of the club would stand thus:—

	£	s.	d.
300 members, annual subscription, 15 guineas . .	4,725	0	0
30 entrances, at 15 guineas, ...	472	10	0
	5,197	10	0

"The expenditure as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Rent of House, Rates, and Taxes, &c.	2,500	0	0
Francatelli's Contract	2,400	0	0
Secretary, Newspapers, Stationery, Illuminations, and Extras, ...	550	0	0
	5,450	0	0
Excess of Expenditure over Income	252	10	0

"Pray, tell me if I am right; if so, the club will be bankrupt at the end of the year, unless we can obtain a large increase in the number of our members.

"Very sincerely yours,

"G. BENTINCK."

Cowper must certainly have had a prophetical vision of modern yachting in his mind's eye when he penned the following lines:—

"Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck

> With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets;
> That no rude savour maritime invade
> The nose of nice nobility,"

for certainly the refinement to which yachting has been brought, quite realises these ideas, and the luxuries that await the landsman who braves the terrors of the deep in a well-appointed vessel, can scarcely be surpassed on shore. No longer are we obliged to associate impenetrable junk and weavilly biscuits with a cruise at sea; no longer are we called upon to "rough it" upon salt provisions; no longer are we compelled to prick for a soft plank, as the middies are said to have done in over-crowded ships; for in these days, downy pillows, soft couches, chintz furniture, easy chairs, spring cushions, form the *meubles*, or rather "moveables" of the cabin; and turtle, venison, grouse, champagne, claret, hock, Burgundy, *ponche à la Romaine*, fruit, ices, and liqueurs, are dispensed most liberally.

Such reflections came across my mind, as I entered the cabin of Lord Fitzhardinge's yacht, the *Imogine*, at six o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st of August, the hour the dinner flag was hoisted. Round the festive board were assembled some choice spirits, and "the feast of reason, and the flow of *bowl*," were most agreeably maintained, until we were informed that "cigars and brandy and water" were ready for us at our host's house ashore.

Having mentioned the luxuries of yachting, I must not refrain from adding a few words upon its real national importance in a maritime point of view, or from expressing my admiration of the spirit manifested by many leading noblemen and gentlemen belonging to our island home in supporting an institution which, while it affords a favourite amusement to them, is attended with the most solid advantages to the country at large, by educating men, who, at an emergency, would not only be competent to enter our navy, but would prove an ornament to their profession. Give the noble Commodore of the Royal yacht the power to raise volunteers from the numerous yacht clubs in the United Kingdom, for the purpose of manning the fleet, and, in the language of the turf, it would be Salisbury Plain to a lark's sod, the Nelson Pillar to a stick of sealing wax, Vesuvius to a lucifer match, the Exhibition building to a stall at a country fair, that the chances of a turn up between our naval force and that of our enemies, would be in our favour.

What could exceed the beauty of the spectacle exhibited at Cowes during the annual regatta? There might be seen that gem of the ocean, the *Pearl*, inseparably connected with the fame of its gallant owner, the late Marquis of Anglesey, the hero of Sahagun, Benevente, and Waterloo; the *Alarm*, Mr. Weld, so often in the van of her competitors. A fleet

of schooners next attracted the attention; the *Zarifa*, the Earl of Wilton, one of the handsomest vessels afloat; the *Georgean*, Captain Lyon; who, scorning to "live at home at ease," like the English gentleman of the ballad, courts in foreign shores the "dangers of the seas;" the *Flirt*, Sir Bellingham Graham, a sportsman to the back bone; the *Zephyretta*, Mr. Hope, a patron of the arts and sciences; the *Camilla*, Mr. Halifax, looking as fleet as her four-footed namesake; and the *Brilliant*, Mr Ackers.

Of the cutters, the *Imogine* claims special notice. Lord Fitzhardinge, the owner, was bred and born a sportsman, and, in the sports of the field or flood, had few, if any, equals. Taking him as a master of hounds and huntsman—for, from the month of September, 1808, to the day of his death in 1857, he had as fine a pack of fox-hounds as England could boast of—a shot, a cutter-sailor, and a helmsman, I do not believe that his "ditto" could have been found anywhere.

His yacht, built at Pill, a small seaport village, near the mouth of the Avon, which enters itself into the Bristol Channel at Kingswood, was a capital sea-going vessel, could hold her own with cutters of the same tonnage, and was superior to many of greater weight. She was built from timber grown upon his own princely estate at Berkeley,

where, in the words of Campbell, we may say:—

> "'Midst those trees the wild deer bounded,
> Ages long ere we were born,
> And our great-grandfathers sounded
> Many a jovial hunting horn."

Her captain, Chapman, sailed with Mr. Weld for many years, during the period he was sweeping away all the prizes at the Isle of Wight and other regattas.

This reference reminds me of the *Hebe*, Mr. Corbett, whose success in former years fully entitled her to her name—the *Cup*-bearer.

I now must do justice to the Iron-craft of 1844; and the *Mystery*, Viscount Seaham, now Earl Vane, first claims a notice. The success of this vessel, when the property of Lord Alfred Paget, was well-known to all lovers of aquatics; the *Seaflower*, then the property of Mr. Milner Gibson, whose straightforward political character has since raised him to high administrative honours. For a landsman, the right honourable gentleman is the very best theoretical as well as practical sailor I know, and would run a dead heat with Frederick Delmé Radcliffe, which is no slight praise.

The *Violet*, the Hon. Augustus Berkeley, who, in early life, was a most zealous and efficient officer in the navy, and who for many years devoted his summers to cutter sailing; the *Claude*, a yawl, for-

merly a hatch-boat, the property of Mr. Milner Gibson, at the time hoisting the flag of Lord Alfred Paget, a nobleman whose very heart is in sailing, and who always seemed as perfectly at home in the galley of a fishing smack, as he is in the stately saloons of Windsor Castle.

To these celebrities I must add the crack vessels of the Thames—the *Champion*, *Phantom*, *Gulnare*, *Gnome*, *Gazelle*, and *Blue Belle*; the *Helena*, too, who, in 1842, carried off the Fitzhardinge Cup.

A whole flotilla of other "craft," of every description, might be seen at their moorings off Cowes, or in the harbour; while the rapidly passing steamboats, with their gay streamers "floating in the breeze," flitted about like so many fire-flies burnished by the sun. At the period to which I am referring, a Yankee merchantman was also at anchor in the roads, with the "star spangled" banner of the once United States of America—"the stripes to flog the universal world, and the stars to light us to victory," as the Transatlantic midshipman remarked to a youngster in our service. The retort uncourteous respecting the powers of the British Lion, cannot be mentioned, at least to ears polite.

Two Government revenue cutters, the terror of the modern Will Watches, were at their moorings, while a Dover boat was beating to westward, looking out for the homeward-bound. Some Spanish, Nor-

wegian, Portuguese, Swedish, Dutch, and Danish vessels, dressed in their gayest colours, were snugly anchored, waiting for a fair wind. The flags, banners, and standards, of all nations were fluttering gaily; while the Union Jack, which for centuries "has braved the battle and the breeze," floated triumphantly above them all.

Upon the following Wednesday, Earl Fitzhardinge gave his annual cup to be sailed for; the course selected was from a boat moored off Cowes Castle, twice round the Leap-buoy, the Lightship, all the buoys of the Brambles, and the north-west middle buoy, leaving all on the starboard hand into Cowes roads, and the Flag-boat on the same hand. The yachts to be steered by their respective owners, who, under the penalty of disqualification, were not to quit the helm for an instant.

The following yachts entered, and were handicapped by the giver of the cup, who had great difficulty in bringing them together; for before the contest, every one tried to make his vessel appear as slow as possible, declaring that no "law" could make him a winner:—*Helena*, cutter, 16 tons, Hon. Grantley Berkeley, and the *Lady Louisa*, yawl, 18 tons, Lord W. Lennox, allowed fifteen minutes by the *Seaflower*, Milner Gibson, Esq., M.P.; *Violet*, cutter, 25 tons, Hon. Augustus Berkeley, allowed twelve minutes to

the *Seaflower; Claude*, yawl, 50 tons, Lord Alfred Paget, allowed nine minutes by the *Seaflower;* and *Fanny*, cutter, 35 tons, Captain Claxton, R.N., allowed five by the *Seaflower*. The last, an iron vessel, built for the Marquis of Conyngham, was looked upon, as she subsequently proved herself to be, a clipper; and the "Iron Pot," as the Cowes boatmen called her, was the favourite at starting.

At twelve o'clock the signal was given by Lord Fitzhardinge from the *Imogine*, and the *Helena* and *Lady Louisa* floated away majestically, for at that period there was scarcely a breath of air. The rest of the craft followed, with every prospect of being drifted with the tide, running strongly from the west, to the Needles. A little breeze springing up, however, averted that evil, and the yachts rounded the Leap buoy as follows:—*Helena, Violet, Fanny, Lady Louisa, Claude, Seaflower.*

Upon passing the flag-boat off Cowes the first time round, the *Violet* had got a-head of the *Helena*, the *Fanny* still third, and within a minute and a half of each other. The *Claude* and *Seaflower* having cried "Hold enough," had hauled down their sailing flags, and lowered their boats; while the *Lady Louisa*, finding the truth of the saying, that nothing seems so long as a stern chase, and seeing no chance of the breeze freshening, also gave in.

The tug of war now arrived, the tide and wind being still from the same point; and the owners of the remaining vessels found it quite impossible to get round the Leap buoy. Every attempt was made that nautical skill could suggest, every manœuvre resorted to, that first rate seamanship could dictate, but without success. Captain Claxton finding it impossible to pass the buoy on the starboard hand, worked to windward, passing it on the port, and then again on the starboard, hoping that the skippers of the *Violet* and *Helena* would follow his example. This, however, they declined doing; and seeing the *Fanny* break one of the conditions of the race, by not rounding the buoy, on the starboard hand, they declined all further contest, proceeded to join the Commodore's, and entered their protest against the *Fanny*.

In the meantime, Captain Claxton, feeling that there was nothing left him but to expend the tide, patiently awaited that event. At midnight he passed the flag-boat, and being hailed by the *Imogine*, was informed that a protest had been entered against him, for the reason above mentioned. The gallant captain, nothing daunted, pressed one of the *Imogine's* men into his yacht as a witness of fair play, and laying an embargo upon some brandy, cigars, biscuits, and blue lights, again started to go round the course, which he accomplished by nine o'clock the following

morning, having been at the helm for twenty-one hours.

His efforts were not crowned with success, for having been obliged to drop his kedge to sheer his vessel off the shore, he was disqualified from winning. The noble Earl, however, with that liberality for which he was so conspicuous, presented Captain Claxton with the cup, as a testimonial of his regard, and a slight memorial of the admiration he felt for his zeal and perseverance.

As a matter of course the match was verbally sailed over again during dinner, and every owner had a reason for his failure; in order, however, to bring our sincerity to the test, Lord Fitzhardinge proposed giving another cup to be sailed for on the following Friday, the yachts to be handicapped, and the course to be fixed upon on Thursday night—Friday was to be our commodore's last day of sailing, the partridges having some claim upon his lordship's attention.

The course selected was from Cowes to Southampton, and the following orders were issued, signed by my brother George, as Flag-Lieutenant and Signalman to the Commodore:—

"The yachts entered for Lord Fitzhardinge's cup to be sailed for on Friday the 30th of August, will take up their stations at twelve o'clock on that day, within six cables' length of the *Imogine;* the course

will be round South-East buoy, of middle, leaving it on the port hand, to the *Imogine* cutter moored off Southampton Pier, leaving that vessel on the starboard hand. Owners to steer—the yachts to start as follows:—*Lady Louisa*, 18 tons, Lord W. Lennox; four minutes before *Amphion*, 18 tons, Captain Claxton, R. N.; *Amphion* three minutes before *Helena*, 16 tons, Hon. Grantley Berkeley; *Helena* three minutes before *Violet*, 25 tons, Hon. A. Berkeley; *Violet* six minutes before *Claude*, yawl, 30 tons, Lord Alfred Paget; *Claude* six minutes before *Seaflower* cutter, 34 tons, Milner Gibson, Esq."

Captain Claxton had shifted his flag (as my readers will have perceived) from the *Fanny* to the *Amphion* cutter, formerly the property of the lamented Sir Arthur Paget, and wonderful things were expected from this gallant little craft, more especially now that she had fallen into such able hands. Lord Alfred Paget had also entered the *Claude*, although, as will be seen hereafter, she did not start, having been detained at Southampton all Thursday night.

Here I must record a cruise I had on the Thursday, in one of the finest yachts then afloat—the *Pearl*. The owner, the Marquis of Anglesey, had kindly offered to give me a sail, and at twelve o'clock his gig, manned by a regular looking man-of-war's crew, was off the Castle steps.

Admirably was this beautiful cutter got under weigh. There was no noise, no holloing, no confusion, nor jostling; all was done in the most seaman-like manner, and everything was ship-shape.

The eagle eye of the owner was watching every movement, ready to detect the slightest fault; and Martin, his Captain, worthy the command of such a craft, was doing his duty like a British sailor, coolly and firmly.

In the gratification of the moment, I could not help repeating the lines of Byron :—

> "Oh! who call tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
> And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
> The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
> That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?"

Our cruise was to Portsmouth; as we passed Norris Castle, the government steamer, *Black Eagle*, with the royal standard flying, was lying off, waiting for his late Royal Highness Prince Albert, who had landed in the island for the purpose of inspecting Osborne House. Shortly afterwards, while we were standing in for the harbour, the Prince came alongside the *Collingwood*, and went on board her. A royal salute was fired, and the yards manned.

At this moment the scene was splendid, both by sea and land; on shore the ramparts were crowded with well-dressed people, a guard of honour was in waiting, the

band of the Royal Marines was playing popular and national airs: while, in the harbour, every vessel exhibited her colours, and, as the Prince passed us within the throw of a biscuit, the guns from the batteries and the *Queen*, man-of-war, thundered forth a salute, the yards of all the square-rigged vessels were manned, and a cheer, such as Britons alone can give, welcomed the beloved Consort of the Queen of the Isles.

The following morning, at twelve o'clock, the whole of the yachts, with the exception of the *Claude*, that had entered for the cup, were drawn up in a line, and started by Lord Fitzhardinge. The wind and tide were strong from the east, which gave them a dead beat to the south-east buoy of the middle. Grantley, Captain Claxton, and myself, held the island shore on board, while Augustus Berkeley and Milner Gibson, being over-persuaded by their respective pilots, stood over for the northern shore; I quickly afterward followed, for, finding the short tacks did not suit my craft, I chanced the other.

The race, at this moment, was of a most exciting character, as it remained to be seen which course was the right one, the larger vessels having clearly the speed of the smaller ones. Upon one side, the amateur skippers argued, that by keeping the island shore, they would be subject to less tide, and be in the right place to weather the buoy; while the others

contended that there would be less tide on the northern shore, and that they would do better by not being compelled to make so many tacks. The sequel, however, proved that the islanders were right.

Captain Claxton passed the buoy twenty minutes before the next vessel rounded it, and bearing up with all sail, accompanied by the *Alarm* and several other cutters, that, under easy sail, were keeping company, was never headed, and won in gallant style, beating the *Violet* and *Seaflower*, which ran a dead heat, by twelve minutes. The other two were dead beat. Had the *Violet* and *Seaflower* kept the Isle of Wight on board, in all probability, from their size and superior power in canvas, as well as in hull, either one or the other, I think the latter, would have proved victorious.

Mr. Milner Gibson was reminded that for three seasons he had been unsuccessful; and the lines of Persius were quoted:—

"Vertentem sese frustra sectabere carthum
Cum rota posterior curras et in axe secundo."

which Dryden translates,

"Thou, like the hindmost chariot wheel, are curst
Still to be near, but ne'er to be the first."

Upon passing the *Imogine*, the crew of that vessel gave the winner three hearty cheers, and upon going on board, Lord Fitzhardinge presented to Captain

Claxton the trophy he had fairly one. Two cups in eight and forty hours was no bad work.

If any one could look back to the period when the Royal Thames yacht club could boast only of some half-dozen or dozen vessels, and when the prize was presented to the fortunate winner at Vauxhall Gardens, they would scarcely believe to what eminence it has arrived, both as to the names that grace its list of members and the amount of tonnage of its vessels, many at this time being individually larger than the former whole squadron put together. This result could not have been produced without extraordinary exertions; and I must here refer to our obligations to our lamented commodore, the late William H. Harrison, Esq., and to Lord Alfred Paget.

The 12th of August had arrived, and I was hesitating whether to proceed on a visit to my elder brother, at Gordon Castle, or take a coasting tour, when a letter from a friend at Cowes sent my desires in another direction, by offering me a cruise in his yacht, and bed and board during the regatta.

Having rigged myself out in jacket and trousers, I lost no time in proceeding to the South-Western Station. Presently away spirted the Fire Fly engine at the rate of twenty miles an hour, leaving the passengers to imagine themselves, from the noise and smell, at the last scene of some terrific equestrian,

military, melodramatic performance at Astley's.

One great drawback to pleasure in railroad travelling is the absence of all incident and anecdote. Who that remembers the box-seat with Stevenson, Peers, St. Vincent Cotton, Charles Jones, Apperley, R. Walker, Snow, Jack Adams, Bramble, Faulkner, Dennis, Probyn, Cross, with others of noble and gentle birth, can forget the jest, the song, the story, the laugh, that went round to beguile the fleeting hours? Then, as we drove through a town, the shooter's merry horn, attracting hundreds of bright eyes to get a slight peep at the passengers, causing nearly as great a sensation as if a regiment of cavalry or infantry were marching through it; then, while changing horses, there was always the pleasant, though somewhat hurried luncheon at the bar of some clean rural wayside hostelry, attended by a blooming Hebe. Compare this with the peremptory mandate posted on the railway carriages, "no smoking allowed," while huge volumes burst forth from the engine; and the refreshments that await you at the station, but which you have not time to procure.

Of course I except the well-organised refreshment rooms at Swindon, Birmingham, Southampton, Gloucester, Bristol, and other places.

But the delight of finding yourself safely landed at

the end of a long journey in a wonderful short period, more than counter-balances the disadvantages.

No sooner had I reached Southampton pier, than I found there my friend's yacht "lying to." I went on board, and in less than three hours we took up our moorings at West Cowes.

In a few days I received the welcome intelligence that the Fitzhardinge squadron was to assemble at Southampton on the following afternoon, as the noble commodore was expected from London. I immediately chartered a small cutter of 16 tons, the *Helena*, at the rate of *one pound one* per diem, which in consequence gained her the name of the vessel from the coast of *Guinea*. In this little craft I had won the cup given by Lord Fitzhardinge the previous year, and upon it I caused to be engraved the following lines from Pope's translation of the "Iliad" in honour of the matchless Helen:—

> "What *winning* graces! what majestic mien!
> She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!"

It has often been remarked that one of the most brilliant sights, and one that every Englishman ought to show a foreigner upon his arrival in London, is Hyde Park during the fashionable season; the numerous display of equestrians and pedestrians, the splendid equipages, the well-trained horses, all speak volumes in favour of the wealth and taste of our

country. I grant this to the fullest extent, but a sight fully as imposing is the arrival of her Majesty and the royal squadron in the roadstead of Cowes.

The day was rough and squally, one upon which the soul of many a dainty dame, ay, and cavalier too, would have "sickened o'er the heaving wave." Not so our gracious sovereign. Undaunted by the weather, Victoria stood upon the quarter-deck, taking the deepest interest in everything connected with the navigation of the royal yacht, and proving herself to be every inch a queen, worthy to govern our sea-girt isle.

At an early hour the following morning, her Majesty, accompanied by the late lamented Prince Consort, proceeded in the royal barge, steered by Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, on board Lord Yarborough's yacht the *Kestrel*, and then landing at East Cowes, paid a visit to one of the residences of her youth—Norris Castle.

Soon after eleven o'clock, the *Victoria* and *Albert*, with the *Cyclops*, *Lightning*, and *Prometheus*, war-steamers, got under weigh, and proceeded to the westward; the men-of-war and castle guns firing a royal salute, and every square-rigged vessel manning their yards.

As I came to share in the competition, I must be

permitted to chronicle it. The match was between—Mr. Milner Gibson's yawl *Claude*, 30 tons; Hon. Grantley Berkeley's cutter the *Teazer*, 22 tons; Hon. Augustus Berkeley's cutter *Violet*, 20 tons; Lord William Lennox's cutter *Helena*, 16 tons; Captain Claxton, R.N., wherry, *Waterwitch*, 12 tons.

The course was from West Cowes, round the buoy of the wreck of the *Edgar*, the lightship off Southampton, the Bramble and Leap buoys, to the *Imogine* yacht off Cowes. It was a handicap race, all the vessels receiving twelve minutes from the *Waterwitch* clipper, and the *Helena* receiving fifteen minutes from the *Waterwitch*, and three minutes from the other vessels. The wherry was the favourite at starting, there being scarcely wind enough for the *Claude*, the second favourite.

After a most interesting race, the yachts came in in the following order:—The *Waterwitch* first, the *Teazer* six minutes after, the *Violet* nine minutes and three-quarters, the *Claude* twelve minutes, the *Helena* sixteen minutes after the first; by which the cup was won by the *Teazer*, with six minutes to spare.

Never was there a better handicap made upon the seas, and it reflected the greatest credit upon the judgment of the noble giver of the cup; for not only had his lordship to think of the respective merits of the yachts, their tonnage, speed, and capabilities of

sailing upon every point of wind, but also to bear in mind the probability of the wind freshening or dying off, which to some would have proved a detriment, to others an advantage. The handicapper had also to consider the nautical merits and demerits of the helmsmen, for by the laws of the race the respective owners were compelled to steer their own vessels.

Captain Claxton, whose life had been devoted to his profession, and who has done the State some (and no inconsiderable) service, both at home and abroad, was a first-rate seaman. The Hon. Augustus Berkeley, too, who was brought up on board a man-of-war, passed many years of his life afloat, and had latterly devoted much of his time to cutter sailing. Mr. Milner Gibson had blended theoretical with practical sailing, to a greater extent probably than any other landsman. The Hon. Grantley Berkeley, who in the sports of the field had no rival, acquitted himself no less admirably at sea; whilst I, who, a season ago, scarcely knew the boom from the tiller, the jib from the gaff-topsail, the stem from the stern, the Kicker-point from the Needles, was only looked upon as a willing, although not a very promising, scholar.

At starting I got foul of the *Claude*, and carried away her cross-trees, which, I fear, proved no little detriment to her in the match. It was, however, purely accidental, partly owing to the yawl's anchor

having drifted, and partly to the eagerness of my crew to get a good start. In this instance, the old proverb, "most haste, worst speed," was realised, for, instead of getting under weigh first, I was last; and there, candour compels me to admit, I remained during the day. I, however, consoled myself with the reminiscence of my prowess in the *Helena* the year before; and after a most agreeable dinner on board the *Imogine*, during which, in conversation, we, as usual on such occasions, sailed the match over again, drank to the health of the winner, inwardly hoping that the *Argive Helen* would, on a future occasion, prove herself to be, as did her namesake of old, *rayther* a fast one.

One day being becalmed off Anglesea-Ville, I landed there, and proceeded on foot through Gosport to the ferry. Upon entering the outward fortifications of this town, a board, painted with huge white letters upon a black ground, attracted my attention, at the draw-bridge—"V.R. Carriages are to drive very slowly over the Lieutenant-Governor."

I and my companions were amazed; we had read of the punishment of Ixion, when Jupiter ordered Mercury to tie him to a wheel; we had heard of chariot-wheels passing over a vanquished foe—but had never heard of, and could not understand, the meaning of such an announcement as that which here

menaced the respected officer who commanded the Portsmouth garrison, with whom, by the way, we were to dine the following day.

We looked more attentively and discovered that some ingenious wag had completely obliterated, in the neatest manner, one line, covering it with black paint. Upon calling the attention of the corporal of the guard to this unaccountable notice, he pointed out another board on the opposite side of the bridge, which at once explained the mystery—the words, "drawbridge by order of the," had been erased.

The yachting season being nearly over, I made arrangements for putting in execution a long contemplated plan of paying a visit to the Channel Islands.

"I pass over the long, unvarying course, the track oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind," and bring my readers to six o'clock of the morning of a bright sunny day, towards the end of September, when I found myself in my snug little craft off Guernsey. Nothing can exceed the picturesque beauty of the town: the bay—with its numerous shipping riding gallantly at anchor—the venerable-looking castle, the college, churches, court-house, &c., gave it a most gay appearance.

Anxious to reach Jersey as speedily as possible, where I was to pass a few days with one of my oldest

and most valued friends, the late George Russell, I at once proceeded on my voyage, and at ten o'clock anchored off Elizabeth Castle, in the bay of St. Aubin, in which the capital St. Helier's is situated. Delighted as I was with the appearance of Guernsey, I must own that I was infinitely more pleased with that of Jersey.

Owing to a miscalculation of time, my friend who had promised to be on the look-out for me, had not arrived, and I underwent all the annoyance of landing at a strange place. The tide was out, and I was unable to reach the pier without first getting into a flat-bottomed boat, then into a cart, and finally was obliged to scramble over the rocks and sea-weed, followed by a tail of at least fifty cads and touters. As usual, the boatmen demanded double their fare, the touters thrust dirty printed cards into my hand, of the different hotels; the "cads" seized and fought for my carpet bag, and the drivers of some half dozen open flies plied me with all the perseverance belonging to their tribe. I knew not the position of my friend's house, being only aware that it was a mile and a half from the town. Having obtained the proper direction, before eleven o'clock I was seated at Mr. Russell's hospitable board, with his wife and step-daughter.

After breakfast, we proceeded in a pony carriage

to *lionize* the town. The Royal Square, formerly the market-place, contains the court-house, in which is held the assembly of the states and the courts of civil and criminal jurisdiction. It was near this spot that Major Pierson lost his life in defence of the island from the descent of the French in 1781. The military arsenal was erected in 1835. It is a spacious building, containing the town field battery of six guns and a capacious store-room. I am indebted to the officers of the depôt of the 59th Regiment, to whom I had the pleasure of an introduction, for their courtesy in showing me over the fort. The well, the casements—indeed the whole of the works—are complete, and the view from the height most splendid. Directly below lie the town and harbour, full of shipping, and the eye surveys at one glance the beautiful bay, surrounded by its range of finely wooded hills, interspersed with villas, cottages, and gardens; and the rugged rock and venerable walls of Elizabeth Castle rising out of its waters.

There is no game in Jersey; nevertheless my host, who was—for alas! he is now no more—a first-rate sportsman, did his best to give his friends and himself as much sport as was attainable. His two double-barrelled Mantons, his Westley Richard rifle, his case of hair-triggered pistols, were regularly prepared for the service of those who liked to have a shot; and he

with wondrous philosophy who, in bye-gone days, was a famous stalker in the wilds of Aberdeenshire, and could bag his twenty brace of grouse on the Perthshire Moors, or kill his salmon of eighteen pounds in the far-famed Spey river, was content to go out slaving for some hours after a legendary snipe, or to have a day's pigeon-shooting, or a morning's oyster dredging off Gorez.

To kill half an hour before dinner on the day of my arrival, pistol-shooting was proposed, and a sweepstakes made: the best of three shots at bottles placed at twenty yards. Of course the object was to hit the target as low as possible, so as to keep the neck for the last shot. As, according to the erudite Dr. Pangloss,

> "On their own merits modest men are dumb,"

I shall merely say that *one* of the party hit the bottle first with a right-handed shot, next with a left, and finally shattered the neck into atoms. This decided the match.

While returning to the house to prepare for dinner, a blue pigeon, that had escaped unhurt the day before, perched upon the roof of a barn.

"That would be a good shot," exclaimed my host. "I want him killed, as my object is to keep none but white ones."

Upon this hint, the winner of the sweepstakes—I should blush to give his name—raised his pistol, and in a minute the blue rock fell dead before us. We measured the ground—nineteen yards from the barn, which, adding half that distance for the height, made it about twenty-eight yards and a half.

"That gentleman is a good shot," said the Mrs. Glass of the establishment; "he has hit the bird right through the neck—not a bit of it is spoiled, scarcely a feather ruffled—I wish he would kill all the pigeons."

Our first excursion was to Gorey, and Mount Orgueil Castle, a distance of about five miles from the town. The former, although only a small village, is rendered of some importance, by being the principal seat of the oyster fishery. Nothing can be more bustling than is this little hamlet during the oyster season; the departure and arrival of the boats, the presence of one of her majesty's cutters, as also one in the French service to see fair play carried on between our country and our foreign neighbours, keep the place alive.

A room is still shown which was inhabited by Charles I., during his retention here. Mount Orgueil Castle is beautifully situated, and the view embraces the bay of Grouville and St. Catherine, with a distant prospect of the Cathedral of Coutance, on the shores

of France. The best view of the island is from Prince's Tower, so named after the Prince de Bouillon, who was a native of Jersey, and an admiral in the British Navy, during our long war with Napoleon I. From this elevation the eye ranges over the most richly cultivated and luxurious scenery,—hills rising gently from the shore, slopes clad with verdure, and dotted with villas, churches, old-fashioned manor houses, picturesque wells, orchards, fields, vineyards, and gardens, in which magnolias, hydrangias, and oleanders thrive to perfection; the glorious ocean in the distance. The beauty of the prospect is one that cannot fail to arrest the eye of all who have a real love for the beauties of nature.

Before reaching Plemont the character of the country is altered; heather and stone walls taking the place of grass and hedges, and remind one of the wilds of Scotland.

To those who flock to France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, and Italy, to economize on light wines, sour fruit, and indigestible bread, I advise a residence in Jersey, as being far superior to almost all the towns inhabited by our absentee countrymen. Unostentatious hospitality seems to be the characteristic of the inhabitants; it was extended to me in the most flattering manner.

My host, at an early age, found out the truth of

the Melton saying, as applicable to human as to equine flesh, "It is the pace that kills." He once consulted the celebrated Doctor Jephson, at Leamington.

"Do you live freely?" inquired the M.D.

"Very," responded the patient. "Three hundred and sixty-five bottles of port annually, with an occasional glass of sherry, and 'top up' of brandy or whisky."

The doctor looked surprised.

"I always keep an accurate account," said his patient. "If I don't drink a bottle every day, I make up for it by doubling the quantity on the second."

He told some excellent stories of Perth worthies, with the real Perthshire accent.

He once paid a visit there, when his host, who was ostentatiously giving orders and finding fault with his servants, desired his housekeeper, who acted as butler, to bring up a bottle of the old beeswing from bin one. The poor old lady's temper had been awfully disturbed during dinner, and when she was urged to be careful and not to shake the wine, she could contain herself no longer.

"Bees-wing!—and old port!" she muttered, "and shake the bottle as if it were physic! It's well to make such a fuss—bin one and bin twa—why, you

know it's the last of the half-dozen you brought this morning from Perth!"

Another view he gave of Highland travelling was admirable.

"What time," he asked, "does the mail go on?"

"Eh, mon, we're nae particular; it's just when Basey McAllister rises."

This reply proved that the transit of the mail-bags and the passengers depended entirely upon the length of sleep the driver liked to take.

Poor George Russell! a kinder-hearted Scot never existed.

CHAPTER XII.

VISIT TO HOOTON HALL—THE STANLEYS—EARL OF DERBY—DELICACIES AT BREAKFAST—THE LATE SIR WILLIAM MASSEY STANLEY—SHOOTING ON THE MOORS—PRINCE GEORGE, NOW DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE—LORDS CANTILUPE AND MAIDSTONE—RACING IN THE OLDEN TIME—BIRKENHEAD—FARMS AND DAIRIES—AGRICULTURAL STEAM ENGINE—UNITED FAMILY—NEW BRIGHTON—SWIMMING MATCH—LIVERPOOL.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE is a well-known axiom, that, "to view our social life aright, in its true national character, you must be permitted to see and mingle with the circle of a country mansion, well-filled," and there can be no doubt, that alone in a country house, or in the midst of his park, his farm, his woods and plantations, an Englishman breaks from his habits of reserve, and gives vent to his natural feelings. Many a man, who passes in London for a mere frivolous being, comes forth in the country in a manner that would astonish those who formed an estimate of his character in the lounge along Piccadilly, in the ride in Rotton Row, at the bay-window of White's, or the splendid suppers at Crockford's in the olden time. These reflections came over my mind during a visit I paid to Cheshire in October, 1845.

It was about the middle of the month that I received an invitation to pass a few days at Hooton, then the property of Sir William Massey Stanley; and as the baronet was not only one of the most popular men of his day, but, in every sense of the word, a true sportsman, I gladly availed myself of his hospitality. After a most uninteresting journey, during which the whole conversation turned upon the then monarch of the rail, stags, scrip, premiums, and provisional committee men, I reached Birmingham, where the neat travelling chariot of my host—who had been killing a considerable quantity of the Earl of Chesterfield's pheasants—with its owner, awaited my arrival.

We took our seats in the railway carriage, and were speedily whizzed off to Chester. We passed Ranton Abbey, the property of Lord Lichfield, where not many years before, that noble lord, accompanied by Lords Alvanley and Albert Conyngham, and Sir William Stanley, killed their five hundred pheasants in a day's sport. Happy was I to find myself at Chester, that quaint old city, with its venerable rows and ancient houses; and still happier to see Sir William's four handsome chestnut horses, with their two neat postilions, ready to convey us to Hooton.

The carriage was soon taken off the truck, horses put to, and away we trotted along the best of

roads. Sir William was high sheriff of the county, and it must have been a goodly sight to have witnessed his turn out upon the day he went to meet the judges. Upon this occasion, all those who were in the habit of hunting with the Hooton hounds, appeared in scarlet, and brilliantly mounted. The yeomanry, too, produced a cavalcade that would have gladdened the heart of the smartest cavalry colonel in her Majesty's service, had he been enabled to have transferred the horses to his troop stables. These, added to the high sheriff's own stud, and that of his brother John, with one carriage and six, two other carriages of four, with outriders, formed a procession that was never equalled.

The entrance to Hooton is very picturesque, the park is extensive and well wooded, and the view of the Mersey most beautiful. The house—a modern building—was replete with every comfort; and if for a moment I regretted the demolition of the Gothic hall, with its associations of feudal barons, ancient knights, long galleries, narrow chambers, and dark passages, I found ample recompense in modern comforts and luxuries.

While the carriage was unpacking I rambled into the well-stocked library, and there found the following account of my host's ancestors.

"The Stanleys, who are a branch of the ancient

baronial family of Audley, took the name of Stanley, from Stanleigh, or Stanley in Staffordshire, where they were sometime settled. Sir William de Stanley, in consequence of his marriage with the heiress of Barnville, became possessed, about the year 1315, of the bailwick of Wirrall Forest, and the manor of Great Storeton. His son, by a marriage with the heiress of Hooton, became possessed of that lordship, which has ever since been the seat of his descendants. In consequence of a younger son of the family succeeding by devise to the estate of the Masseys of Puddington in 1715, he assumed the name of Massey in addition to his own; but upon this branch coming into possession of Hooton, by the death of Sir William Stanley, Bart., in 1792, they reassumed their ancient family name.

"The Earl of Derby is descended from the elder son of the first Lord Stanley, Comptroller to the household of King Henry VI. (descended from Sir John Stanley, K.G., younger brother of the first Stanley of Hooton). The Stanleys of Alderley Park, and the Stanleys of Cumberland, are also descended from the Stanleys of Storeton in Wirrall, the ancestors of the present baronet. The township of Hooton lies about nine miles N. by W. from Chester. The hall at Hooton was a large building, chiefly of timber; it was taken down in 1778, and the present

mansion built from a design of Mr. Samuel Wyatt. The stone is from the Storeton quarry."

As Byron writes—

> "With evening came the banquet and the wine;
> The conversazione; the duet,
> Attuned by voices more or less divine.
> . . . Sometimes a dance
> Displayed some sylph-like figures in its maze."

Here I will take the liberty of throwing out a hint for the benefit of country householders at large, suggested to me at Hooton.

At breakfast there was always a bill of fare sent up from the kitchen, containing every dish that the most fastidious epicure could fancy. Instead of having the side-board covered with dishes of cutlets, grills, kidneys, eggs and bacon, &c., and which get cold and clammy unless quickly attacked, a *carte* was put into the hands of every guest, as he entèred the room. The following will serve for a specimen:

> "Cotelettes de Monton, sauce piquante, et au naturel.
> Rognons au vin de Madère;
> Grilled fowl, pheasant, partridge, and turkey;
> Saucissons, Omelette."

There were many other delicacies that I cannot at the present moment recall to mind. No sooner was the order given than in a few minutes the dish ordered appeared smoking hot.

After breakfast, we proceeded to the kennel, where we saw about five-and-thirty couple of fox-hounds, that hunted three days a week, under the management of Sir William's brother John, assisted by a huntsman, and two whippers-in. The hounds were in excellent condition, and the kennel arrangements undeniably good. The stables are large, airy, and well-ventilated. The master of the hounds, huntsmen, and whippers-in were all well-mounted; and there were five stalls of rough and ready ponies for those who wished to ride to cover, or go out shooting.

The carriage department was worthy a visit; it contained nearly as many vehicles as those enumerated in the celebrated driving-sŏng of the late Charles Mathews; "buggy, whiskey, gig, and dog-cart, curricle, and tandem," viz., one four-horse drag, one travelling chariot, one town chariot, one buggy, two phaetons, three lady's phaetons, one tilbury, one break, and a dog-cart. There were six fine chestnut horses in work, and three phaeton horses.

From the stable, we went to the kennel, where we saw fourteen brace of clever pointers; from thence we strolled into the farm-yard, piggeries, and kitchen-garden. The swinish multitude looked of a right sort, and were all of the Midland Counties breed. The sheep were principally cheviots, and the stock Ayrshire short-horns.

My host entered into rural and agricultural pursuits in a most business-like manner. I could understand the High Sheriff being perfectly at home in the hunting-stable and kennel; his apprenticeship at Melton, when the Quorn hounds were under his and his brother, Rowland Errington's, management—would have effected that; but to hear him giving orders to his bailiff upon every subject connected with practical farming, to listen to his remarks upon draining, manuring, planting, ploughing, subsoil, guano, and all the old and modern systems of cultivation, did, I own, astonish me not a little.

The game at Hooton was strictly preserved. For some years, the baronet had rented Glenshiero, in Scotland, and there were few places which could boast of such a return of killed. In twenty-one days, during the previous season, many of which were what Captain Beaufort, R.N., would call, in his new code, of signals—Q. P. D. L. T.; Anglice, "Hard squalls, showers of drizzle,"—the party at the moors killed three thousand four hundred and fifteen grouse, in addition to three hundred and ninety-six head of various game. I commence with the season of 1844:

"*August* 12th.—Lower part of the Parson's beat, and to the west of it: Sir William Stanley, 231 grouse; Loch Corry, Honourable F. Craven, 83 grouse. Total—314.

"13th.—In the afternoon, on the hill behind Macdonald's, and north from the lake: Sir William Stanley, and the Hon. F. Craven, 37 grouse, 1 hare, and 1 snipe.

"14th.—Moy: Sir William Stanley and the Hon. F. Craven, 28 grouse.

"15th.—West of Garvie Wood, and Corry Chewan: Hon. F. Craven, 152 grouse, and 1 hare.

"16th.—Smooth Corry and Rough Corry, above Duncan's house: Sir William Stanley, and the Hon. F. Craven, 185 grouse.

"17th.—Rain and wind: did not go to the hill, set an immense quantity of trimmers and night lines in the loch, and had very fair sport.

"19th.—Corry Arrick: John Stanley, Esq., and the Hon. F. Craven, 88 grouse. Moy: Thomas Taylor Fife, 16 grouse, 2 hares, and 7 snipe. Total —104 grouse, 2 hares and 7 snipe.

"20th.—From Sheromore to Loch Corry and back. Hon. F. Craven, 38 grouse. Round the loch, Sir William and John Stanley, Esq., 33. Total—71 grouse.

"21st.—Corry Chewan, and west towards Corry Varnon: Hon. F. Craven, and J. Stanley, Esq., 104 grouse, and 1 hare. A wild bad morning; did not go out till late. The flat by Garva Wood. Sir W. Stanley and Lord Newport, 63 grouse. A good deal

of wet on Sir William's beat; not a drop of rain on the other. Total—167 grouse and 2 hares.

"22nd.—From Macdonald's house to the Berry Corry, and home: Lord Newport and J. Stanley, Esq., 47 grouse, 1 hare, and 1 snipe. Weather wretched, hard rain in the morning; Scotch mist all day on the tops; birds wild; scent bad. From Macdonald's to the hill opposite Loch Corry. Hon. F. Craven, 12 grouse, 1 hare, and 1 snipe. Total—59 grouse, 2 hares, and 2 snipes.

"23rd.—Black Wood; Sir W. Stanley, Lord Newport, J. Stanley, Esq., and the Hon. F. Craven, 7 grouse and 2 black game. It was generally observed by the individuals who *enjoyed* this day's sport, that they had never been under water before. "Stanley Brothers" did not miss a single shot.

"24th.—Corry Varnon: J. Stanley, Esq., and the Hon. F. Craven, 150 grouse and 1 hare. Part of the Parson's Beat, Chisel Corry, and Lords Burn; Lord Newport and Sir W. Stanley, 110 grouse and 3 hares. Total—260 grouse and 4 hares. A glorious day; not much scent in the morning, but it improved in the afternoon. The baronet reported badly of his shooting; but, as Shalager of Glenshiero, was highly content with the quantity of game he saw.

"26th.—Parson's Beat; Sir W. Stanley and Lord Newport, 96 grouse and 2 hares. West of Duncan's

house; J. Stanley, Esq., 58 grouse. Loch Corry, and to the head of the Red Burn; Hon. F. Craven, 44 grouse. Total—198 grouse and 2 hares. A fine morning, with a strong wind from the north-west; birds wild, and very difficult to get the second barrel in.

"27th.—From Corry Chewan to Corry Varnon: Lord Newport and J. Stanley, Esq., 130 grouse. Part of Black Corry and Parson's Beat; Sir Wm. Stanley, with his *young dogs*, 127 grouse, and 2 hares. Rough and Smooth Corrys; Hon. F. Craven, 78 grouse Total—335 grouse and 2 hares. A strong wind in the morning from the north-north-west: moderate in the afternoon, and it turned out a magnificent day for shooting.

"28th.—Lord Newport, Sir W. Stanley, J. Stanley, Esq., *cum multis aliis*, 19 grouse, 17 hares, 21 ptarmigan. A glorious day, with bright sun and light winds from the north-west. Found a good many ptarmigan in the early part of the day, but they were difficult to get near in the afternoon. The birds found were well-accounted for.

"29th.—Mr. Taylor, 44 ptarmigan, 5 grouse, 6 hares, 4 plovers, and 1 snipe. J. Stanley, Esq., 51 grouse. Total—44 ptarmigan, 56 grouse, 6 hares, 4 plovers, and 1 snipe.

"30th.—Part of the Parson's Beat: Sir W. Stan-

ley, 80 grouse; John Stanley, Esq., 52 grouse, and 2 snipes. Total—132 grouse, and 2 snipe. This was a regular A. No. 1 swelterer; the toil drops were seen to pour from the brows of exhausted sportsmen.

"31st.—The parties in the wood slew 14 black game, 12 grouse, 4 snipe, 1 woodcock, 1 hare, and 1 partridge.

"*September* 2nd.—Corry: Sir W. Stanley, 74 grouse, and 3 hares. Lord Cosmo Russell and J. Stanley, Esq., 60 grouse, and 1 hare. Total—134 grouse, and 4 hares.

"3rd.—Sir W. Stanley, J. Stanley, Esq., and Mr. Taylor, 41 grouse, 23 ptarmigan, 13 hares, and 2 plovers.

"4th.—Parson's Beat: Sir W. Stanley, 93 grouse, and 1 hare. Corry Varnon; Lord Cosmo Russell, and J. Stanley Esq., 91 grouse. Total, 184 grouse, and 1 hare. Not bad sport for the last day at Glenshiero. No trigger pulled till past eleven o'clock; plenty of birds left for 1845; grand gilly ball—kept up, as the London fashionable newspapers would say, to a very late hour.

"5th.—One shot more. Sir W. Stanley, 21 grouse, John Stanley, Esq., 17 grouse, 1 hare, and 1 snipe. Total—38 grouse, 1 hare, and 1 snipe; which wound up the season. N.B. Gillies' heads much in the burns,

the effect of the Mountain Dew of the previous night."

Total killed from August 12th to the September 5th, 1844 :—

Grouse	2,337
Various	166
Total,	2,503

We now come to the season of 1845, which "flogs" the preceding one "pretty considerably."

"*August 12th*, 1845.—Loch Corry: Sir W. Stanley, 96 grouse, 2 hares, and 1 black game. Parson's Beat; Lord Maidstone, and the Hon. J. Macdonald, 145 grouse, 3 hares, and one snipe. Total—241 grouse, 3 hares, 1 black game, and 1 snipe. Wet in the morning; birds very wild. Sir Wm. only out for two or three hours, on a very indifferent beat, with twelve brace of young dogs!

"13th.—Black Corry: Sir W. Stanley, 211 grouse, and 2 hares. Glen Maskie; Lord Maidstone, and the Hon. J. Macdonald, 82 grouse, 3 ptarmigan, and 2 snipes. Total—293 grouse, 2 hares, 3 ptarmingan, and 2 snipe. Sir Wm. began shooting *rayther* early with a brace of old dogs, whose enduring qualities were severely tested. Lord Maidstone and the Hon. J. Macdonald marched all day on Cluny's marsh, where they were joined for a short period by Sir Charles Taylor,

"15th.—Moy: Sir W. Stanley, Lord Maidstone, and the Hon. J. Macdonald, 56 grouse, 4 black game, and one snipe. An outside beat, though not an outside good one. Hot sun and cold wind; the latter considerably preponderating.

"16th.—Loch and Low Corry's: Lord Maidstone, 151 grouse, 3 ptarmigan, 1 hare, and 1 snipe. Glenshiero, home beat; Sir W. Stanley and the Hon. J. Macdonald, 118 grouse, 2 hares, and 2 snipe. Total, 269 grouse, 3 ptarmigan, 3 hares, and 6 snipe. Lord Maidstone started early, killed, as his numbers will show, many, though he was not supposed to have brought home all he killed. Sir W. and the Hon. J. Macdonald, did not leave the house until 12 o'clock, and found the birds as wild as they were plentiful.

"18th.—Sherrah More: Sir W. Stanley, 48 grouse, 1 hare, and 4 snipe. A fine morning, not taken advantage of by the 'sporting gents.' Sir W. took a stroll across the moor and stumbled against 24 brace, while his friend Lord Maidstone was looking for the birds he had 'left for dead' on Saturday.

"19th.—Corry Arrick: Lord H. Bentinck, 189 grouse, 1 hare, and 7 snipe. Massey's beat, Lord Maidstone, and the Hon. J. Macdonald 140 grouse and 1 hares. Total, 229 grouse, 3 hares, and 7 snipe. A fine morning, but wet afternoon. A hard day's work.

"20th.—Home beat: His Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, 10 grouse; a very wet day; too moist for any sportsmen, but what they call at Cambridge 'fresh men.' H. R. H. killed his *first* grouse in a manner worthy of his race.

"21st.—Glenshiero wood: H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge, Lords Maidstone and Cantilupe, Sir W. Stanley, and the Hon. J. Macdonald, 31 grouse, 25 black game, 7 partridges, 3 hares, and 4 woodcocks. A fine windy day, and plenty of wild game.

"22nd.—Black and Berry Corry's: H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge and the Hon. J. Macdonald, 71 grouse and 2 hares. Garvie Wood; Sir William Stanley, 81 grouse, 1 hare, and 2 snipe. Parson's beat; Lord's Maidstone and Cantilupe, 153 grouse, and 3 hares. Total, 204 grouse, 6 hares, and 2 snipe. A most determined rainy and windy day.

"23rd.—From the house to the Loch Corry and back: H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge, and Lord Cantilupe, 48 grouse, and 5 snipe. Massey's beat; Lord Maidstone, 64 grouse and 1 snipe. Above Macdonald's house: Sir W. Stanley and the Hon. J. Macdonald, 33 grouse, 1 snipe, and 3 hares. Total, 145 grouse, 7 snipe, and 3 hares. The weather awful; wind and rain, a regular 'witch's' day. Some of the party were wise enough to remain it home until the weather cleared a little.

"25th.—His Royal Highness's beat: H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge and Sir W. Stanley, 106 grouse, and 4 snipe. Lower beat and Duncan's house: Lord Maidstone and the Hon. J. Macdonald, 122 grouse, 3 hares, and 3 snipe. Loch and Low Corrys; Lord Cantelupe, 48 grouse. Total, 276 grouse, 3 hares, and 3 snipe. Owing to the heavy rain, the 'parties' did not begin shooting till half-past twelve. Sir William distinguished himself by a hitherto unaccustomed leniency towards the grouse; H. R. H. shot extremely well.

"26th.—Home beat: H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge, 18 grouse, and two black game. One of the wildest and rainiest days ever seen, and nothing but the keenness of H. R. H. could have faced such a day. Prince George did not leave the house until 3 o'clock, and shot well and steadily all the afternoon.

"27th.—Rough and smooth Corry's: H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge, and Sir W. Stanley, 85 grouse, 1 hare, and 3 snipe. Berry Corry, and part of Black Corry; Lord Maidstone and the Hon. J. Macdonald, 103 grouse, 2 hares, and one snipe, Massey's beat; Lord Cantilupe, 69 grouse, and 2 hares. Total, 257 grouse, 5 hares, and 4 snipe. The first really fine day of the season; the birds, however, were very wild during the greater part of it. The shooting, not quite so fine as the weather.

"28th—Home beat: H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge, Sir W. Stanley, Lords Cantilupe and Maidstone, the Hon. J Macdonald, 30 grouse, 43 ptarmigan, 55 hares, 1 snipe, and 1 plover. 'Lovely weather.' Why do gillies do as little as they can for the money? Three of them wore out a moss bank by sleeping on it, although their masters were painfully struggling after ptarmigan, supposed to be marked down in the Slough of Despond, which lay below them. Much pale ale consumed this day.

"29th.—Wood Beat: Lord Cantilupe and Sir Wm. Stanley, 122 grouse, 1 snipe, and 2 hares. Rough and Smooth Corry's: Lord Maidstone, 50 grouse, 1 snipe, and 3 hares. Total, 172 grouse, 2 snipe, and 5 hares.

"30th.—Glenshiero and Ptarmigan Hill: H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge, Lords Abercorn, Maidstone, and Cantilupe, Sir Wm. Stanley, Cluny, the Hons. F. Villiers, W. Bagot, and J. Macdonald, 29 grouse, 34 ptarmigan, and 33 hares. Much mist—weather, not birds—and rain.

"*September*, 1st.—Duncan's Beat: Lord Maidstone, 160 grouse, 3 snipe, and 3 hares. John's Beat: Sir Wm. Stanley, and the Hon. J. Macdonald, 121 grouse, 1 hare, 1 wild-fowl. Parron's Beat: H.R.H. Prince George, of Cambridge, 73 grouse, and one hare. Total, 354 grouse, 3 snipe, 5 hares, and

1 wild-fowl. A beautiful day, though the birds were generally wild.

"Killed up to September, 2nd, 1845:

Grouse . . .	2,940
Various . . .	339
Total . .	3,279

"2nd.—Corry Varnie: H.R.H. Prince George, of Cambridge, 69 grouse and 1 snipe. Cluny's Wood: Sir Wm. Stanley, Lords Maidstone and Cantilupe, the Hon. J. Macdonald and Cluny. Oh! a glorious day, with most inglorious sport. The five gunners wandered from home, went farther and fared worse. Not the ghost of a deer. *Stags* at a discount. His Royal Highness delighted with his day's sport.

"3rd.—Black Corry: Lord Jocelyn, and Sir Wm. Stanley, 72 grouse, and 2 hares. Corry Varnon: Lords Maidstone and Cantilupe, 142 grouse, 5 snipe, and 1 plover. The Steward's Room, 1 grouse, 9 hares, and 19 ptarmigan. Lord Jocelyn home early, it being the eve of despatching the overland mail.

"4th.—Corry round the house: Lords Maidstone and Cantilupe, 62 grouse, and 2 snipe. Lord C. Russell, 21 grouse, 3 snipes, 1 plover, and 2 hares.

"5th.—Corry Varnon: Lords Maidstone, Cantilupe, and C. Russell, 79 grouse, 3 hares, 1 snipe,

and 2 plovers. Glen Maskee: Cluny, 21 grouse, 1 hare, and one wild-fowl. Total, 100 grouse, 4 hares, 1 snipe, 2 plovers, and 1 wild-fowl.

"Grand total killed between August 12th and September 5th 1845:

Grouse . . .	3,415
Various . . .	396
Total . .	3,811

The mansion at Hooton is spacious and comfortable, and there were some excellent pictures in it. The dining-room contained a very good sporting painting of the race for the gold cup, at Knutsford, in 1822, 3 miles, and which came off as follows:—

Sir Thomas Stanley's b.h. Tarragon	1
Sir. T. Mostyn's b.f. Princess Royal	2
Lord Stamford's b.c. Peter Lily	3

There were also twelve other portraits of race-horses, an exquisite game-piece by Schneiders, and a landscape worthy of Poussin. The sideboard boasted of thirty-five gold cups, won by the late Sir Thomas, father of my host.

While upon the subject of racing in the hundred of Wirrall, I will transfer an account of English horse-racing in the olden time, from Mortimer's description of Leasowe Castle. In the drawing-room there is among other valuable pictures a very ancient one of a horse-race that occurred here in the days of James I., including portraits of that monarch and

his sons, sharing in the sport, in which also a buxom lady, in a carriage, driven by servants in the royal livery, participates. The Wallasey Leasowe is probably the oldest gentleman's race-course in the kingdom, being noticed by Webb as exisiting in the early part of the seventeenth century. The races at the Rood Eye, at Chester, or at Smithfield, and other places, were comparatively the sports of a mere fair, and could offer no rivalry to the aristocratic amusements of the Leasowe Course, which, in 1683, had rather an illustrious jockey in the person of the famous Duke of Monmouth, attended by a great retinue of gentry. The Duke was on a tour, courting popularity in the western counties. At Chester, he condescended to become the sponsor to the daughter of the mayor of that city, and amid the festivities attendant on that event, hearing that the principal families of the county had assembled at the Wallasey races, he went thither, and rode himself; he won the race, and bequeathed the prize to his infant goddaughter.

In addition to the high antiquity and noble jockeyship of the Leasowe race-course, it also claims to have once offered the highest prize in the kingdom, for in 1721, the great families of the West entered into an agreement to subscribe liberally for a sweep-stakes, to be run for ten seasons on this course. In conformity

with this arrangement, the Grosvenors, Stanleys, Cholmondeleys, Egertons, Wynns, and some others, subscribed twenty guineas each annually, and undertook that their own horses should be brought to contest the stakes. The last of these races occurred in 1732; they were then removed to Newmarket, where for many years the "Wallasey Stake" formed a leading prize; but the Leasowe continued to be a trial, or training-ground, until the middle of the last century. An old building, in the village of Wallasey, said to have been the Grosvenor stable, yet exists, on the door of which the horse's plates remained until the last three or four years.

But I must dwell no more upon Hooton; for the phaeton is at the door to convey me to Eastham Ferry, beautifully situated upon the banks of the Mersey. From Eastham we proceeded to Birkenhead. To those who, like myself, could remember this spot some ten years before, and saw it in its present state, the transformation must have appeared almost miraculous.

After viewing the market, the park, and new docks, over which we were escorted by Mr. Jackson, we proceeded to Liskard Hall, the seat of Harold Littledale, Esq. The model farm of this gentleman is unquestionably one of the best of the day, as is proved by its being almost daily visited, and truly appre-

ciated by all who take an interest in agriculture. No expense has been spared; and as the entire arrangements have been made under the direction of one of the best practical farmers of our time, Mr. Torr, of Lincolnshire, the result has been, as might be expected, most satisfactory. It is impossible to detect a flaw in the whole system. Every modern invention of merit, every scientific improvement has been adopted.

The farm at this period consisted of 440 acres of arable land. There are one hundred stalls for cows, as well ventilated as her Majesty's stables, at Windsor Palace, or Buckingham Gardens—independent of the proper buildings for calves. There were piggeries, with Torr's patent troughs, one of the neatest and most useful inventions ever introduced. There was a poultry-yard; among its select inmates towered a huge American cock, of the Pennsylvanian buck-breed. He reminded one of the huge bird that was introduced in one of the popular pantomimes of my youthful days, upon whose appearance Grimaldi exclaimed—

"This whacking bird must be a cassowary."

To which it replied—

"No, no, I'm but a Brobdignag canary."

The dairy attached to the bailiff's house was a very

neat building; it boasted of a marble fountain, which would put to shame those specimens of national taste erected in Trafalgar Square. The walls were made hollow, so as to keep out the summer's heat. Attached to the dairy, was a small room, where, upon a sultry day, strawberries and cream and fresh sillabubs might be enjoyed.

Among the farm offices were a place for smoking hams, one for curing bacon, a slaughter-house, a smithy, compost sheds, manure reservoir, while a large pond supplied a tank, which extended over the whole of one of the buildings, and furnished the horses and cattle with water. Here the old saying was realised —"a place for everything, and everything in its place."

Among the then modern inventions was a steam-engine, which, unlike many "Jacks of all Trades," was really master of all; for it thrashed the corn, divided the grain, with the same operation, into three qualities —Number one, two, and three, ground the corn into flour, cut dry and green food for the cattle, conveyed it to the steaming-house, steamed it, supplied a drying kiln for taking the moisture out of damp corn, crushed beans and oats, mixed food for the pigs, and churned the butter.

If some of our revered ancestors—the gentlemen farmers of a hundred years ago—could rise from their

graves and see one of these Leviathan engines at work, doing the labour of some dozen hands by machinery, they would be scared out of their senses.

Mr. Littledale's bailiff is civil and intelligent, ready at all times to conduct those who, privileged by his master's order, apply to see the farm.

Liskard Hall is in every respect a most comfortable mansion, well-built, thoroughly warmed and ventilated; the cellars and contents of them not to be equalled, and the superintendent of the culinary department one of the best specimens of native talent that I almost ever met with.

A more united or happier family never existed. It was a gratifying sight to behold the grandfather—now no more—who had already passed, by many winters, the period usually allotted to man, of three score years and ten. He was surrounded by his wife, his children, and their youthful progeny, himself enjoying robust and vigorous health, both in mind and body, and delighting, by the soundness of his judgment and clearness of intellect, the troops of friends that congregated round the hospitable board at Liskard.

"Long life and happiness to the roof-tree, and its branches," I inwardly exclaimed, as I took my leave; and although the seniors of this domestic circle are no longer left, my truly valued friend, Harold Little-

dale, his wife, and two children, now grown up, still flourish, and keep up the hall in a manner worthy of the olden time.

From Liskard I made sundry excursions, and, among others, to New Brighton, a thriving and delightful watering place, situated on the sea-coast near the Lighthouse and Fort rock. Here, again, I was reminded of what energy and enterprise can accomplish. Not many years ago, the present site of this picturesque spot was uninhabited; it consisted of nothing but sand banks. Two spirited men, foreseeing that the population of Liverpool must yearly increase, and that a locality free from the smoke and turmoil of a large city, would be a desideratum to its inhabitants, bought up the land, and sold portions of it on building leases. Hence the most beautiful marine residences have sprung up.

New Brighton has now fully realized all that was anticipated more than twenty-five years ago, that the sandy desert would one day be covered with houses, villas, conservatories, green-houses, and gardens. There is everything to recommend this popular watering-place—fine sea views, with a constant succession of shipping passing, excellent sands, first-rate hotels, a well conducted club-house, assembly-rooms, and comfortable lodging-houses; the rides and drives about it are extremely good, and it is

within ten minutes of that most important and populous city, Liverpool. Steamers ply from the pier to Liverpool every half hour throughout the day.

Upon the New Brighton side of the Mersey, may be found quiet, retirement, calmness, and peace; while upon the other, bustle, activity, and all the turmoils of the busy world are in constant operation.

Before I quit the waterside, I cannot refrain from giving an account of certain feats in swimming that took place in the Mersey some six-and-thirty years ago, which throw Leander's exploit into the shade. In July, 1827, a match had been made between Dr. Bedale, and a person of the name of Vipond, both Manchester men, to swim from Liverpool to Runcorn, a distance of twenty miles, in one tide. This was won by the Doctor, who accomplished his task in three hours and thirty-five minutes, beating his opponent by about five minutes. Some misunderstanding having arisen, the vanquished hero challenged his successful competitor in the ensuing summer to swim against tide from Rock Point to Runcorn, a distance of twenty-six miles. For some reason the Doctor declined the contest; and Vipond performed the task in a little more than four hours.

Happily, neither of the Manchester men shared the fate of the youth of Abydos; but may have experienced, such effects as Lord Byron felt, after swimming from

Sestos to Abydos, which the noble poet thus describes, in a comparison between himself and the enamoured Leander:—

> "'Twas hard to say who fared the best;
> Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!
> He lost his labour, I, my jest;
> For he was drowned, and I've the ague."

In wandering through the streets of Liverpool, I found many associated with historical recollections. Duke Street has some degree of interest attached to it, by being the street in which Mrs. Hemans was born, in 1794. She was the daughter of a Liverpool merchant, of the name of Brown. Here, too, for a time, lived the modern Sardanapalus, George IV., when Prince of Wales, and his kind-hearted brother, the "Sailor King," William IV., then Duke of Clarence.

In the house, No. 46, Bellingham, who shot Mr. Percival, May 1812, resided. He was a native of Huntingdonshire, and, after many changes and chances, settled in Liverpool in 1802, as a ship and insurance broker. Some supposed or real injuries received from the Russian government, and which the British minister declined attending to, excited him to commit the homicide.

Where the Adelphi Hotel now stands, the White House, or Ranelagh tea-gardens, so called after the

celebrated Ranelagh of the Metropolis, formerly existed. The last exhibition in these gardens took place in 1760.

I cannot take leave of Liverpool without expressing my grateful acknowledgments to those kind friends who rendered my stay there so agreeable. Nothing could exceed their attention and hospitality, and when it is considered how valuable time is to persons largely engaged in commerce, the obligation must appear the heavier.

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,"—my fifty years' recollections have run out, and I have only to make my bow to the reader, who has patiently endured my narrative. If he be critically inclined, he will be very likely to follow the immortal example set him in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and say that the author might have succeeded better had he taken more pains. He should, however, indulgently remember that the book is sent forth entirely without literary pretension. It is given as the lightest possible gossip, put together without art; a mere collection of memoranda of the remarkable characters I have known, more or less, familiarly during a period of half a century.

As now-a-days everybody writes about everybody else, there could be no very strong objection to my

following the prevailing fashion—particularly as I really possess some claims on that general social knowledge, without which all such writing must be unsatisfactory, if not useless. I have enjoyed facilities for knowing society, both in town and country, that have been permitted to very few persons for so lengthened a period of human live. I have done my little possible to render such advantages entertaining to the public, but no one is more aware than myself, that my work is deficient in those sterling qualities which recommend biographical productions of more pretension.

I have merely strung together anecdotes of celebrated contemporaries, with whom I associated, as they recurred to my memory—sometimes, with a narration of incidents in which they prominently figured, sometimes with a few comments naturally arising out of any note-worthy event with which their names are connected. If the book has no other merit, it is genuine, and I am in hopes that its qualification, as "light reading," will reconcile as large a section of the reading public to its deficiencies, as profess to be satisfied, so long as they are amused.

THE END.

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